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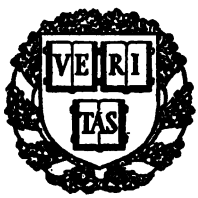
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THE

BALLADS OF IRELAND;

COLLECTED AND EDITED

BY EDWARD HAYES.

VOL. II.

BOSTON:
PATRICK DONAHOE, 23 FRANKLIN STREET.
1856.

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Ballads of the Affections.

THE IRISH WIFE.

BY T. D. M'GEE.

[In 1376 the statute of Kilkenny forbade the English settlers in Ireland to intermarry with the old Irish, under penalty of outlawry. James, Earl of Desmond, and Almaric, Baron Grace, were the first to violate this law. One married an O'Meagher; the other a M'Cormack. Earl Desmond, who was an accomplished poet, may have made a defence like the following for his marriage.]

I would not give my Irish wife
For all the dames of the Saxon land—
I would not give my Irish wife
For the Queen of France's hand.
For she to me is dearer
Than castles strong, or lands, or life—
An outlaw — so I'm near her
To love till death my Irish wife.

O, what would be this home of mine—
A ruined, hermit-haunted place,
But for the light that nightly shines
Upon its walls from Kathleen's face?
What comfort in a mine of gold—
What pleasure in a royal life,
If the heart within lay dead and cold,
If I could not wed my Irish wife?

I knew the law forbade the banns—
I knew my King abhorred her race—
Who never bent before their clans,
Must bow before their ladies' grace.
Take all my forfeited domain,
I cannot wage with kinsmen strife—

Take knightly gear and noble name,
And I will keep my Irish wife.

My Irish wife has clear blue eyes,
My heaven by day, my stars by night —
And twinlike truth and fondness lie
Within her swelling bosom white.
My Irish wife has golden hair —
Apollo's harp had once such strings —
Apollo's self might pause to hear
Her bird-like carol when she sings.

I would not give my Irish wife
For all the dames of the Saxon land —
I would not give my Irish wife
For the Queen of France's hand.
For she to me is dearer
Than castles strong, or lands, or life, —
In death I would lie near her,
And rise beside my Irish wife.

THE COULIN.

BY CARROLL MALONE.

[In the twenty-eighth year of the reign of Henry VIII. an act was made respecting the habits and dress in general of the Irish, whereby all persons were restrained from being shorn or shaven above the ears, or from wearing glibbes, or Coulins (long locks) on their heads, or hair on their upper lip, called Crommeal. On this occasion a song was written by one of our bards, in which an Irish virgin is made to give the preference to her dear Coulin, or the youth with the flowing locks, to all strangers (by which the English were meant), or those who wore their habits. Of this song the air alone has reached us, and is universally admired. — *Walker, as quoted in Moore's Melodies.* It so happens, however, on turning to the above statute, that no mention is to be found therein of the Coulin. But in the year 1295 a Parliament was held in Dublin; and then an act was passed which more than expressly names the Coulin, and minutely describes it for its more effectual prohibition. This, the only statute made in Ireland that names the Coulin, was passed two hundred and forty-two years before the act cited by Mr. Moore; and in consequence of it, some of the Irish Chieftains who lived near the seat of English government, or wished to keep up intercourse with the English districts, did, in or soon after that year, 1295, cut off their Coulins, and a distinct memorial of the event was made in writing by the Officers of the Crown. It was on this occasion that the bard, ever adhesive to national habits, endeavored to fire the patriotism of a conforming chieftain; and, in the character of some favorite virgin, declares her preference for her lover with the Coulin before him who complaisantly assumed the adornments of foreign fashion. — *Dublin Penny Journal.*]

The last time she looked in the face of her dear,
She breathed not a sigh, and she shed not a tear;
But she took up his harp, and she kissed his cold cheek —
"'Tis the first, and the last, for thy Norah to seek."

For beauty and bravery Cathan was known,
And the long flowing coulin he wore in Tyrone;
The sweetest of singers and harpers was he,
All over the North, from the Bann to the sea.

O'er the marshes of Dublin he often would rove,
To the glens of O'Toole, where he met with his love;
And at parting they pledged that, next midsummer's day,
He would come for the last time, and bear her away.

The king had forbidden the men of O'Neal,
With the coulin adorned, to come o'er the pale;
But Norah was Irish, and said, in her pride,
"If he wear not his coulin, I'll ne'er be his bride."

The bride has grown pale as the robe that she wears,
For the Lammas is come, and no bridegroom appears;
And she hearkens and gazes, when all are at rest,
For the sound of his harp and the sheen of his vest.

Her palfrey is pillioned, and she has gone forth
On the long rugged road that leads down to the North;—
Where Eblana's strong castle frowns darkly and drear,
Is the head of her Cathan upraised on a spear.

The Lords of the Castle had murdered him there,
And all for the wearing that poor lock of hair:
For the word she had spoken in mirth or in pride,
Her lover, too fond and too faithful, had died.

'Twas then that she looked in the face of her dear,
She breathed not a sigh, and she dropped not a tear;
She took up his harp, and she kissed his cold cheek:
"Farewell! 'tis the first for thy Norah to seek."

And afterward, oft would the wilderness ring,
As, at night, in sad strains, to that harp she would sing
Her heartbreaking tones,— we remember them well—
But the words of her wailing, no mortal can tell.

THE OLD STORY.

He came across the meadow-pass,
That summer-eve of eves—
The sunlight streamed along the grass
And glanced amid the leaves;

And from the shrubbery below,
And from the garden-trees,
He heard the thrushes' music flow
And humming of the bees;
The garden gate was swung apart—
The space was brief between;
But there, for throbbing of his heart,
He paused perforce to lean.

He leaned upon the garden gate;
He looked, and scarce he breathed;
Within the little porch she sate,
With woodbine overwreathed;
Her eyes upon her work were bent,
Unconscious who was nigh;
But oft the needle slowly went,
And oft did idle lie;
And ever to her lips arose
Sweet fragments, sweetly sung,
But ever, ere the notes could close,
She hushed them on her tongue.

Her fancies, as they come and go,
Her pure face speaks the while,
For now it is a flitting glow,
And now a breaking smile;
And now it is a graver shade,
When holier thoughts are there—
An Angel's pinion might be stayed
To see a sight so fair.
But still they hid her looks of light,
Those downcast eyelids pale—
Two lovely clouds, so silken white,
Two lovelier stars that veil.

The sun at length his burning edge
Had rested on the hill,
And save one thrush from out the hedge,
Both bower and grove were still.
The sun had almost bade farewell;
But one reluctant ray
Still loved within that porch to dwell,
As charmed there to stay—
It stole aslant the pear-tree bough,
And through the woodbine fringe,
And kissed the maiden's neck and brow,
And bathed her in its tinge.

O! beauty of my heart, he said,
O! darling, darling mine,

Was ever light of evening shed
On loveliness like thine?
Why should I ever leave this spot,
But gaze until I die?
A moment from that bursting thought
She felt his footstep nigh.
One sudden, lifted glance — but one,
A tremor and a start,
So gently was their greeting done
That who would guess their heart?

Long, long the sun had sunken down,
And all his golden hail
Had died away to lines of brown,
In duskier hues that fail.
The grasshopper was chirping shrill —
No other living sound
Accompanied the tiny rill
That gurgled under ground —
No other living sound, unless
Some spirit bent to hear
Low words of human tenderness
And mingling whispers near.

The stars, like pallid gems at first,
Deep in the liquid sky,
Now forth upon the darkness burst,
Sole kings and lights on high;
For splendor, myriadfold, supreme,
No rival moonlight strove;
Nor lovelier ere was Hesper's beam,
Nor more majestic Jove.
But what if hearts there beat that night
That recked not of the skies,
Or only felt their imaged light
In one another's eyes.

And if two worlds of hidden thought
And longing passion met,
Which, passing human language, sought
And found in utterance yet;
And if they trembled as the flowers
That droop across the stream,
And muse the while the starry hours
Wait o'er them like a dream;
And if, when came the parting time,
They faltered still and clung;
What is it all? — an ancient rhyme
Ten thousand times besung —

That part of Paradise which man
Without the portal knows —
Which hath been since the world began,
And shall be till its close.

MAIRE BHAN ASTOR.*

BY THOMAS DAVIS, M. R. I. A.

In a valley far away,
With my Maire bhan astór,
Short would be the summer day,
Ever loving more and more;
Winter days would all grow long,
With the light her heart would pour,
With her kisses and her song,
And her loving mait go léor.†
Fond is Maire bhan astór,
Fair is Maire bhan astór,
Sweet as ripple on the shore,
Sings my Maire bhan astór.

O! her sire is very proud,
And her mother cold as stone;
But her brother bravely vow'd
She should be my bride alone;
For he knew I lov'd her well,
And he knew she lov'd me too,
So he sought their pride to quell,
But 'twas all in vain to sue.
True is Maire bhan astór,
Tried is Maire bhan astór,
Had I wings I'd never soar
From my Maire bhan astór.

There are lands where manly toil
Surely reaps the crop it sows,
Glorious woods and teeming soil,
Where the broad Missouri flows;
Through the trees the smoke shall rise,
From our hearth with mait go léor,
There shall shine the happy eyes
Of my Maire bhan astór.

* Which means, Fair Mary, my treasure, and is pronounced as if written *Maur-ya vaun asthore.*
† Much, plenty, in abundance.

Mild is Maire bhan astór,
Mine is Maire bhan astór,
Saints will watch about the door
Of my Maire bhan astór.

PASTHEEN FION.

(FROM THE IRISH.)

BY SAMUEL FERGUSON, M. R. I. A.

[In Hardiman's "Irish Minstrelsy" there is a note upon the original of *Pastheen Fion*. The name may be translated either fair youth or fair maiden, and the writer supposes it to have a political meaning, and to refer to the son of James II. Whatever may have been the intention of the author, it is, on the surface, an exquisite love song, and as such we have retained it in this class of ballads.]

O, MY fair Pastheen is my heart's delight;
Her gay heart laughs in her blue eye bright;
Like the apple blossom her bosom white,
And her neck like the swan's on a March morn bright!
Then, Oro, come with me! come with me! come with me!
Oro, come with me! brown girl, sweet!
And, O! I would go through snow and sleet
If you would come with me, my brown girl, sweet!

Love of my heart, my fair Pastheen!
Her cheeks are as red as the rose's sheen,
But my lips have tasted no more, I ween,
Than the glass I drank to the health of my queen!
Then, Oro, come with me! come with me! come with me!
Oro, come with me! brown girl, sweet!
And, O! I would go through snow and sleet
If you would come with me, my brown girl, sweet!

Were I in the town, where's mirth and glee,
Or 'twixt two barrels of barley bree,
With my fair Pastheen upon my knee,
'Tis I would drink to her pleasantly!
Then, Oro, come with me! come with me! come with me!
Oro, come with me! brown girl, sweet!
And, O! I would go through snow and sleet
If you would come with me, my brown girl, sweet!

Nine nights I lay in longing and pain,
Betwixt two bushes, beneath the rain,
Thinking to see you, love, once again;
But whistle and call were all in vain!

Then, Oro, come with me! come with me! come with me!
Oro, come with me! brown girl, sweet!
And, O! I would go through snow and sleet
If you would come with me, my brown girl, sweet!

I'll leave my people, both friend and foe;
From all the girls in the world I'll go;
But from you, sweetheart, O, never! O, no!
Till I lie in the coffin stretched, cold and low!
Then, Oro, come with me! come with me! come with me!
Oro, come with me! brown girl, sweet!
And, O! I would go through snow and sleet
If you would come with me, my brown girl, sweet!

GILLE MACHREE.

BY GERALD GRIFFIN.

Gille Machree,* sit down by me,
We now are joined and ne'er shall sever;
This hearth's our own, our hearts are one,
And peace is ours for ever!

When I was poor, your father's door
Was closed against your constant lover;
With care and pain, I tried in vain
My fortunes to recover.
I said, 'To other lands I'll roam,
Where Fate may smile on me, love;'
I said, 'Farewell, my own old home!'
And I said, 'Farewell to thee, love!'
Sing *Gille machree*, &c.

I might have said, my mountain maid,
Come live with me, your own true lover;
I know a spot, a silent cot,
Your friends can ne'er discover;
Where gently flows the waveless tide
By one small garden only;
Where the heron waves his wings so wide,
And the linnet sings so lonely!
Sing *Gille machree*, &c.

I might have said, my mountain maid,
A father's right was never given

* *Gille machree*, — *brightener* of my heart.

True hearts to curse with tyrant force,
That have been blest in heaven.
But then, I said, 'In after years,
When thoughts of home shall find her!
My love may mourn with secret tears
Her friends thus left behind her.'
Sing *Gille machree*, &c.

O, no, I said, my own dear maid,
For me, though all forlorn, for ever,
That heart of thine shall ne'er repine
O'er slighted duty — never.
From home and thee though wandering far
A dreary fate be mine, love;
I'd rather live in endless war,
Than buy my peace with thine, love.
Sing *Gille machree*, &c.

Far, far away, by night and day,
I toiled to win a golden treasure;
And golden gains repaid my pains
In fair and shining measure.
I sought again my native land,
Thy father welcomed me, love;
I poured my gold into his hand,
And my guerdon found in thee, love.
Sing *Gille machree*, sit down by me,
We now are joined, and ne'er shall sever;
This hearth's our own, our hearts are one,
And peace is ours for ever.

DARK ROSALEEN.

(FROM THE IRISH.)

BY J. C. MANGAN.

[This impassioned ballad, entitled in the original *Roisin Dub* (or The Black Little Rose), was written in the reign of Elizabeth by one of the poets of the celebrated Tirconnellian chieftain, Hugh the Red O'Donnell. It purports to be an allegorical address from Hugh to Ireland, on the subject of his love and struggles for her, and his resolve to raise her again to the glorious position she held as a nation before the irruption of the Saxon and Norman spoilers. The true character and meaning of the figurative allusions with which it abounds, and to two only of which we need refer here, — viz., the "Roman wine" and "Spanish ale" mentioned in the first stanza, — the intelligent reader will, of course, find no difficulty in understanding.]

O, MY Dark Rosaleen,
Do not sigh, do not weep!

The priests are on the ocean green,
They march along the deep.
There's wine from the royal Pope,
Upon the ocean green;
And Spanish ale shall give you hope,
My Dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
Shall glad your heart, shall give you hope,
Shall give you health, and help, and hope,
My Dark Rosaleen!

Over hills, and through dales,
Have I roamed for your sake;
All yesterday I sailed with sails
On river and on lake.
The Erne, at its highest flood,
I dashed across unseen,
For there was lightning in my blood,
My Dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
O! there was lightning in my blood,
Red lightning lightened through my blood,
My Dark Rosaleen!

All day long, in unrest,
To and fro, do I move.
The very soul within my breast
Is wasted for you, love!
The heart in my bosom faints
To think of you, my queen,
My life of life, my saint of saints,
My Dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
To hear your sweet and sad complaints,
My life, my love, my saint of saints,
My Dark Rosaleen!

Woe and pain, pain and woe,
Are my lot, night and noon,
To see your bright face clouded so,
Like to the mournful moon.
But yet will I rear your throne
Again in golden sheen;
'Tis you shall reign, shall reign alone,
My Dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
'Tis you shall have the golden throne,
'Tis you shall reign and reign alone,
My Dark Rosaleen!

Over dews, over sands,
Will I fly for your weal;
Your holy delicate white hands
Shall girdle me with steel.
At home, in your emerald bowers,
From morning's dawn till e'en,
You'll pray for me, my flower of flowers,
My Dark Rosaleen!
My fond Rosaleen!
You'll think of me through daylight's hours,
My virgin flower, my flower of flowers,
My Dark Rosaleen!

I could scale the blue air,
I could plough the high hills,
O, I could kneel all night in prayer,
To heal your many ills!
And one beamy smile from you
Would float like light between
My toils and me, my own, my true,
My Dark Rosaleen!
My fond Rosaleen!
Would give me life and soul anew,
A second life, a soul anew,
My Dark Rosaleen!

O! the Erne shall run red
With redundance of blood,
The earth shall rock beneath our tread,
And flames wrap hill and wood;
And gun-peal, and slogan cry,
Wake many a glen serene,
Ere you shall fade, ere you shall die,
My Dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
The Judgment Hour must first be nigh,
Ere you can fade, ere you can die,
My Dark Rosaleen!

THE LOYAL SUBJECT.

(A JACOBITE RELIC.)

I AM a loyal subject, sadly grieving by the shore,
Because my King is gone away, I ne'er shall see him more;
I had his last look from the sea, as the tall ship pass'd on;
'Tis cruel comfort now for me, my gallant King is gone.

His words were soft as pity, and his smile was kind as love—
His eye was calm and royal, like the summer sky above;
I rested in his looks at night, and sunned myself by day;
I'll never rest or smile again — my King is gone away!

Swift is his noble ship, and strong, to bear him o'er the main;
But I shall die of weariness ere he comes back again.
Keen is his sword in battle — it will never quit his hold;
But *my* heart will have broken ere his triumph can be told.

Too mournful sounds my heart now — he is not by to hear;
I want his voice to praise me — for no other praise is dear.
I played to him one evening, in the light so soft and dim —
O, he was fond of music, but I was fond of him.

No more I seek the cool shades he used to seek with me;
No more I love the green woods — too lonely they would be;
But I watch the waves roll onward, and wail along the shore,
Because my King is gone away, I ne'er shall see him more.

MARY.

THE PEAK OF DARRA.

BY B. SIMMONS.

GAUNT Peak of Darra! lifting to the sky
Thy height scorch'd barren by the howling North —
Still toss the tempest, as it hurtles by
From that jagg'd rampart scornfully forth!
Still let the growing Thunder o'er thee brood,
Gathering from each stray cloud its sulphurous food,
Till in some midnight of oppressive June,
When under Clare affrighted drops the Moon,
Out bursts the horror — brattling wide, and rending
Each lesser mountain with a single blow;
Whilst thou unscarr'd, unstagger'd, hear'st descending
The loosen'd ruin on the Vale below.

O, soaring Peak! as now I watch at eve
The rising stars rest on thee one by one,
In their bright journey upwards, Thought would cleave
(Boldly as thou) the mist reposing on
The track-ways of a past and pleasant time,
When up thy rifted height were seen to climb
Two white-robed children, gladsome sparkling things —
As stars that bless thee with their visitings,
A gentle pair — the little Maiden's eyes
Borrowing the blue of their unclouded gleam:

The Boy, his laugh of beautiful surprise,
From that deep Valley's ever-jocund stream.

Kindred in love, though not in race, were they —
From separate homes amid those humble walls
That stud the glen, they came each holiday
To weave together wild-flower coronals,
And, hand in hand, (the bolder-hearted boy
Cheering his partner's steps of timid joy,
Oft pausing to recruit her efforts weak,)
To clamber up and up the desolate Peak,
And hang their chaplets on its topmost stone,
The nearest to the moon; then crouching weary,
Laugh down the day, upon that granite-throne,
Till evening's breeze blew chillingly and dreary.

Within the shelter of that sterile hill
Nor shadowy bower nor arching grove was seen,
Their only song the warbling of the rill,
The bank that border'd it their only green;
And so their childhood, ripening into youth,
Made play-ground, bower, and trysting-place, in sooth,
Of that precipitous crag, where o'er them bent,
As if in love, the lonely firmament;
Until the stars from ocean's azure field
Familiar friends to PAUL and BERTHA grew —
Till the cloud-scattering Eagle, as he wheel'd
Against the sun, their very voices knew.

Gentle but wealthless was their parents' lot,
And youth's gay idlesse may not always last;
The Boy has vanish'd from his native cot,
The Maiden's shadow from the stream has past.
Like one pure rill that sudden shocks divide
In separate channels, they have parted wide,
To seek and fret their way into the main,
But till they reach it never meet again.
Yet long as Memory's trembling hand unrolls
To them the records of Life's early day,
Gray cliff of Darra! thou upon their souls
Hast left a shade that shall not pass away.

* * * * *

The day is burning over India's land!
Lo, tall white fane and colonnaded hall,
And glorious dome, like snowy frostwork, stand
Amid the noontide of superb Bengal!
No breezy balm as yet is floating there,
To cool the fervid suffocating air,

The palms that lift their light green tufts so high
Seem solid emerald carved upon the sky,
No sound is heard that Land's luxuriance through;
The mighty River, glowing in the trance
Fringed with bright palaces sleeps broadly blue,
Untouched by oar throughout its vast expanse!

At such an hour, within a stately room,
Through whose silk screens and open lattices
Struggled the freshness of the mat's perfume,
Lay Beauty sinking under slow disease.
Dusk-featured slaves like spectres watch'd the doors,
And mournful women o'er the marble floors
Gliding, with folded arms, in silence gazed
Where, on a couch of downiest pillows raised,
The Lady of that proud pavilion lay;
While on her broad and yet unwrinkled brow,
And purest check consuming fast away,
Keen Fever redden'd and Delirium now.

'Twas then, when failed all wealth and life afford,
A Hindoo Girl stood forth that hopeless hour,
(Like her who, to the Syrian Leper-lord,
Proclaim'd the Prophet's sanatory power;)
And told how, in the neighboring city dwelt —
In the same home where she a child had knelt —
A man from Land, 'twas thought, beyond the seas,
In magic versed and healing mysteries,
A traveller he, now waiting to depart
With the first sail that swell'd for Europe's shore,
Would he were summon'd that his wondrous art
Her Lady's dread disorder might explore!

No voice responsive a reproval show'd —
E'en as she spoke a messenger had flown
(The sorrowing slaves of that serene abode
Their early widow'd mistress served, alone;)
The summon'd stranger came, a grave-eyed man,
Travel or Time had touch'd his temples wan,
Deepening his gracious features; but the stamp
Of thought shone through them like a lighted lamp.
Not much inquiry of th' attendant throng,
To the sick chamber guiding him, he made,
But entering there, with deep emotion, long
That Lady's aspect silently survey'd.

On the hot azure of her aching eyes
His shadow fell; but she regarded not, —
He touch'd the pillows where her fair head lies,
Nor stirr'd its drooping from that downy spot, —

He pressed her passive hand, but from his own
Released, it dropped down heavily as stone.
The breathing only of her parted lips
Showed life not wholly in its last eclipse.
Bending at length unto her vacant ear,
As if some potent spell-word he would speak,
"Dear one!" he said, in tend'rest accents clear—
"*Rememberest thou cold Darra's distant Peak?*"

Some change like that which shakes an exile's sleeping
When mournful music his lost home recalls—
Or thrills the famish'd Arab when the leaping
He hears afar of rocky waterfalls;—
Was seen to lighten through that Lady's frame,
And slowly, sob by sob, volition came,
Along her brow twice pass'd her lifted hand,
As if to free some overtighten'd band;
Then all at once, as from a sultry heaven
Sweeps in an instant the collected rain,
The loosen'd waters of the fountain riven,
Rush'd in wild tears from her long-clouded brain.

Mysterious Memory!—by what silver Key,
Through years of silence tuneless and unshaken,
Can thy sweet touch, forgotten melody
In the dim Spirit once again awaken?
Long fell the freshness of those tears, and fast,
Melting to slumber on her lids at last.
So waned the night, and with the morning came
Healing and hope to her recruited frame,
Day after day health's roses round her head
More brightly bloom'd beneath the STRANGER'S care,
Who, though for Europe many a sail was spread,
Was still a dweller in that palace fair.

* * * * *

In the stern shade of Darra's northern peak
A summer-bower has risen like a dream,
From whose white porch, when Evening's rosy cheek
Rests on yon crag above the dancing stream,
Two pensive friends, at times, are seen to glide
Winding together up the mountain side,
With looks less radiant and with steps more slow
Than when they trode it long, long years ago:
But steadfast light of calmer joy is round them,
And PAUL and BERTHA therefore come to bless,
In the old haunts where first Affection bound them,
Their lot of later holier happiness.

SOGGARTH AROON.

BY JOHN BANIM.

AUTHOR OF "TALES OF THE O'HARA FAMILY," &C.

[I read a very interesting little volume of "Irish Ballad Poetry" published by that poor Duffy of the *Nation*, who died so prematurely the other day. There are some most pathetic, and many most spirited, pieces, and all, with scarcely an exception, so entirely *national*. Do get the book and read it. I am most struck with *Soggarth Aroon*, after the first two stanzas; and a long, racy, authentic, sounding dirge for the Tyrconnel Princes. But you had better begin with The Irish Emigrant, and The Girl of Loch Dan, which immediately follows, which will break you in more gently to the wilder and more impassioned parts. It is published in 1845, and as a part of "Duffy's Library of Ireland." You see what a helpless victim I still am to these enchanters of the lyre. I did not mean to say but a word of this book, and here I am furnishing you with extracts. But God bless all poets! and you will not grudge them a share even of your Sunday benedictions. — *Lord Jeffrey's Letter to Mrs. Empson, in Lord Cockburn's Life of Jeffrey.*]

Am I a slave they say,
 Soggarth Aroon? *
Since you did show the way,
 Soggarth Aroon,
Their slave no more to be,
While they would work with me
Ould Ireland's slavery,
 Soggarth Aroon?

Why not her poorest man,
 Soggarth Aroon,
Try and do all he can,
 Soggarth Aroon,
Her commands to fulfil
Of his own heart and will,
Side by side with you still,
 Soggarth Aroon?

Loyal and brave to you,
 Soggarth Aroon,
Yet be no slave to you,
 Soggarth Aroon, —
Nor, out of fear to you —
Stand up so near to you —
Och! out of fear to *you!*
 Soggarth Aroon!

Who, in the winter's night,
 Soggarth Aroon,

* Soggarth Aroon means Priest dear.

When the could blast did bite,
Soggarth Aroon,
Came to my cabin-door,
And, on my earthen-flure,
Knelt by me, sick and poor,
Soggarth Aroon?

Who, on the marriage-day,
Soggarth Aroon,
Made the poor cabin gay,
Soggarth Aroon —
And did both laugh and sing,
Making our hearts to ring,
At the poor christening,
Soggarth Aroon?

Who, as friend only met,
Soggarth Aroon,
Never did flout me yet,
Soggarth Aroon?
And when my hearth was dim,
Gave, while his eye did brim,
What I should give to him,
Soggarth Aroon?

Och! you, and only you,
Soggarth Aroon!
And for this I was true to you,
Soggarth Aroon;
In love they'll never shake,
When for ould Ireland's sake,
We a true part did take,
Soggarth Aroon!

THE LAND OF THE WEST.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

O! COME to the West, love — O! come there with me,
'Tis a sweet land of verdure that springs from the sea;
Where fair plenty smiles from her emerald throne,
O, come to the West, and I'll make thee my own!
I'll guard thee, I'll tend thee, I'll love thee the best,
And you'll say there's no land like the land of the West!

The south has its roses, and bright skies of blue,
But ours are more sweet with love's own changeful hue —

Half sunshine, half tears, like the girl I love best—
O ! what is the south to the beautiful West ?
Then come there with me, and the rose on thy mouth
Will be sweeter to me than the flow'rs of the south.

The north has its snow-tow'rs of dazzling array,
All sparkling with gems in the ne'er setting day,
There the storm-king may dwell in the halls he loves best,
But the soft-breathing zephyr he plays in the West—
Then come to the West, where no cold wind doth blow,
And thy neck will seem fairer to me than the snow !

The sun in the gorgeous east chaseth the night,
When he riseth refreshed in his glory and might,
But where doth he go when he seeks his sweet rest ?
O ! doth he not haste to the beautiful West ?
Then come there with me, 'tis the land I love best,
'Tis the land of my sires ! 'tis my own darling West.

THE DEATH OF MARY.

BY THE REV. CHARLES WOLFE.

[Charles Wolfe was born in Dublin 14th December, 1791, and died 21st February, 1823. On the death of his father his mother removed to England, and placed her son at Hyde Abbey school in Winchester, where he remained till 1808, when the family returned to Ireland. He then entered Trinity College, where he acquired distinction,—and having taken orders, he was ordained to the curacy of Castle Caulfield, in the diocese of Armagh. His poem on *The Burial of Sir John Moore*, which Lord Byron pronounced "the most perfect ode in the language," has given him considerable posthumous celebrity; although several futile attempts have been made to deprive him of the honor of its paternity. It first appeared anonymously; but his minor poems display his powers as a poet of feeling and of fancy.]

If I had thought thou couldst have died,
I might not weep for thee;
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou couldst mortal be;
It never through my mind had past
The time would e'er be o'er,
And I on thee should look my last,
And thou shouldst smile no more.

And still upon that face I look,
And think 'twill smile again,
And still the thought I will not brook
That I must look in vain.

But, when I speak, thou dost not say
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid,
And now I feel, as well I may,
Sweet Mary! thou art dead.

If thou would'st stay e'en as thou art,
All cold, and all serene,
I still might press thy silent heart,
And where thy smiles have been!
While e'en thy chill bleak corse I have,
Thou seemest still mine own,
But there I lay thee in thy grave—
And I am now alone!

I do not think, where'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me;
And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart
In thinking too of thee;
Yet there was round thee such a dawn
Of light ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore.

O'DONOVAN'S DAUGHTER.

BY EDWARD WALSH.

One midsummer's eve, when the Bel-fires were lighted,
And the bag-piper's tone call'd the maidens delighted,
I join'd a gay group by the Araglin's water,
And danced till the dawn with O'Donovan's Daughter.

Have you seen the ripe monadan glisten in Kerry?
Have you mark'd on the Galteys the black whortle-berry,
Or ceanaban wave by the wells of Blackwater? —
They're the cheek, eye, and neck of O'Donovan's Daughter!

Have you seen a gay kidling on Claragh's round mountain?
The swan's arching glory on Sheeling's blue fountain?
Heard a weird woman chant what the fairy choir taught her?
They've the step, grace, and tone of O'Donovan's Daughter!

Have you mark'd in its flight the black wing of the raven?
The rose-buds that breathe in the summer breeze waven?
The pearls that lie hid under Lene's magic water?
They're the teeth, lip, and hair of O'Donovan's Daughter!

Ere the Bel-fire was dimm'd, or the dancers departed,
I taught her a song of some maid broken-hearted:
And that group, and that dance, and that love-song I taught her
Haunt my slumbers at night with O'Donovan's Daughter.

God grant 'tis no fay from Cnoc-Firinn that wooes me,
God grant 'tis not Cliodhna the queen that pursues me,
That my soul lost and lone has no witchery wrought her,
While I dream of dark groves and O'Donovan's Daughter!

If, spell-bound, I pine with an airy disorder,
Saint Gobnate has sway over Musgry's wide border;
She'll scare from my couch, when with prayer I've besought her,
That bright airy sprite like O'Donovan's Daughter.

THE BOATMAN OF KINSALE.

BY THOMAS DAVIS, M. R. I. A.

His kiss is sweet, his word is kind,
His love is rich to me;
I could not in a palace find
A truer heart than he.
The eagle shelters not his nest
From hurricane and hail,
More bravely than he guards my breast—
The Boatman of Kinsale.

The wind that round the Fastnet sweeps
Is not a whit more pure—
The goat that down Cnoc Sheehy leaps
Has not a foot more sure.
No firmer hand nor freer eye
E'er faced an Autumn gale—
De Courcy's heart is not so high—
The Boatman of Kinsale.

The brawling squires may heed him not,
The dainty stranger sneer—
But who will dare to hurt our cot,
When Myles O'Hea is here?
The scarlet soldiers pass along—
They'd like, but fear to rail—
His blood is hot, his blow is strong—
The Boatman of Kinsale.

His hooker's in the Scilly van,
When seines are in the foam;

But money never made the man,
Nor wealth a happy home.
So, blest with love and liberty,
While he can trim a sail,
He'll trust in God, and cling to me—
The Boatman of Kinsale.

THE PARTING FROM SLEMISH; OR, THE CON'S FLIGHT TO TYRONE.

BY SAMUEL FERGUSON, M. R. I. A.

[In Blackwood's Magazine, vol. 84, there is a long and interesting story by Mr. Ferguson, entitled *The Return of Claneboy*. The events in the narrative are placed in the summer of 1333; and the hero of the tale is O'Neill, "the youngest of the Princes of Claneboy." The scene is laid, principally, in the county Antrim; and this ballad is supposed to have been sung in the tent of O'Neill, on Slemish, near Ballymena, on the first night after he had crossed the Bann, the boundary of the British Pale. The person supposed to sing is "Turlough," the Prince's harper.]

My Owen Bawn's hair is of thread of gold spun;
Of gold in the shadow, of light in the sun;
All curled in a coolun the bright tresses are—
They make his head radiant with beams like a star!

My Owen Bawn's mantle is long and is wide,
To wrap me up safe from the storm by his side;
And I'd rather face snow-drift and winter-wind there,
Than lie among daisies and sunshine elsewhere.

My Owen Bawn Con is a hunter of deer,
He tracks the dun quarry with arrow and spear—
Where wild woods are waving, and deep waters flow,
Ah, there goes my love, with the dun-dappled roe.

My Owen Bawn Con is a bold fisherman,
He spears the strong salmon in midst of the Bann;
And rock'd in the tempest on stormy Lough Neagh,
Draws up the red trout through the bursting of spray.

My Owen Bawn Con is a bard of the best,
He wakes me with singing, he sings me to rest;
And the cruit 'neath his fingers rings up with a sound,
As though angels harped o'er us, and fays underground.

They tell me the stranger has given command,
That crommeal and coolun shall cease in the land,

That all our youth's tresses of yellow be shorn,
And bonnets, instead, of a new fashion, worn:

That mantles like Owen Bawn's shield us no more,
That hunting and fishing henceforth we give o'er,
That the net and the arrow aside must be laid,
For hammer and trowel, and mattock and spade:

That the echoes of music must sleep in their caves,
That the slave must forget his own tongue for a slave's,
That the sounds of our lips must be strange in our ears,
And our bleeding hands toil in the dew of our tears.

O, sweetheart and comfort! with thee by my side,
I could love and live happy, whatever betide;
But *thou*, in such bondage, wouldst die ere a day—
Away to Tir-oën, then, Owen, away!

There are wild woods and mountains, and streams deep and clear,
There are lochs in Tir-oën as lovely as here;
There are silver harps ringing in Yellow Hugh's hall,
And a bower by the forest side, sweetest of all!

We will dwell by the sunshiny skirts of the brake,
Where the sycamore shadows glow deep in the lake;
And the snowy swan stirring the green shadows there,
Afloat on the water, seems floating in air.

Farewell, then, black Slemish, green Collon adieu,
My heart is abreaking at thinking of you;
But tarry we dare not, when freedom hath gone—
Away to Tir-oën, then, Owen Bawn Con!

Away to Tir-oën, then, Owen away!
We will leave them the dust from our feet as a prey,
And our dwelling in ashes and flames for a spoil—
'Twill be long ere they quench them with streams of the Foyle!

BRIGHIDIN BAN MO STORE.

BY EDWARD WALSH.

[*Brighidin ban mo stor* is in English *fair young bride*, or *Bridget my treasure*. The proper sound of this phrase is not easily found by the mere English-speaking Irish. It is as if written, "*Bree-dheen-bawn-mu-sthore*." The proper name Brighit, or Bride, signifies *a fiery dart*, and was the name of the goddess of poetry in the Pagan days of Ireland.]

I AM a wand'ring minstrel man,
And Love my only theme,
I've stray'd beside the pleasant Bann,
And eke the Shannon's stream;
I've pip'd and play'd to wife and maid
By Barrow, Suir, and Nore,
But never met a maiden yet
Like Brighidin Ban Mo Store.

My girl hath ringlets rich and rare,
By Nature's fingers wove —
Loch-Carra's swan is not so fair
As is her breast of Love;
And when she moves, in Sunday sheen,
Beyond our cottage door,
I'd scorn the high-born Saxon queen
For Brighidin Ban Mo Store.

It is not that thy smile is sweet,
And soft thy voice of song —
It is not that thou fleest to meet
My comings lone and long;
But that doth rest beneath thy breast,
A heart of purest core,
Whose pulse is known to me alone,
My Brighidin Ban Mo Store!

CAROLAN AND BRIDGET CRUISE.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

[It is related of Carolan, the Irish bard, that when deprived of sight, and after the lapse of twenty years, he recognized his first love by the touch of her hand. The lady's name was Bridget Cruise; and though not a pretty name, it deserves to be recorded, as belonging to the woman who could inspire such a passion. On his return from a pilgrimage which he made to St. Patrick's Purgatory, in Lough Dearg, he found several persons on shore waiting the arrival of the boat which had conveyed him to the scene of his devotion. In assisting one of these devout travellers to get on board he chanced to take a lady's hand, and his sense of touch and feeling was so acute, that upon taking it he exclaimed, "*Dar Lamh mo cardais Criost* (By the hand of my Gossip), this is the hand of my first love, Bridget Cruise."]

"TRUE love can ne'er forget;
Fondly as when we met,
Dearest, I love thee yet,
My darling one!"
Thus sung a minstrel gay
His sweet impassion'd lay,
Down by the ocean's spray
At set of sun.

But wither'd was the minstrel's sight,
Morn to him was dark as night,
Yet his heart was full of light,
As he thus his lay begun.

"True love can ne'er forget;
Fondly as when we met,
Dearest, I love thee yet,
My darling one!
Long years are past and o'er,
Since from this fatal shore,
Cold hearts and cold winds bore
My love from me."
Scarcely the minstrel spoke,
When quick, with flashing stroke,
A boat's light oar the silence broke
O'er the sea;

Soon upon her native strand
Doth a lovely lady land,
While the minstrel's love-taught hand
Did o'er his wild harp run:
"True love can ne'er forget;
Fondly as when we met,
Dearest, I love thee yet,
My darling one!"
Where the minstrel sat alone,
There, that lady fair hath gone,
Within his hand she placed her own,
The bard dropped on his knee;

From his lips soft blessings came,
He kiss'd her hand with truest flame,
In trembling tones he named — *her* name,
Though her he could not see;
But, O! — the touch the bard could tell
Of that dear hand, remember'd well,
Ah! — by many a secret spell
Can true love find her own!
For true love can ne'er forget;
Fondly as when they met,
He loved his lady yet,
His darling one.

THE BLIND MAN'S BRIDE.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

When first, beloved, in vanished hours
The blind man sought thy hand to gain,
They said thy cheek was bright as flowers
New freshened by the summer's rain.
The beauty which made them rejoice
My darkened eyes might never see;
But well I knew thy gentle voice,
And that, was all in all, to me.

At length, as years rolled swiftly on,
They talked to me of Time's decay,
Of roses from thy soft cheek gone,
Of ebon tresses turned to gray.
I heard them, but I heeded not;
The withering change I could not see;
Thy voice still cheered my darkened lot,
And that, was all in all, to me.

And still, beloved, till life grows cold,
We'll wander 'neath the genial sky,
And only know that we are old
By counting happy hours gone by;
Thy cheek may lose its blushing hue,
Thy brow less beautiful may be,
But O, the voice which first I knew,
Still keeps the same sweet tone to me.

EMAN-AC-KNUCK TO EVA.*

BY J. B. CLARKE.

On the white hawthorn's bloom, in purpling streak,
I see the fairy-ring of morning break,
On the green valley's brow she golden glows,
Kissing the crimson of the opening rose, —
Knits with her thousand smiles its damask dyes,
And laughs the season on our hearts and eyes.
Rise, Eva, rise! fair spirit of my breast,
In whom I live, forsake the down of rest.

* Eman-ac-Knuck, or Ned of the Hill, a celebrated minstrel freebooter.

Lovelier than morn, carnationed in soft hues,
Sweeter than rifled roses in the dews
Of dawn divinely weeping — and more fair
Than the coy flowers fann'd by mountain air;
More modest than the morning's blushing smile.
Rise, Eva, rise! pride of our Western Isle —
The sky's blue beauties lose their sunny grace
Before the calm, soft splendors of thy face.

Thy breath is sweeter than the apple bloom,
When spring's musk'd spirit bathes it in perfume;
The rock's wild honey steeps thy rubied lip —
Rise, Eva, rise! — I long these sweets to sip.
The polish'd ringlets of thy jetty locks
Shame the black raven's on their sun-gilt rocks;
Thy neck can boast a whiter, lovelier glow,
Than the wild cygnet's silvery plume of snow.

And from thy bosom, the soft throne of bliss,
The witch of love, in all her blessedness,
Heaves all her spells, wings all her feathered darts,
And dips her arrows in adoring hearts.
Rise, Eva, rise! the sun sheds his sweet ray,
Am'rous to kiss thee — rise, my love! we'll stray
Across the mountain, — on the blossomy heath,
The heath-bloom holds for thee its odorous breath.

From the tall crag, aspiring to the skies,
I'll pick for thee the strings of strawberries;
The yellow nuts, too, from the hazel tree —
Soul of my heart! — I'll strip to give to thee:
As thy red lips the berries shall be bright,
And the sweet nuts shall be as ripe and white
And milky, as the love-begotten tide
That fills thy spotless bosom, my sweet bride!

Queen of the smile of joy! shall I not kiss
Thee in the moss-grown cot, bless'd bower of bliss —
Shall not thy rapturous lover clasp thy charms,
And fold his Eva in his longing arms —
Shall Inniscather's wood again attest
Thy beauties strain'd unto this burning breast?
Absent how long! Ah! when wilt thou return?
When shall this wither'd bosom cease to mourn?

Eva! why stay so long? why leave me lone,
In the deep valley, to the cold gray stone
Pouring my plaints? O come, divinest fair!
Chase from my breast the demon of despair.

The winds are witness to my deep distress,
Like the lone wanderer of the wilderness,
For thee I languish and for thee I sigh —
My Eva, come, or thy poor swain shall die!

And didst thou hear my melancholy lay?
And art thou coming, love? My Eva! say?
Thou daughter of a meek-eyed dame, thy face
Is lovelier than thy mother's, in soft grace.
O yes! thou comest, Eva! to my sight
An angel minister of heavenly light: —
The sons of frozen climes can never see
Summer's bright smile so glad as I see thee:
Thy steps to me are lovelier than the ray
That roses night's cheek with the blush of day.

LOVE'S LONGINGS.

BY THOMAS DAVIS, M. R. I. A.

To the conqueror his crowning,
First freedom to the slave,
And air unto the drowning,
Sunk in the ocean's wave
And succor to the faithful,
Who fight their flag above,
Are sweet, but far less grateful
Than were my lady's love.

I know I am not worthy
Of one so young and bright;
And yet I would do for thee
Far more than others might;
I cannot give you pomp or gold,
If you should be my wife,
But I can give you love untold,
And true in death or life.

Methinks that there are passions
Within that heaving breast
To scorn their heartless fashions,
And wed whom you love best.
Methinks you would be prouder
As the struggling patriot's bride,
Than if rank your home should crowd, or
Cold riches round you glide.

O ! the watcher longs for morning,
And the infant cries for light,
And the saint for heaven's warning,
And the vanquished pray for might;
But their prayer, when lowest kneeling,
And their suppliance most true,
Are cold to the appealing
Of this longing heart to you.

THE PATRIOT'S BRIDE.

BY CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY, M. P.

O ! GIVE me back that royal dream
My fancy wrought,
When I have seen your sunny eyes
Grow moist with thought;
And fondly hop'd, dear Love, your heart from mine
Its spell had caught;
And laid me down to dream that dream divine,
But true, methought,
Of how *my* life's long task would be, to make *yours* blessed as it ought.

To learn to love sweet Nature more
For your sweet sake,
To watch with you — dear friend, with you ! —
Its wonders break;
The sparkling Spring in that bright face to see
Its mirror make —
On summer morns to hear the sweet birds sing
By linn and lake;
And know your voice, your magic voice, could still a grander music wake !

On some old shell-strewn rock to sit
In Autumn eves,
Where gray Killiney cools the torrid air
Hot autumn weaves:
Or by that Holy Well in mountain lone,
Where Faith believes
(Fain would I b'lieve) its secret, darling wish
True love achieves.
Yet, O ! its Saint was not more pure than she to whom my fond heart cleaves.

To see the dank mid-winter night
Pass like a noon,
Sultry with thought from minds that teemed,
And glowed like June:
Whereto would pass in sculp'd and pictured train
Art's magic boon;
And Music thrill with many a haughty strain,
And dear old tune,
Till hearts grew sad to hear the destined hour to part had come so soon.

To wake the old weird world that sleeps
In Irish lore;
The strains sweet foreign Spenser sung
By Mulla's shore;
Dear Curran's airy thoughts, like purple birds
That shine and soar;
Tone's fiery hopes, and all the deathless vows
That Grattan swore;
The songs that once our own dear Davis sung — ah, me! to sing no more.

To search with mother-love the gifts
Our land can boast —
Soft Erna's isles, Neagh's wooded slopes,
Clare's iron coast;
Kildare, whose legions gray our bosoms stir
With fay and ghost;
Gray Mourne, green Antrim, purple Glenmalur —
Lene's fairy host;
With raids to many a foreign land to learn to love dear Ireland most.

And all those proud old victor-fields
We thrill to name;
Whose mem'ries are the stars that light
Long nights of shame;
The Cairn, the Dun, the Rath, the Tower, the Keep,
That still proclaim
In chronicles of clay and stone, how true, how deep,
Was Eiré's fame.
O! we shall see them all, with her, that dear, dear friend we two have lov'd the same.

Yet ah! how truer, tend'rer still
Methought did seem
That scene of tranquil joy, that happy home,
By Dodder's stream;
The morning smile, that grew a fixéd star
With love-lit beam,

The ringing laugh, locked hands, and all the far
And shining stream
Of daily love, that made our daily life diviner than a dream.

For still to me, dear Friend, dear Love,
Or both — dear Wife,
Your image comes with serious thoughts,
But tender, rife;
No idle plaything to caress or chide
In sport or strife;
But my best chosen friend, companion, guide,
To walk through life,
Link'd hand in hand, two equal, loving friends, true husband and true wife.

CONNOR, THE FISHERMAN.

My Connor is a fisher bold — he likes the life so free —
The roaring of the wintry winds — the lashing of the sea;
His home is on the noisy waves, and once I am his bride,
O! trust me, I'll be bold enough to tempt them by his side.

My Connor hath a fairy bark on summer seas to skim;
He tells me in the summer time that I shall sail with him.
He thinks I have a coward heart, as if one need be brave
To dare the tempest *any* night, and Connor there to save.

My Connor hath a warrior's soul, but, in this age of slaves,
Perhaps he finds his fittest life in warring with the waves;
And never blew the tempest yet that Connor's spirit bowed;
His eye would meet the lightning's flash, as kingly and as proud.

My Connor hath a tender heart, for all his stormy life;
There never breaks a word from him of sullenness or strife;
His war is with the braggart waves, and once I am his bride,
O! trust me, I'll be bold enough to tempt them by his side!

MARY.

LOVE-DREAMS.

I DREAMED that my love was a milk-white doe,
That ranged the forest wide;
And I was a dappled mountain roe,
That bounded by her side;
Our home was the wild wood's lonely glade,
Where hunters there were none;

We danced on the harebell, and couched in the shade,
And we loved and lived alone.

I dreamed that my love was a beautiful bird,
And I her tuneful mate;
And the live-long day my song was heard,
So wild, so passionate.
And still when winter deformed the time,
We bent our course o'er the sea;
And we built our nest in a lovelier clime,
'Mid the blooms of the orange tree.

I dreamed that my love was the fairy Queen,
And I an Elfin knight,
That mixed with her train when she danced on the green,
Beneath the mild moonlight.
And, O! it was merry in Fairy-land,—
There's nothing on earth so sweet
As the music and mirth of the spirit band,
And the twinkling of fairy feet.

AILLEEN.

BY JOHN BANIM.

[John Banim, author of "Tales of the O'Hara Family," was born in the city of Kilkenny, and received his education in its college. About 1813 he came to Dublin to study painting under an able master, but manifesting no strong desire for the profession of an artist, he returned to his native city, where he became a Drawing-Master. He did not long bear the fatigue and drudgery of this calling, for he soon had recourse to literature as his chosen profession. As a Novelist, his character stands deservedly very high; second indeed to no one. The records of departed genius truly show, that the track of gifted individuals is like that of a meteor,—brilliant to excess, but equally transient. His burning love of religion and country was traced by him in letters of fire, and his indignant sincerity gave him a power, which few possessed before him. His temperament was sensitive and gloomy; hence he depicted the darker passions and more sullen traits of the character of his countrymen. His novels are strong, and full of fire; replete with powerful and striking imagery, both moral and physical,—equally indicative of tenderness and strength. His ballads are very national,—full of natural feeling, and of true fidelity to Irish character. He returned to Dublin, after the burial of his only son in Paris, quite broken-hearted. Death soon placed him beyond the reach of this world's sympathy, after having attained the high honor of being Ireland's greatest novelist.]

'Tis not for love of gold I go,
'Tis not for love of fame;
Tho' fortune should her smile bestow,
And I may win a name,
Ailleen,
And I may win a name.

And yet it is for gold I go,
And yet it is for fame,
That they may deck another brow,
And bless another name,
Ailleen,
And bless another name.

For this, but this, I go — for this
I lose thy love a while;
And all the soft and quiet bliss
Of thy young, faithful smile,
Ailleen,
Of thy young, faithful smile.

And I go to brave a world I hate,
And woo it o'er and o'er,
And tempt a wave, and try a fate
Upon a stranger shore,
Ailleen,
Upon a stranger shore.

O! when the bays are all my own,
I know a heart will care!
O! when the gold is wooed and won,
I know a brow shall wear,
Ailleen,
I know a brow shall wear!

And when with both returned again,
My native land to see,
I know a smile will meet me there,
And a hand will welcome me,
Ailleen,
And a hand will welcome me!

A WOOING.

BY M. MAC DERMOTT.

O! WHEN I think of *you*, dear,
At once my voice becomes a song!
Your eyes so deeply blue, dear,
The clustering curls that richly throng,
Revealing — concealing —
The sweetest charms of hue and form;
Your face's soft graces —
The eyes that awe and lips that warm!

My thoughts to love's heat new, dear,
 Expand, gush o'er, and sweep along —
And, as I think of you, dear,
 At once my voice becomes a song!

I've listened with devotion
 To many a sweet old Irish air —
But deeper my emotion
 While gazing on your face so fair —
 Like moonlight, at lone night,
 That music falls — each timid ray,
 Gloom fringéd and tingéd —
 But you are like the light of day
Through Heaven's sunny blue, dear,
 That falls so wide, endures so long —
Lark-like! — awaked by you, dear,
 At once my voice becomes a song.

Ambition's fire may heat us —
 But, ah! the flame, while heating, scars;
And patriot-love, though sweet, is,
 Like flowers, nourished half on tears!
 The Brave dies, and Death buys
 The freedom won in thundering fight;
 And faint woe and graves strow
 The long, long way from Wrong to Right.
I ask of Heaven but you, dear —
 Pure joys to love, alone, belong —
And Heaven is kind to woo, dear,
 At once my voice becomes a song!

O, have me! and I'll give you
 A heart, with all its errors, true:
I'll love you and believe you,
 And you will smile on all I do!
 Yes! you'll cheer my home here,
 And I'll strive for you abroad;
 By day, toils — by night, smiles,
 And mutual tears and prayer to God!
So fadeless flowers will strew, dear,
 The humble path we pass along;
And life to me and you, dear,
 Will be one high, harmonious song.

O! THE MARRIAGE.

BY THOMAS DAVIS, M. R. I. A.

O! THE marriage, the marriage,
With love and *mo buachail* for me,
The ladies that ride in a carriage
Might envy my marriage to me;
For Owen is straight as a tower,
And tender and loving and true,
He told me more love in an hour
Than the Squires of the county could do.
Then, O! the marriage, &c.

His hair is a shower of soft gold,
His eye is as clear as the day,
His conscience and vote were unsold
When others were carried away;
His word is as good as an oath,
And freely 'twas given to me;
O! sure 'twill be happy for both
The day of our marriage to see.
Then, O! the marriage, &c.

His kinsmen are honest and kind,
The neighbors think much of his skill,
And Owen's the lad to my mind,
Though he owns neither castle nor mill.
But he has a tilloch of land,
A horse, and a stocking of coin,
A foot for the dance, and a hand
In the cause of his country to join.
Then, O! the marriage, &c.

We meet in the market and fair—
We meet in the morning and night—
He sits on the half of my chair,
And my people are wild with delight.
Yet I long through the winter to skim,
Though Owen longs more I can see,
When I will be married to him,
And he will be married to me.
Then, O! the marriage, the marriage,
With love and *mo buachail* for me,
The ladies that ride in a carriage
Might envy my marriage to me.

SWEET SIBYL.

BY CHARLES GAVIN DUFFY, M. P.

My Love is as fresh as the morning sky,
 My Love is as soft as the summer air,
My Love is as true as the Saints on high,
 And never was saint so fair!
 O, glad is my heart when I name her name,
 For it sounds like a song to me—
 I'll love you, it sings, nor heed their blame,
 For you love me *Astor Machree!*

Sweet Sibyl! sweet Sibyl! my heart is wild
 With the fairy spell that her eyes have lit;
I sit in a dream where my Love has smil'd—
 I kiss where her name is writ!
 O, darling, I fly like a dreamy boy;
 The toil that is joy to the strong and true,
 The life that the brave for their land employ,
 I squander in dreams of you.

The face of my Love has the changeful light
 That gladdens the sparkling sky of spring;
The voice of my Love is a strange delight,
 As when birds in the May-time sing.
 O, hope of my heart! O, light of my life!
 O, come to me, darling, with peace and rest!
 O, come like the Summer, my own sweet wife,
 To your home in my longing breast!

Be blessed with the home sweet Sibyl will sway
 With the glance of her soft and queenly eyes;
O! happy the love young Sibyl will pay
 With the breath of her tender sighs.
 That home is the hope of my waking dreams—
 That love fills my eyes with pride—
 There's light in their glance, there's joy in their beams,
 When I think of my own young bride.

MY OWN.

(FROM THE IRISH.)

BY EVA. (MISS MARY EVA KELLY.)

By the strange beating of my heart,
 Finding no place for all its joy—
By those soft tears that wet my cheek,
 Like dews from Summer sky—

By this wild rush through every vein —
 This chok'd and trembling tone,
Surcharg'd with bliss it cannot tell —
 I feel thou art my own.

And yet it cannot all be true,
 I've dream'd a thousand wilder dreams;
But this is brighter, wilder far,
 Than even the wildest seems.
I've dream'd of wonders, spirit-climes,
 Of glories and of blisses won;
But ne'er before did vision come,
 To say thou wert my own!

My own! my own! thus gazing on,
 My life-breath seems to ebb away;
And o'er and o'er, and still again,
 The same dear words I say!
I know — I know it must be true,
 And here, with Heaven and Love alone,
I hold thee next my heart of hearts,
 For thou art all my own!

THE MAN OF THE NORTH COUNTRIE.

BY T. D. M'GEE.

He came from the North, and his words were few,
But his voice was kind and his heart was true,
And I knew by his eyes no guile had he,
So I married the man of the North Countrie.

O! Garryowen may be more gay,
Than this quiet street of Ballibay;
And I know the sun shines softly down
On the river that passes my native town.

But there's not — I say it with joy and pride —
Better man than mine in Munster wide;
And Limerick Town has no happier hearth
Than mine has been with my Man of the North.

I wish that in Munster they only knew
The kind, kind neighbors I came unto:
Small hate or scorn would ever be
Between the South and the North Countrie.

MY OWEN.

ANON. (MARY.)

Proud of you, fond of you, clinging so near to you,
Light is my heart now I know I am dear to you!
Glad is my voice now, so free it may sing for you
All the wild love which is burning within for you!
Tell me once more, tell it over and over,
The tale of that eve which first saw you my lover.
Now I need never blush
At my heart's hottest gush —
The wife of my Owen her heart may discover!

Proud of you, fond of you, having all right in you,
Quitting all else through my love and delight in you!
Glad is my heart since 'tis beating so nigh to you!
Light is my step for it always may fly to you!
Clasped in your arms where no sorrow can reach to me,
Reading your eyes till new love they shall teach to me,
Though wild and weak till now,
By that blest marriage vow,
More than the wisest know *your* heart shall preach to me.

NANNY.

BY FRANCIS DAVIS.

O! for an hour when the day is breaking
Down by the shore, when the tide is making!
Fair as a white cloud, thou, love, near-me,
None but the waves and thyself to hear me:
O, to my breast how these arms would press thee;
Wildly my heart in its joy would bless thee;
O, how the soul thou hast won would woo thee,
Girl of the snow-neck! closer to me.

O for an hour as the day advances,
(Out where the breeze on the broom-bush dances,)
Watching the lark, with the sun-ray o'er us,
Winging the notes of his heaven-taught chorus!
O, to be there, and my love before me,
Soft as a moonbeam smiling o'er me;
Thou wouldst but love, and I would woo thee:
Girl of the dark eye! closer to me.

O for an hour where the sun first found us,
(Out in the eve with its red sheets round us,)
Brushing the dew from the gale's soft winglets,
Pearly and sweet with thy long dark ringlets:
O, to be there on the sward beside thee,
Telling my tale though I know you'd chide me;
Sweet were thy voice though it should undo me —
Girl of the dark locks! closer to me.

O for an hour by night or by day, love,
Just as the heavens and thou might say, love;
Far from the stare of the cold-eyed many,
Bound in the breath of my dove-souled Nanny!
O for the pure chains that have bound me,
Warm from thy red lips circling round me!
O, in my soul, as the light above me,
Queen of the pure hearts, do I love thee!

MY NIAL BAWN.

BY EVA. (MISS MARY EVA KELLY.)

He has no gold but the gold that shines
In those bright clustering tresses;
There's neither rank nor power for him
Whom this fond heart wildly blesses;
But, O! there's truth, and power, and love
For my Nial's kingly dower;
And never was king so idolized
In the day of his highest power.

To have no hope in the wide, wide world
But all that's round him clinging —
There is neither life nor joy for me,
Unless from his fondness springing.
I never think of pain or woe,
For life can bring no trial,
Which angels e'en could guard me thro'
More tenderly than Nial.

His soul is soft as a morn of May,
But strong as the deep, dark ocean —
With passions wild as the storm and flame,
For deeds of a high devotion.
O, fierce and brave is my own dear love,
The wrong and the foe defying;
But his voice is low and sweet to me
As winds in the spring-time sighing.

Bright blessings fall on my Nial Bawn!
I know his love outpouring;
And there's no joy on earth for me
Like the joy of thus adoring.
O! my heart has love — such deep, deep love!
To fall in soft, refreshing showers,
That all around will look bright and green
Thro' our life's long golden hours!

SEBASTIAN CABOT TO HIS LADY.

BY T. D. M'GEE.

Dear, my Lady, you will understand
By these presents coming to your hand,
Written in the Hyperborean seas,
(Where my love for you doth never freeze,)
Underneath a sky obscured with light,
Albeit called of mariners the night,
That my thoughts are not of lands unknown,
Or buried gold beneath the southern zone,
But of a treasure dearer far to me,
In a far isle of the sail-shadowed sea.

I asked the Sun but lately as he set,
If my dear Lady in his course he met —
That she was matronly and passing tall,
That her young brow covered deep thought withal,
That her full eye was purer azure far
Than his own sky, and brighter than a star;
That her kind hands were whiter than the snow
That melted in the tepid tide below,
That her light step was stately as her mind,
Steadfast as Faith, and soft as Summer wind;
Whether her cheek was pale, her eye was wet,
And where and when my Lady dear he met?

And the Sun spoke not: next I asked the Wind
Which lately left my native shores behind,
If he had seen my Love the groves among,
That round our home their guardian shelter flung,
If he had heard the voice of song arise
From that dear roof beneath the eastern skies,
If he had borne a prayer to heaven from thee
For a lone ship and thy lone Lord at sea?
And the Wind answered not, but fled amain,
As if he feared my questioning again.

Anon the Moon, the meek-faced minion rose,
But nothing of my love could she disclose.
Then my soul, moved by its strong will, trod back
The shimmering vestige of our vessel's track,
And I beheld you, darling, by our hearth,
Gone was your girlish bloom and maiden mirth,
And Care's too early print was on the brow,
Where I have seen the sunshine shamed ere now;
And as unto your widowed bed you passed,
I saw no more — tears blinded me at last.

But mourn not, Mary, let no dismal dream
Darken the current of Hope's flowing stream;
Trust Him who sets his stars on high to guide
Us sinful sailors through the pathless tide,
The God who feeds the myriads of the deep,
And spreads the oozy couches where they sleep;
The God who gave even me a perfect wife,
The star, the lamp, the compass of my life,
Who will replace me on a tranquil shore,
To live with Love and you for evermore.

The watch is set, the tired sailors sleep,
The star-eyed sky o'erhangs the dreamy deep —
No more, no more: I can no further write;
Vain are my sighs, and weak my words this night;
But kneeling here, amid the seething sea,
I pray to God, my best beloved, for thee;
And if that prayer be heard, as well it may,
Our parting night shall have a glorious day.

LAMENT OF THE IRISH MAIDEN.

A BRIGADE BALLAD.

BY DENNY LANE.

On Carrigdhoun the heath is brown,
The clouds are dark o'er Ardnalia,
And many a stream comes rushing down
To swell the angry Ownabwee;
The moaning blast is sweeping fast
Through many a leafless tree,
And I'm alone, for he is gone,
My hawk is flown, *ochone machree!*

The heath was green on Carrigdhoun,
Bright shone the sun on Ardnalia,

The dark green trees bent trembling down
To kiss the slumb'ring Ownabwee;
That happy day, 'twas but last May,
'Tis like a dream to me,
When Doinnall swore, ay, o'er and o'er,
We'd part no more, *oh stor machree!*

Soft April show'rs and bright May flow'rs
Will bring the summer back again,
But will they bring me back the hours
I spent with my brave Doinnall then?
'Tis but a chance, for he's gone to France
To wear the *fleur de lis;*
But I'll follow you, my *Doinnall dhu,**
For still I'm true to you, *machree!*

KATE OF KENMARE.

BY D. F. M'CARTHY.

O! MANY bright eyes full of goodness and gladness,
Where the pure soul looks out, and the heart loves to shine,
And many cheeks pale with the soft hue of sadness,
Have I worshipped in silence and felt them divine!
But Hope in its gleamings, or love in its dreamings,
Ne'er fashioned a being so faultless and fair
As the lily-cheeked beauty, the rose of the Roughty,†
The fawn of the valley, sweet Kate of Kenmare!

It was all but a moment, her radiant existence,
Her presence, her absence, all crowded on me;
But time has not ages, and earth has not distance
To sever, sweet vision, my spirit from thee!
Again am I straying where children are playing—
Bright is the sunshine and balmy the air,
Mountains are heathy, and there do I see thee,
Sweet fawn of the valley, young Kate of Kenmare!

Thy own bright arbutus hath many a cluster
Of white waxen blossoms like lilies in air;
But, O! thy pale cheek hath a delicate lustre,
No blossoms can rival, no lily doth wear;

* My black Daniel.
† The river Roughty discharges itself at the head of the great river or bay of Kenmare.

To that cheek softly flushing, to thy lip brightly blushing,
O! what are the berries that bright tree doth bear?
Peerless in beauty, that rose of the Roughty,
That fawn of the valley, sweet Kate of Kenmare!

O! beauty, some spell from kind Nature thou bearest,
Some magic of tone or enchantment of eye,
That hearts that are hardest, from forms that are fairest,
Receive such impressions as never can die!
The foot of the fairy, though lightsome and airy,
Can stamp on the hard rock * the shape it doth wear,
Art cannot trace it nor ages efface it —
And such are thy glances, sweet Kate of Kenmare!

To him who far travels how sad is the feeling —
How the light of his mind is o'ershadowed and dim,
When the scenes he most loves, like the river's soft stealing,
All fade as a vision and vanish from him!
Yet he bears from each far land a flower for that garland,
That memory weaves of the bright and the fair;
While this sigh I am breathing my garland is wreathing,
And the rose of that garland is Kate of Kenmare!

In lonely Lough Quinlan in summer's soft hours,
Fair islands are floating that move with the tide,
Which, sterile at first, are soon covered with flowers,
And thus o'er the bright waters fairy-like glide! †
Thus the mind the most vacant is quickly awakened,
And the heart bears a harvest that late was so bare,
Of him who in roving finds objects in loving,
Like the fawn of the valley — sweet Kate of Kenmare!

Sweet Kate of Kenmare, though I ne'er may behold thee —
Though the pride and the joy of another you be —
Though strange lips may praise thee and strange arms enfold thee!
A blessing, dear Kate, be on them and on thee!
One feeling I cherish that never can perish —
One talisman proof to the dark wizard care —
The fervent and dutiful love of the Beautiful,
Of which thou art a type, gentle Kate of Kenmare!

* In the vicinity of Kenmare is a rock called *The Fairy Rock*, on which the marks of several feet are deeply impressed; they are, of course, supposed to have been the work of fairies.

† Dr. Smith, in his *History of Kerry*, says — "Near this place is a considerable fresh water lake, called Lough Quinlan, in which are some small floating islands much admired by the country people. These islands swim from side to side of the lake, and are usually composed at first of a long kind of grass, which being blown off the adjacent grounds about the middle of September, and floating about, collect slime and other stuff, and so yearly increase till they come to have grass and other vegetables grown upon them."

TALK BY THE BLACKWATER.

FAINT are the breezes and pure is the tide,
Soft is the sunshine and you by my side;
'Tis just such an evening to dream of in sleep —
'Tis just such a joy to remember and weep;
Never before, since you called me your own,
Were you, I, and Nature, so proudly alone —
Cushlamachree, 'tis blessed to be
All the long summer eve talking to thee.

Dear are the green banks we wander upon —
Dear is our own river, glancing along —
Dearer the trust that as tranquil will be,
The tides of the future for you and for me;
Dearest the thought, that, come weal or come woe,
Through storm or through sunshine together they'll flow —
Cushlamachree, 'tis blessed to be
All the long summer eve thinking of thee.

Yon bark o'er the waters how swiftly it glides —
My thoughts cannot guess to what haven it rides;
As little I know what the future brings near,
But our bark is the same, and I harbor no fear;
Whatever our fortunes, our hearts will be true —
Wherever the stream flows 'twill bear me with you —
Cushlamachree, 'tis blessed to be
Summer and winter time clinging to thee.

MARY.

THE BRIDE OF MALLOW.

BY THOMAS DAVIS, M. R. I. A.

'TWAS dying they thought her,
And kindly they brought her
To the banks of Blackwater,
Where her forefathers lie;
'Twas the place of her childhood,
And they hoped that its wild wood,
And air soft and mild would
Soothe her spirit to die.

But she met on its border
A lad who adored her —
No rich man, nor lord, or
A coward, or slave;

But one who had worn
A green coat, and borne
A pike from Slieve Mourne,
With the patriots brave.

O! the banks of the stream are
Than emeralds greener;
And how should they wean her
From loving the earth?
While the song-birds so sweet,
And the waves at their feet,
And each young pair they meet,
Are all flushing with mirth.

And she listed his talk,
And he shared in her walk —
And how could she balk
One so gallant and true?
But why tell the rest?
Her love she confest,
And sunk on his breast,
Like the even tide dew.

Ah! now her cheek glows
With the tint of the rose,
And her healthful blood flows,
Just as fresh as the stream;
And her eye flashes bright,
And her footstep is light,
And sickness and blight
Fled away like a dream.

And soon by his side
She kneels a sweet bride,
In maidenly pride
And maidenly fears;
And their children were fair,
And their home knew no care,
Save that all homesteads were
Not as happy as theirs.

THE LONELY POET.

BY WILLIAM KENNEDY.

ALONE — I am alone, Ellen, this weary wintry even,
Lorn, as the solitary star, bewildered in the heaven:
All nature's thickly shrouded in a winding-sheet of snow,
And the embers on my cheerless hearth, like hope, are wearing low.

There's sorrow in my soul, Ellen; and if I do not weep,
It is because the burning brand hath entered far too deep;
And if I do not murmur at fate's severe decree,
It is that my own hand hath helped to mould my destiny.

Beloved of my life's morning! beyond blue ocean's foam
My thoughts fly to thy native isle, and well-remembered home;
They hover o'er thy lattice, like bees o'er honey flowers,
To wile her forth again, who there hath watched for me long hours.

But Fancy — the unkind one! — cares nothing for my will —
I bid her bring me joy, and she returns with sadness still;
For thy summer look of gladness, in maiden mildness worn,
She gives the melancholy smile of one long used to mourn.

And when I'd fain to near thee, where oft in bliss we met,
She leads me where I pressed thy cheek with tears of parting wet.
The world that is around me, or that which is within,
Contains no gem of happiness for such as I to win.

I know it, and I feel it now, — O! would that I had known
And felt it thus, before I call'd thy loving heart my own!
What were all that I have borne, or yet may bear, to me,
Had the storm that smote me in its wrath, left thy young blossom free?

I dreamt I'd come again, Ellen, with riches, power, and fame —
But two of these I've ceased to seek, and the last is but a name;
A name bestowed at random by the ignorant and loud,
And seldom rightly won or worn, till its owner's in his shroud.

In the country of the stranger my lasting lot is cast,
And the features of the future are as gloomy as the past; —
To-morrow, and to-morrow, the gaudy sun may shine —
He'll sooner warm the marble cold, than this heavy heart of mine.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, the breeze across the sea
To thy land's shores may waft the ship — it bloweth not for me.
The lonely bird at eventide in thy bower may sing his fill —
My foot shall never break again the quiet of his hill!

CUSHLA-MO-CHRÉE.*

BY JOHN FRANCIS WALLER, LL. D.

By the green banks of Shannen I wooed thee, dear Mary,
When the sweet birds were singing in summer's gay pride,
From those green banks I turn now, heart-broken and dreary,
As the sun sets to weep o'er the grave of my bride.
Idly the sweet birds around me are singing;
Summer, like winter, is cheerless to me;
I heed not if snow falls, or flow'rets are springing,
For my heart's-light is darkened — my *Cushla-mo-chree!*

O! bright shone the morning when first as my bride, love,
Thy foot, like a sunbeam, my threshold cross'd o'er,
And blest on our hearth fell that soft eventide, love,
When first on my bosom thy heart lay, *asthore!*
Restlessly now, on my lone pillow turning,
Wear the night-watches, still thinking on thee;
And darker than night, breaks the light of the morning,
For my aching eyes find thee not, *Cushla-mo-chree!*

O, my loved one! my lost one! say, why didst thou leave me
To linger on earth with my heart in the grave!
O! would thy cold arms, love, might ope to receive me
To my rest 'neath the dark boughs that over thee wave.
Still from our once happy dwelling I roam, love,
Evermore seeking, my own bride, for thee;
Ah, Mary! wherever thou art is my home, love,
And I'll soon lie beside thee, my *Cushla-mo-chree!*

I WOULD THAT I WERE DEAD.

No more to bless my soul shall rise
The joys of by-gone years;
No more my unstrung harp replies
To worldly hopes or fears.
In mirkest night is lost the star,
Whose light my pathway led;
I am lonely, very lonely,
O! I would that I were dead.

No more along thy banks, sweet Foyle,
My evening path shall lie;

* Pulse of my heart.

No more my Mary's love-lit face
Shall meet my longing eye.
All that could cheer my wayward soul,
Like sunset tints hath fled;
I am lonely, very lonely,
O! I would that I were dead.

Ah! when the pleasant Spring-time came,
Like bride dedecked with flowers,
How blest, adown the hawthorn lane,
We passed the twilight hours.
My Mary, Heaven had called you then,
Its light was round you shed;
I am lonely, very lonely,
O! I would that I were dead.

Even then your words of love would blend,
With hopes of freedom's day;
And whisper thus — "No woman's love
In slavish hearts should stay."
The while the wild rose in your hair,
Scarce matched your cheek's pure red;
I am lonely, very lonely —
O! I would that I were dead.

O! that my stubborn heart should live
That dreadful moment through,
When those bleak robes I raised, to give
One parting kiss to you;
When there lay all my earthly joy,
Arrayed for death's cold bed;
I am lonely, very lonely —
O! I would that I were dead.

Yes, Mary dear, thy earnest wish,
Is all that wakes me now;
To haste the day when slavery's blush
Shall flee our country's brow;
To toil, to strive, till free she'll rise,
Then lay with thee my head;
For I'm lonely, very lonely,
And longing to be dead.

EIRE.

MARY.

BY M. MAC DERMOTT.

Love me, dearest Mary!
No honey speech I own,
Nor talisman to win you, save
This true, fond heart alone;
I cannot offer rank or gold—
Such things I never knew—
But all one human heart can hold
Of love, I'll give to *you*,
Mary!
Of love, I'll give to you.

For you were aye unto me,
From boyhood to this hour,
That sweet to which all bright thoughts clung,
Like bees around a flower;
The whispering tree, the silent moon,
The bud beneath the dew,
All, by the fairy hand of love,
Were linked with thoughts of *you*,
Mary!
Were linked with thoughts of you.

Were ever linked with you, love,
And when I rose to part
From scenes that long had nursed my soul,
From many a kind, old heart—
Though sad to hearth, and vale, and stream,
And friends to bid adieu!
Yet still my soul in silence wept
Until I thought of *you*,
Mary!
Until I thought of you.

O! since 'mid life's unquiet,
Through many a wintry storm,
What lay, like hope, within my breast,
And kept its currents warm?
What, when the night shone gemmed with stars,
Was brighter than the blue,
And sweeter than my toil-earn'd sleep?
The memory of *you*,
Mary!
The memory of you.

And now I've won a home, dear,
Not very grand or high,
But still with quite enough to meet
The day that's passing by;
With one bright room where we might sit
And have a friend or two —
Ay, bright, I say — for, O, 'tis lit
With hope 'twill yet see *you*,
Mary!
With hope 'twill yet see you.

Then love me, dearest Mary,
No honey speech I own,
Nor talisman to win you, save
This true, fond heart alone;
I cannot offer rank or gold —
Such things I never knew —
But all one human heart can hold
Of love, I'll give to *you*,
Mary!
Such love I'll give to you.

ELLEN BAWN.

(FROM THE IRISH.)

BY J. C. MANGAN.

ELLEN BAWN, O, Ellen Bawn, you darling, darling dear, you,
Sit awhile beside me here, I'll die unless I'm near you!
'Tis for you I'd swim the Suir and breast the Shannon's waters;
For Ellen dear, you've not your peer in Galway's blooming daughters!

Had I Limerick's gems and gold at will to mete and measure,
Were Loughrea's abundance mine, and all Portumna's treasure,
These might lure me, might insure me many and many a new love,
But O! no bribe could pay your tribe for One like you, my true love!

Blessings be on Connaught! that's the place for sport and raking!
Blessings too, my love, on you, a-sleeping and a-waking!
I'd have met you, dearest Ellen, when the sun went under,
But, woe! the flooding Shannon broke across my path in thunder!

Ellen! I'd give all the deer in Limerick's parks and arbors,
Ay, and all the ships that rode last year in Munster's harbors,
Could I blot from Time the hour I first became your lover,
For, O! you've given my heart a wound it never can recover!

Would to God that in the sod my corpse to-night were lying,
And the wild birds wheeling o'er it, and the winds a-sighing,
Since your cruel mother and your kindred choose to sever
Two hearts that Love would blend in one for ever and for ever!

WELCOME HOME TO YOU.

A HUNDRED thousand welcomes, and 'tis time for you to come
From the far land of the foreigner, to your country and your home.
O! long as we are parted, ever since you went away,
I never passed a dreamless night or knew an easy day.

Do you think I would reproach you with the sorrows that I bore?
Sure the sorrow is all over, now I have you here once more —
And there's nothing but the gladness and the love within my heart,
And the hope, so sweet and certain, that again we'll never part.

Did the strangers come around you with true heart and loving hand?
Did they comfort and console you when you sickened in their land?
Had they pleasant smiles to court you, and silver words to bind?
Had they hearts more fond and loyal than the hearts you left behind?

There's a quiver on your proud lip, and a paleness on your brow;
Maybe if they had so loved you, you would not be near me now.
O! cruel was the coldness which my darling's heart could pain!
O! blessed was whatever sent him back to me again!

A hundred thousand welcomes! — how my heart is gushing o'er
With the love and joy and wonder thus to see your face once more;
How did I live without you through these long, long years of woe?
It seems as if 'twould kill me to be parted from you now.

You'll never part me, darling — there's a promise in your eye;
I may tend you while I'm living — you will watch me when I die;
And if death but kindly lead me to the blessed home on high,
What a hundred thousand welcomes shall await you in the sky!

MARY.

KATHLEEN.

BY R. D. WILLIAMS.

MY Kathleen dearest! in truth or seeming
No brighter vision ere blessed mine eyes
Than she for whom, in Elysian dreaming,
Thy tranced lover too fondly sighs.

O! Kathleen fairest! if elfin splendor
Hath ever broken my heart's repose,
'Twas in the darkness, ere purely tender,
Thy smile, like moonlight o'er ocean, rose.

Since first I met thee thou knowest thine are
This passion-music, each pulse's thrill —
The flowers seem brighter, the stars diviner,
And God and Nature more glorious still.
I see around me new fountains gushing —
More jewels spangle the robes of night;
Strange harps are pealing — fresh roses blushing —
Young worlds emerging in purer light.

No more thy song-bird in clouds shall hover —
O! give him shelter upon thy breast,
And bid him swiftly, his long flight over,
From heav'n drop into that love-built nest.
Like fairy flow'rets is Love thou fearest,
At once that springeth like mine from earth —
'Tis friendship's ivy grows slowly, dearest,
But Love and Lightning have instant birth.

The mirthful fancy and artful gesture —
Hair black as tempest, and swan-like breast,
More graceful folded in simplest vesture
Than proudest bosoms in diamonds drest —
Not these, the varied and rare possession
Love gave to conquer, are thine alone;
But, O! there crowns thee divine expression,
As saints a halo, that's all thine own.

Thou art, as poets, in olden story,
Have pictur'd woman before the fall —
Her angel beauty's divinest glory —
The pure soul shining, like God, thro' all.
But vainly, humblest of leaflets springing,
I sing the queenliest flower of love:
Thus soars the sky-lark, presumptuous singing
The orient morning enthroned above.

Yet hear, propitious, beloved maiden,
The minstrel's passion is pure as strong,
Tho' Nature fated, his heart, love-laden,
Must break, or utter its woes in song.
Farewell! if never my soul may cherish
The dreams that bade me to love aspire,
By Mem'ry's altar! thou shalt not perish,
First Irish pearl of my Irish lyre!

MY CONNOR.

BY J. FRAZER.

His eye is as black as the sloe,
And his skin is as white as its blossom —
He loves me; but hate to the foe
Has the innermost place in his bosom;
I forgive him, for sorrow unmixed,
His child, like himself, should inherit,
If hatred to chains had not fixed
The strong kernel-stone in his spirit.

The lark never soars but to sing —
Nor sings but to soar; but my Connor
Surpasses the lark on the wing,
Tho' walking the earth without honor!
The fetters — the fetters awake
Deep passionate songs that betoken
The part and the place he will take,
When bonds are held up to be broken.

He loves me more dearly than life,
Yet would he forsake me to-morrow,
And lose both his blood and his wife,
To free his loved island from sorrow;
And could I survive but to see
The land without shackle upon her,
I freely a widow would be,
Tho' dearly I dote on my Connor.

There is hope for the land where the ties
'Twixt husband and wife have been reckoned
As virtue the first, in strange eyes,
Yet are, *in their own*, but the second!
The sun never shines from the sky,
If the country be long in dishonor —
With women — all braver than I —
And men — all as brave as my Connor.

PAST PLEASURE.

BY W. KENNEDY.

Remember'st thou the evening we met in the shady glen?
'Twas the only time we ever were there, or ever shall be again.
Thy eye and cheek so beautiful, a glorious lustre wore;
And deeper and quicker my young heart beat than ever it beat before.

The sun went down unheeded to his chamber in the West;
We lived in the light of each other's looks and we felt that both were blest.
The far-off voice of the water-fall, and the bird's song warbled nigh,
Were drowned in the passionate tones that gushed from our bosoms swelling high.

Years have rolled by since we parted, years many a weary one;
And I sigh for rest, as the seaman sighs for land, ere his course is run.
No heart is there now to love me, or be beloved by me;
Not one to stir the spirit that watched in the glen's lone haunts, with thee.

I'll never forget that evening! No — though the thought be vain —
I would still be thine, all lost as thou art, could I feel what I felt again.
Sorrow and shame have followed it; yet, like a desolate star,
That floats in the wake of a thunder-cloud, its memory shines afar!

THE GIRL OF DUNBWY.

BY THOMAS DAVIS, M. R. I. A.

'Tis pretty to see the girl of Dunbwy
Stepping the mountain statelily —
Though ragged her gown, and naked her feet,
No lady in Ireland to match her is meet.

Poor is her diet, and hardly she lies —
Yet a monarch might kneel for a glance of her eyes;
The child of a peasant — yet England's proud Queen
Has less rank in her heart, and less grace in her mien.

Her brow 'neath her raven hair gleams, just as if
A breaker spread white 'neath a shadowy cliff,
And love, and devotion, and energy speak
From her beauty-proud eye, and her passion-pale cheek.

But pale as her cheek is, there's fruit on her lip,
And her teeth flash as white as the crescent moon's tip,
And her form and her step, like the red deer's go past —
As lightsome, as lovely, as haughty, as fast.

I saw her but once, and I looked in her eye,
And she knew that I worshipped in passing her by;
The saint of the wayside — she granted my prayer,
Though we spoke not a word, for her mother was there.

I never can think upon Bantry's bright hills,
But her image starts up, and my longing eye fills;
And I whisper her softly, "again, love, we'll meet,
And I'll lie in your bosom, and live at your feet."

LOVE'S GREETING.

BY EVA. (MISS MARY EVA KELLY.)

Welcome again, as the May's scented blossom,
Welcome again to your home in this bosom.
O! for the sweet blessed hour that has brought you
Back to the arms that so long, long have sought you.
Welcome, O! welcome, with wild-ringing laughter,
Tears than the evening-dew sweeter and softer,
Music and light in my soul's depth o'erflowing,
Pulses that throb — color coming and going —

Whispers that none but my lov'd one shall listen,
Glances where every fond secret shall glisten,
Clasping of hands that have long been asunder,
Hearts brimming over with rapture and wonder:
Thoughts like the green leaves so joyously dancing,
When warm sun and sweet winds around them are glancing,
Joy for me! — joy! for you never will leave me,
And now there is nought on the wide earth to grieve me.

Glad as the bird up the summer vault singing —
Light as the bough with its gay blossoms springing —
Bright as the gold-sparks that glisten and quiver
At morning or eve, on the breast of the river:
Calm as the child in its soft slumber lying —
Blest as the saint to his home above flying,
Fill'd with a love ever thrilling and burning —
So am I now at my darling's returning!

KATE OF ARRAGLEN.

BY DENNY LANE.

When first I saw thee, Kate,
That summer ev'ning late,
Down at the orchard gate
Of Arraglen,
I felt I'd ne'er before
Seen one so fair, asthore,

I fear'd I'd never more
See thee again —
I stopped and gazed at thee,
My footfall luckily
Reach'd not thy ear, though we
Stood there so near;
While from thy lips a strain,
Soft as the summer rain,
Sad as a lover's pain
Fell on my ear.

I've heard the lark in June,
The harp's wild plaintive tune,
The thrush, that aye too soon
Gives o'er his strain —
I've heard in hush'd delight
The mellow horn at night,
Waking the echoes light
Of wild Loch Lene.
But neither echoing horn,
Nor thrush upon the thorn,
Nor lark at early morn,
Hymning in air,
Nor harper's lay divine,
E'er witch'd this heart of mine,
Like that sweet voice of thine,
That ev'ning there.

And when some rustling, dear,
Fell on thy listening ear,
You thought your brother near,
And named his name,
I could not answer, though,
As luck would have it so,
His name and mine, you know,
Were both the same —
Hearing no answering sound,
You glanced in doubt around,
With timid look, and found
It was not he;
Turning away your head,
And blushing rosy red,
Like a wild fawn you fled
Far, far from me.

The swan upon the lake,
The wild rose in the brake,
The golden clouds that make
The west their throne,

The wild ash by the stream,
The full moon's silver beam,
The ev'ning star's soft gleam,
Shining alone;
The lily robed in white,
All, all are fair and bright;
But ne'er on earth was sight
So bright, so fair,
As that one glimpse of thee,
That I caught then, machree,
It stole my heart from me
That ev'ning there.

And now you're mine alone,
That heart is all my own —
That heart that ne'er hath known
A flame before.
That form of mould divine,
That snowy hand of thine —
Those locks of gold are mine
For evermore.
Was lover ever seen
As blest as thine, Kathleen?
Hath lover ever been
More fond, more true?
Thine is my every vow!
For ever, dear, as now!
Queen of my heart be thou!
Mo cailin ruadh! *

THE LAST ADIEU.

BY B. SIMMONS.

Adieu! adieu! In secret now
My spirit sore must chide
The grief that fain would sear my brow,
Despite of all my pride.
But none shall tell, for none shall know
The wasting agony of woe
This heart must learn to hide,
Though still remembering that we met,
To love — to sever — and forget.

Forget thee — ay — let Lethé out
Upon my senses roll —

* My golden-haired girl.

Or be the Hebrew Ruler's doubt
Proved groundless to my soul; *
To whence it came let it depart,
And its existence newly start
Once more from Being's goal;
Then in *that* second sinful race
Of *this* and thee shall live no trace.

But until soul and sense be sunk
In mute forgetfulness,
The madd'ning draught of love I've drunk
To passion's wild excess,
More sweet 'mid sorrowing and shame
Than if the world around us came
To brighten and to bless —
Shall leave a fever in this brain
The touch of Time would cool in vain.

Adieu, adieu! — the scathed bough
When riven from its tree,
Parts not more hopelessly than now
I sever wide from thee —
Nor differs more May's morning light
From Winter's wild December night
Than our fates disagree!
Blighted or blest may be thy lot,
All one to me, — I share it not.

Thou nameless, guileless, guiltless One,
Whose smile to me was woe!
How my heart heaves to think upon
Thy fortune here below!
Shall this our distant northern clime
Behold the wasting hand of Time,
O'er thy young beauty go,
Or shall our green isle's verdure wave
O'er love's sole rest — thine early grave?

No — even the cherished recompense
Of weeping o'er the clay
That shrouds thy love's omnipotence,
Fate to me will not pay —
Far, far where wide Ohio's floods
Sweep through Kentucky's twilight woods,
Thy life shall wane away —
Till like some lute's last parting tone,
It sinks in sweetness all its own.

* John iii. 4.

And should I learn in after years
Thy destiny was blest,
That thou went'st through this vale of tears
Caressing and caressed;
Or, different far, that thy young life,
With the chill world's unfeeling strife,
Was to the last opprest —
Warm tears shall be my sole reply,
That gush from heart and not from eye.

Yes, tears — soul-starting and heart-wrung —
Should happiness be thine,
To think thy destiny was flung
So wide away from mine;
And tears, should the rude shock of fate
Leave thy lone heart all desolate,
O'er vanish'd days to pine —
To feel how Hope once lit our eyes
With dreams she dared not realize.

Adieu, adieu! — no breeze shall spring
Hereafter from the sea,
But I will fancy on its wing
It wafts a sigh to me
From that dear lip, whose last pure prayer
To Heaven shall be, to meet me where,
Through bright eternity,
Are linked those hearts and souls, above,
Who loved on earth while life could love!

A DREAM OF OTHER YEARS.

True love, remembered yet through all that mist of years,
Clung to with such vain, vain love — wept with such vain tears —
On the turf I sat last night, where we two sat of yore,
And thought of thee till memory could bear to think no more.

The twilight of the young year was fading soft and dim;
The branches of the budding trees fell o'er the water's brim;
And the stars came forth in lonely light through all the silent skies;
I scarce could see them long ago with looking in thine eyes.

For O, thou wert my starlight, my refuge, and my home;
My spirit found its rest in thee, and never sought to roam;
All thoughts and all sensations that burn and thrill me through,
In those first days of happy love were calmed and soothed by you.

How wise thou wert — how tender — ah, but it seemed to be
Some glorious guardian angel that walked this earth with me;
And now though hope be over, and love too much in vain,
What marvel if my weary heart finds nought like thee again.

Beloved, when thou wert near me, the happy and the right,
Were mingled in our gentle dream of ever fresh delight;
But now the path of duty, seems cold and dark to tread,
Without one radiant guide star to light me overhead.

If there were aught, my faith in thee, to darken or remove
One memory of unkindness — one chilling want of love; —
But no — thy heart still clings to me as fondly, warmly, true,
As mine, thro' chance, and change, and time, must ever cling to you.

If there were aught to shrink from — to blush with sudden shame —
That he who won the beating heart the lips must fear to name;
But O, before the whole wide world how proudly would I say:
"*He reigned my king long years ago — he reigns my king to-day.*"

And so I turn to seek thee through all the mist of years,
And love with vain devotion, and weep with vainer tears;
And on the turf I sit alone, where we two sat of yore,
And think of thee till memory can bear to think no more!

MARY.

THE POET'S PASSION.

BY R. D. WILLIAMS.

I LOVE thee! O! how weak a scroll
Is song the most divine,
To paint the strength of Love's control,
The pangs that rend the battling soul
That vainly strives to stem the roll
Of passion's wave, like mine!

Each day — my ev'ry combat vain —
I love thee more and more;
The secret fire, with blissful pain,
Flashes and glows, thro' heart and brain,
More fierce than that the Minstrels feign
From Heav'n Prometheus bore.

I love thee far before them all
Of Beauty's train that be:
Thy smile and step, in bow'r and hall —

The lightest words that from thee fall —
Thy very shadow on the wall
Is something dear to me.

In dream, I kiss thee o'er and o'er —
Alas! in dreams alone —
Last night I thought we sat before
A wood-embosomed cottage door,
That view'd a garden's starry floor,
And thou didst seem mine own.

For language far too deeply blest,
Our souls convers'd in sighs;
And thou didst tremble when I press'd
My cheek upon thy glowing breast,
And sunk to that Elysian rest
That seals Love's languid eyes.

As when the bee from roses sips
The fairies' fragrant wine —
As the fierce sun in ocean dips
When Thetis' arms his fires eclipse,
To thee I flew with thirsting lips
That wildly quaff'd from thine.

My lips no heedless kiss could steal
From thine; then careless sever —
Ah, no! thy rosy mouth should feel
The fervid stamp of passion's seal,
While, as to magnets clings the steel,
I clung to thee for ever.

And yet my only speech is sighs,
To speak my love to thee;
In vain my tongue to woo thee tries,
Nor dare I gaze into thine eyes,
Altho' the blue and starry skies
Are less divine to me.

Unawed I join, when thou'rt away,
The laugh without control;
But when thou'rt near I am not gay —
No beams of mirth around me play —
A deeper joy — a holier ray
Pervades my conscious soul.

I feel, though round bright spirits be,
Thy presence like a cloud:
Thenceforth I am no longer free —

My heart in secret kneels to thee,
And hails the present deity,
In silent worship bow'd.

O! when, in some green bower apart,
Shall I, without disguise,
In faltering tones, yet void of art,
And tears, despite the will, that start,
Lay bare thy lover's bleeding heart
Before thy guilty eyes?

O Christ! — the matchless joy and pride
To call thee by my name —
To clasp thee fondly to my side,
A dearly-loved and happy bride,
Till down the vale of years we glide,
And Heaven's high mandate came.

At last our earthly robes to fling
Upon the flow'ry sod;
And heart to heart, on viewless wing,
Away! — away! — commingled spring,
For evermore to love and sing
Fast by the throne of God!

Yet, if His eye foresee my hand
Should e'er thy sorrow prove,
May His unsparing angel stand
Between us, with the flaming brand
That flash'd 'twixt Adam and the land
Where man first bowed to Love.

O! sooner than one cloud of care,
Thou joy-predestin'd child,
Should darken o'er thy dawning fair,
Condemn me, Heaven, in lone despair,
Branchless, blasted, cold, and bare,
To wither on the wild —

Where round me love's young fruits and flowers
Shall ne'er be seen to wave,
But dismally the dreary hours
Shall wane, afar from Beauty's bowers,
And when I fall, no pitying showers
Bedew my sterile grave!

MY OWN LOVE.

O! COME to me, asthore machree!
I love you more than my heart can tell;
I've not a thought in the night or day
But to prove how deep and well.
The softest green of the summer trees,
The sweetest strain of the wild bird's song,
The holiest sunbeam that lights the sky,
Were welcome small for the *one* whom I
Have worshippèd and wept so long!

There's none I know, on earth below,
Could treasure and dote on my love like me;
The laughter and tears of my inmost soul
Rush on in a stream to thee.
There's hardly place in my heart's deep cell
To hold the wealth that on thee I'd pour,
And I sit alone all the long, long hours,
While a heaving joy swells through tearful showers,
In my fondness for you, asthore!

Then come to me, cushla machree!
You're left by the world to me alone;
And wild and bright is my joy and pride
When I think of my darling one!
I know not how I can greet you best —
I know not how I can most adore;
But in winged delight still I rove along,
With a dreamy step and a voice of song,
Waiting for you, asthore!

THE LOST MADONNA.

BY B. SIMMONS.

O! LOST Madonna, young and fair!
O'er-leant by broad embracing trees,
A streamlet to the lonely air
Murmurs its meek low melodies;
And there, as if to drink the tune,
And 'mid the sparkling sands to play,
One constant Sunbeam still at noon
Shoots through the shades its golden way.

My lost Madonna, whose glad life
Was like that ray of radiant air,
The March-wind's violet scents blew rife
When last we sought that fountain fair.
Blithe as the beam from heaven arriving,
Thy hair held back by hands whose gleam
Was white as stars with night-clouds striving—
Thy bright lips bent and sipped the stream.

Fair fawn-like creature! innocent
In soul as faultless in thy form,—
As o'er the wave thy beauty bent
It blushed thee back each rosy charm.
How soon the senseless wave resigned
The tints, with thy retiring face,
While glassed within my mournful mind
Still glows that scene's enchanting grace.

Ah, every scene, or bright or bleak,
Where once thy presence round me shone,
To echoing Memory long shall speak
The Past's sweet legends, Worshipp'd One!
The wild blue hills, the boundless moor,
That, like my lot, stretched dark afar,
And o'er its edge, thine emblem pure,
The never-failing evening star.

My lost Madonna, fair and young!
Before thy slender-sandalled feet
The dallying wave its silver flung,
Then dashed far ocean's breast to meet;
And farther, wider, from thy side
Than unreturning streams could rove,
Dark Fate decreed me to divide—
To me, my henceforth buried Love!

Yes! far for ever from my side,
Madonna, now for ever fair,
To death of DISTANCE I have died,
And all has perished, but — Despair.
Whether thy fate with woe be fraught,
Or Joy's gay rainbow gleams o'er thee,
I've died to all but the mad thought
That what was once no more shall be.

'Tis well: — at least I shall not know
How time or tears may change that brow;
Thine eyes shall smile, thy cheek shall glow
To me in distant years as now.

And when in holier worlds, where Blame,
And Blight, and Sorrow, have no birth,
Thou'rt mine at last — I'll clasp the same
Unaltered Angel, loved on earth.

MURMURS OF LOVE.

(FROM THE IRISH.)

BY EVA. (MISS MARY EVA KELLY.)

The stars are watching, the winds are playing;
They see me kneeling, they see me praying;
They hear me still, through the long night saying —
Asthore machree, I love you, I love you!

And O! with no love that is light or cheerful,
But deep'ning on in its shadow fearful;
Without a joy that is aught but tearful,
'Tis thus I love you, I love you.

Whispering still, with those whispers broken,
Speaking on, what can ne'er be spoken,
Were all the voices of earth awoken —
O! how I love you, I love you!

With all my heart's most passionate throbbing,
With wild emotion, and weary sobbing,
Love and light from all others robbing —
So well I love you, I love you!

With the low faint murmurs of deep adoring,
And voiceless blessings for ever pouring,
And sighs that fall with a sad imploring,
'Tis thus I love you, I love you.

With the burning beating, the inward hushing,
Ever and ever in music gushing,
Like mystic tones from the sea-shell rushing,
O, thus I love you, I love you.

They pass me dancing, they pass me singing,
While night and day o'er the earth are winging;
But I sit here, to my trance still clinging —
For O! I love you, I love you!

THE POET'S HEART.

BY WILLIAM KENNEDY.

Thou know'st it not, love, when light looks are around thee,
When music awakens its liveliest tone,
When pleasure in chains of enchantment hath bound thee,
Thou know'st not how truly this heart is thine own.
It is not while all are about thee in gladness,
While shining in light from thy young spirit's shrine,
But in moments devoted to silence and sadness,
That thou'lt ere know the value of feelings like mine.

Should grief touch thy cheek, or misfortune o'ertake thee,
How soon would thy mates of the summer decay!
They first of the whole fickle flock to forsake thee,
Who flattered thee most when thy bosom was gay.
What though I seem cold while their incense is burning,
In the depths of my soul I have cherished a flame
To cheer the loved one should the night time of mourning
Ere send its far shadows to darken her name.

Then leave the gay crowd, — though my cottage is lonely,
Gay halls without hearts are far lonelier still;
Then say thou'lt be mine, Mary, always and only,
And I'll be thy shelter whate'er be thine ill.
As the fond mother clings to her fair little blossom
The closer when blight hath appeared on its bloom,
So thou, Love, the dearer shalt be to this bosom,
The deeper thy sorrow, the darker thy doom.

CONAL AND EVA.

My Conal was poor, and he never would sue —
I said, "I have riches enough for us two;"
My Conal was proud, from his girl he would take
No more than her heart — he has left it to break —
For, O! he is toiling far over the sea,
He never would stoop to owe riches to me,
My proud love.

The gold is all mine; now there's no one to share,
But for treasure or pleasure 'tis little I care,
For I'm dreaming all night, and I'm thinking all day —
How he's poor and deserted, and far, far away,

With none to console him if sickness should smite,
With none to watch o'er him by day or by night,
My own love.

If I thought in the land of the stranger he'd find
A voice that could soothe him, a tie that could bind —
If I thought he'd forgot me, or wished to resign,
O! never should reach him one murmur of mine;
But I'd pray that the fair girl he chose for his own
Might love him and guard him as I would have done,
My dear love.

But always he told me wherever he'd roam,
His heart would be true to the true heart at home;
That he'd love his poor Eva, though far from her side,
And come back, with God's blessing, to make her his bride —
And sure when I think of each look and each vow,
It seems like a sin to be doubting him now,
My fond love.

I'll not wrong him or grieve him by doubting or care,
But watch o'er him still with my blessing and prayer;
I'll go down to the sea-side, for there I can see
The spot where my darling last parted from me,
And I'll kneel on the bare stones the saints to implore
That Conal and Eva may meet there once more —
My true love.

MARY.

THE DEAREST.

BY JOHN STERLING.

O! THAT from far-away mountains,
Over the restless waves,
Where bubble enchanted fountains
Rising from jewelled caves,
I could call a fairy bird
Who, whenever thy voice was heard,
Should come to thee, dearest!

He should have violet pinions,
And a beak of silver white,
And should bring from the sun's dominions,
Eyes that would give thee light.
Thou shouldst see that he was born
In a land of gold and morn,
To be thy servant, dearest!

Oft would he drop on thy tresses
A pearl or a diamond stone,
And would yield to thy light caresses
Blossoms in Eden grown.
Round thy path his wings would shower
Now a gem and now a flower,
And dewy odors, dearest!

He should fetch from his eastern island
The songs that the Peris sing,
And when evening is clear and silent,
Spells to thy ear would bring,
And with his mysterious strain
Would entrance thy weary brain; —
Love's own music, dearest!

No Phœnix, alas! will hover,
Sent from the morning star;
And thou must take of thy lover
A gift not brought so far:
Wanting bird, and gem, and song,
Ah! receive and treasure long,
A heart that loves thee, dearest!

UNA.

Una of the wreathy tresses, wavy waist, and foot of fay —
Una of the merry glances, witching thought and will away —
Una of the heart so loving, and the smile so frank and free —
Una, Una, 'tis the Summer, but no summer time with me.

Swelling mount and rolling meadow hem the landscape where I rove;
Shady trees are branching o'er me, green and mossy as the Grove.
In the distance throbs the ocean, winds the river through the wold,
And the royal sun, like Midas, touches every thing to gold.

But I miss your loving presence — and my heart is in eclipse —
Lambent smile and graceful frolic, balmy breath upon my lips.
O! I'd give a life's ambition for this moment by your side,
And I'd scale the gates of Heav'n to beg my Una for my bride.

Ah, but Hope is lame and fickle, and Fate is void of ruth,
And Friends are cold and careless, and time is warping Truth.
The dreams we wove are ravelled, our olden life is dead,
And the days we passed together for aye to us are sped.

Breezy mornings, panting bravely o'er the mountain's ruddy heath;
Sunny noons, the humming air around, the couchèd grass beneath;
Azure eves, the wavelets rippling, by our sand-belated steps;
Dewy twilight, swelling surges, where the glaucous wave-light leaps.

How our blue boat skimmed the waters, as a skater skims the ice!
How she clove the mantling billow's crest, and tacked her in a trice
When the mountain gusts came rapid, bluff against our tiny sail,
And your hand sought mine, all trembling, with your rosy cheek so pale!

That glorious beetling mountain, with its grisly head of black,
And its sides smooth-sloping downwards, like a lion's brawny back.
The bay with its guardian castles, my bark with its taper spar,
The steady helm, and the surfing swell, and the twin lights at the bar.

It makes my hopes swell high again; they mesh my life like a lure;
They haunt my heart like the hope of Heav'n, and my eyes like a Calenture.
O'er my books I feel, in fancy, long locks trailing by my cheek,
And through the dreamful, lonely night list love-words that you speak.

* * * * * *

Dear my land, I love you dearly, but I'm sick of toil and strife!
Dear my friends, 'tis hard to part you, but I'm longing for the life,
Far away from crowds and cities, dear my love, I led with thee —
With my own, own darling Una, by the mountains and the sea!

D. F. B.

SLEEP ON.

BY FLORENCE BEAMISH.

Sleep on, for I know 'tis of me you are dreaming,
Sleep on, till the sun comes to give you a call,
Though the pride of my heart is to see your eye beaming,
Yet still *to be dreamt of* is better than all.
For then 'tis to yours that my heart's always speaking,
And then 'tis the spell that enchains it gives way,
And reveals all the love that I never, when waking,
Could get round my tongue in the daylight to say.

Yes, sleep on, mavourneen, my joy, and my treasure,
Not often does sleep get a comrade so fair,
And no wonder it is that his eye takes a pleasure
To watch by your pillow while *you* slumber there.

Then sleep — softly sleep, till the day-dawn is breaking,
And peeps in to give you a smile and a call,
For though great as my joy is to see you when waking,
Yet still *to be dreamt of* is better than all!

PAST AND PRESENT.

BY SPERANZA (MRS. W. R. WILDE.)

How beautiful, how beautiful you streamed upon my sight,
In glory and in grandeur, as a gorgeous sunset light!
How softly, soul-subduing, fell your words upon mine ear
Like low aerial music when some angel hovers near!
What tremulous, faint ecstasy to clasp your hand in mine
Till the darkness fell upon me of a glory too divine!

The air around grew languid with our intermingled breath,
And in your Beauty's shadow I sank motionless as death.
I saw you not, I heard not, for a mist was on my brain —
I only felt that life could give no joy like that again:
And this was *Love* — I knew it not, but blindly floated on,
And now I'm on the ocean waste, dark, desolate, alone.

The waves are raging round me — I'm reckless where they guide;
No hope is left to light me, no strength to stem the tide;
As a leaf along the torrent — a cloud across the sky —
As dust upon the whirlwind, so my life is drifting by.
The dream that drank the meteor's light — the form from Heaven has flown —
The vision and the glory they are passing — they are gone.
O! love is frantic agony, and life one throb of pain;
Yet I would bear its darkest woes to dream that dream again.

MY KALLAGH DHU ASTHORE.

BY FRANCIS DAVIS.

Again the flowery feet of June have tracked our cottage side;
And o'er the waves the timid moon steals, smiling like a bride:
But what were June or flowers to me, or waves, or moon, or more,
If evening came and brought not thee — my Kallagh dhu asthore!

Let others prize their lordly lands, and sceptres gemmed with blood,
More dear to me the honest hands that earn my babes their food:
And little reck we queens or kings when daily labor's o'er;
And by the evening embers sings my Kallagh dhu asthore.

And when he sings, his every song is sacred freedom's own:
And like his voice his arm is strong, for labor nursed the bone:
And then his step, and such an eye! ah, fancy! touch no more;
My spirit swims in holy joy o'er Kallagh dhu asthore!

His voice is firm, his knee is proud when pomp's imperious tone
Would have the freeborn spirit bowed, that right should bow alone;
For well does Kallagh know his due, nor ever seeks he more;
Would heaven mankind were all like you, my Kallagh dhu asthore!

And Kallagh is an Irishman in sinew, soul, and bone;
Not e'en the veins of old Slieveban are purer than his own:
The wing of woe has swept our skies, the foreign foe our shore,
But stain or change thy race defies, my Kallagh dhu asthore!

What wonder, then, each word he said fell o'er my maiden day,
Like breathings o'er the cradle-bed where mothers kiss and pray;
Though dear your form, your cheek, and eye, I loved those virtues more,
Whose bloom nor ills nor years destroy, my Kallagh dhu asthore!

O, could this heart, this throbbing thing, be made a regal chair,
I'd rend its every swelling string, to seat you, Kallagh, there:
And O, if honest worth alone the kingly bawble bore,
No slave wert thou, my blood, my bone, my Kallagh dhu asthore!

MO CRAOIBHIN CNO.*

BY EDWARD WALSH.

My heart is far from Liffey's tide
And Dublin town;
It strays beyond the Southern side
Of Cnoc-Maol-Donn,†
Where Cappoquin ‡ hath woodlands green,
Where Amhan-Mhor's§ waters flow,
Where dwells unsung, unsought, unseen,
Mo craoibhin cno,
Low clustering in her leafy screen,
Mo craoibhin cno!

* *Mo craoibhin cno* literally means *my cluster of nuts;* but it figuratively signifies *my nut-brown maid.* It is pronounced *Ma Creevin Kno.*

† *Cnoc-maol-Donn — The Brown bare hill.* A lofty mountain between the county of Tipperary and that of Waterford, commanding a glorious prospect of unrivalled scenery.

‡ Cappoquin. A romantically situated town on the Blackwater, in the county of Waterford. The Irish name denotes the *head of the tribe of Conn.*

§ *Amhan-mhor — The Great River.* The Blackwater, which flows into the sea at Youghal. The Irish name is uttered in two sounds *Oan-Vore.*

The high-bred dames of Dublin town
Are rich and fair,
With wavy plume, and silken gown,
And stately air;
Can plumes compare thy dark brown hair?
Can silks thy neck of snow?
Or measur'd pace, thine artless grace,
Mo craoibhin cno,
When harebells scarcely show thy trace,
Mo craoibhin cno?

I've heard the songs by Liffey's wave
That maidens sung —
They sung their land the Saxon's slave,
In Saxon tongue —
O! bring me here that Gaelic dear
Which cursed the Saxon foe,
When thou didst charm my raptured ear,
Mo craoibhin cno!
And none but God's good angels near,
Mo craoibhin cno!

I've wandered by the rolling Lee!
And Lene's green bowers —
I've seen the Shannon's wide-spread sea,
And Limerick's towers —
And Liffey's tide, where halls of pride
Frown o'er the flood below;
My wild heart strays to Amhan-mhor's side,
Mo craiobhin cno!
With love and thee for aye to hide,
Mo craoibhin cno!

LOVE BALLAD.

(FROM THE IRISH.)

BY J. C. MANGAN.

Lonely from my home I come,
To cast myself upon your tomb,
And to weep.
Lonely from my lonesome home,
My lonesome house of grief and gloom,
While I keep
Vigil often all night long,
For your dear, dear sake,
Praying many a prayer so wrong
That my heart would break!

Gladly, O my blighted flower,
Sweet Apple of my bosom's Tree,
Would I now
Stretch me in your dark death-bower
Beside your corpse, and lovingly
Kiss your brow.
But we'll meet ere many a day
Never more to part,
For ev'n now I feel the clay
Gathering round my heart.

In my soul doth darkness dwell,
And through its dreary winding caves
Ever flows,
Ever flows with moaning swell,
One ebbless flood of many Waves,
Which are Woes.
Death, love, has me in his lures,
But that grieves not me,
So my ghost may meet with yours
On yon moon-loved lea.

When the neighbors near my cot
Believe me sunk in slumber deep
I arise —
For, O ! 'tis a weary lot
This watching eye, and wooing sleep
With hot eyes —
I arise, and seek your grave,
And pour forth my tears ;
While the winds that nightly rave,
Whistle in mine ears.

Often turns my memory back
To that dear evening in the dell,
When we twain
Sheltered by the sloe-bush black,
Sat, laughed, and talked, while thick sleet fell,
And cold rain.
Thanks to God ! no guilty leaven
Dashed our childish mirth.
You rejoice for this in Heaven,
I not less on earth !

Love ! the priests feel wroth with me
To find I shrine your image still
In my breast.
Since you are gone eternally,
And your fair frame lies in the chill
Grave at rest ;

But true Love outlives the shroud,
Knows nor check nor change,
And beyond Time's world of Cloud
Still must reign and range.

Well may now your kindred mourn
The threats, the wiles, the cruel arts,
They long tried
On the child they left forlorn!
They broke the tenderest heart of hearts,
And she died.
Curse upon the love of show!
Curse on Pride and Greed!
They would wed you "high" — and woe!
Here behold their meed!

A DREAM OF A DREAM.

(FROM THE IRISH.)

BY EVA. (MISS MARY EVA KELLY.)

O, BUT for a moment only, and never and never more,
To sit in thine eyes' glad sunlight, my treasure of love to pour;
To breathe it in broken murmurs of rapture and wild despair,
Ere its song and its joy, for ever, are drunk by the empty air!

The voice of my Dreams is dying, so mournfully, day by day,
Like the sound of those distant waters that glide from the earth away;
Ah! faint as the faint bells ringing, in silence within the ear!
And dim as the wavering moonbeam, the hopes of my life appear.

The spell of the Minstrel's *Clairseach*, his power, and his visions — all,
To the winds of the dreary Winter, in stillness and sorrow fall;
Pass out in this tearful sighing — those throbs of a heart that ne'er
Knew glory, or woe, or gladness, save that which thy love brought there!

O! to tell thee the weary longing, like wild bird, in my breast,
That flies through the night and morning, yet knows not a place of rest —
To whisper thee, sad and lowly, how dark is the world and cold,
And hear thee but give me, dearest, one word like the words of old!

Sure the sun falls in shadows only, since the hour you were torn from me;
No flower in my heart has blossom'd — ah, never, *asthore machree!*

No eye has shed joy upon me — no heart warm'd mine within:
The cold spot my bosom chilling, is cold at this hour as then!

Come, come! can this deep devotion I pour from my soul to thee,
Not triumph o'er all, this moment, that severs thee far from me?—
Vain, vain! o'er the troubled waters there cometh no word or sign —
No voice comes with answering power — The dream of a dream is mine!

THE PEASANT'S BRIDE.

I was a simple country girl
That loved the morning dearly;
My only wealth a precious pearl
I found one morning early.
I milked my mother's only cow,
My kind poor lovin' *Drimin;*
I never envied then nor now
The kine of richer women.

The sun shone out in bonny June,
And fragrant were the meadows;
A voice as sweet as an Irish tune
(I know it was my Thady's,)
Said, "Mary dear, I fain would stay,
But where's the use repining?
I must away to save my hay
Now while the sun is shining."

Now Thady was as stout a blade
As ever stood in leather,
With hook or scythe, with plough or spade,
He'd beat ten men together;
He's just the man, thought I, for me,
He is working late and early,
He shall be mine if he is free,
He takes my fancy fairly.

I gave my hand, though I was young,
And *heart*, too, like a feather,
Our marriage song by the lark was sung
When we were wed together;
And many a noble lord, I'm told,
And many a noble lady,
Would gladly give a crown of gold
To be like me and Thady.

KATHLEEN BAN ADAIR.

BY FRANCIS DAVIS.

THE battle blood of Antrim had not dried on freedom's shroud,
And the rosy ray of morning was but struggling thro' the cloud;
When, with lightning foot and deathly cheek, and wildly waving hair,
O'er grass and dew, scarce breathing, flew young Kathleen ban Adair.

Behind, her native Antrim in a reeking ruin lies;
Before her, like a silvery path, Kells' sleeping waters rise;
And many a pointed shrub has pierc'd those feet so white and bare,
But, O! thy heart is deeper rent, young Kathleen ban Adair.

And Kathleen's heart but one week since was like a harvest morn,
When hope and joy are kneeling round the sheaf of yellow corn;
But where's the bloom then made her cheek so ripe, so richly fair?
Thy stricken heart hath fed on it, young Kathleen ban Adair.

And now she gains a thicket, where the sloe and hazel rise;
But why those shrieking whispers, like a rush of wounded sighs?
Ah, low and lonely bleeding lies a wounded patriot there,
And every pang of his is thine, young Kathleen ban Adair.

"I see them, O! I see them, in their fearful red array;
The yeomen, love! the yeomen come — ah! heavens away, away!
I know, I know they mean to track my lion to his lair;
Ah! save thy life — ah! save it for thy Kathleen ban Adair!"

"May Heaven shield thee, Kathleen! — when my soul has gone to rest;
May comfort rear her temple in thy pure and faithful breast;
But to fly them, O! to fly them, like a bleeding, hunted hare;
No! not to purchase heaven, with my Kathleen ban Adair.

"I loved, I love thee, Kathleen, in my bosom's warmest core —
And Erin, injured Erin, O! I loved thee even more;
And death I feared him little when I drove him thro' their square,
Nor now, though eating at my heart, my Kathleen ban Adair."

With feeble hand his blade he grasp'd, yet dark with spoilers' blood;
And then, as though with dying bound, once more erect he stood;
But scarcely had he kiss'd that cheek, so pale, so purely fair,
When flash'd their bayonets round him and his Kathleen ban Adair!

Then up arose his trembling, yet his dreaded hero's hand,
And up arose, in struggling sounds, his cheer for mother land:

A thrust — a rush — their foremost falls; but ah! good God! see there,
Thy lover's quivering at thy feet, young Kathleen ban Adair!

But heavens! men, what recked he then your heartless taunts and blows,
When from his lacerated heart ten dripping bayonets rose?
And maiden, thou with frantic hands, what boots it kneeling there?
The winds heed not thy yellow locks, young Kathleen ban Adair.

O! what were tears, or shrieks, or swoons, but shadows of the rest,
When torn was frantic Kathleen from the slaughtered hero's breast?
And hardly had his last-heaved sigh grown cold upon the air,
When O! of all but life they robb'd young Kathleen ban Adair!

But whither now shall Kathleen fly? — already is she gone;
Thy water, Kells, is tempting fair, and thither speeds she on;
A moment on its blooming banks she kneels in hurried prayer —
Now in its wave she finds a grave, poor Kathleen ban Adair!

DARK MARGARET.

BY JOHN FISHER MURRAY.

We sit by the fire,
My poor old wife and I;
The fire burns slow, our hearts are low,
And the tear stands in the eye,
For our daughters three who are over the sea,
Far, far, in the wooded west;
One after one, our darlings are gone;
But our Mary we loved the best.

My brother's son
Sits in the chimney by us;
The staff of our age — hard, hard is the page
Of the lesson that keeps him by us.
For he longs to be free, to go over the sea,
Where his kindred have found their rest.
One after one, our darlings are gone,
But our Mary he loved the best.

Welcome, Margaret!
Dear Margaret, have you come?
Draw nigh to the fire, and tighten the wire,
And sing us a song of home.

For though heaven denies the light to your eyes,
Yet never were expressed
By the Harper King, such strains as you sing,
And our Mary loved them best.

Sit by *me*, Margaret,
Dear Margaret, sit by *my* side;
For you loved my dearest daughter, far o'er the world-wide water,
Who should have been our Patrick's bride.
O! sing me *her* songs, for my poor heart longs
To clasp her to my breast;
Though tears it will bring, yet my darling *must* sing
What our Mary loved the best.

You are there, Patrick!
I feel your breathing soft upon my cheek;
A tear is in your eye, and well your heart knows why;
You are there I say, although you do not speak.
I have been to pleasant Meath, and to rich Fingal beneath,
And homeward I am going to the west;
And I thought as I did pass I would sing the "*Colleen Dhas*,"
That one you loved so well, and best.

Hark! she sings.
Tremblingly over the strings her fingers stray;
And the light that heaven denies to her clear but darkened eyes,
Her wreathed smiles and dimpling cheeks betray.
O! it *is* our "*Colleen Dhas*," as her pleasant days did pass,
Loudly lilting at the milking with the rest;
Soon, soon, alas! in sighs and tears, she leaves our longing eyes:
The Mary we all loved the best.

No more, my dearest Margaret, —
Sing the "*Colleen Dhas*" no more;
For her father and her mother loved her more than any other,
And her parting grieves them sore.
You have been to pleasant Meath, and to rich Fingal beneath,
And homeward you are going to the west;
Tell us all the country news, the merriest you can choose,
To pleasure the old couple we love best.

I have been to pleasant Meath, and to rich Fingal beneath,
And homeward I am going to the west;
I will tell the country news, the merriest I can choose,
To pleasure the old couple we love best.
YOUR MARY HAS COME HOME — YOUR LOVED AND LOVING ONE,
And here she comes to tell you all the rest!
Now, Patrick, fill your glass, while I sing the "*Colleen Dhas*,"
With a welcome home to Mary, you love best!

FLORENCE.

Dear Florence, his heart is so loving and gay,
And his blue eyes would dazzle dark sorrow away,
And his voice, full of music, 'tis sweet as can be,
But sweetest when talking low love-words to me.

O! light is the step with which Florence goes by,
And kindly his glance as a smile from the sky,
And ready his hand is to give, or to aid,
And faithful his heart to his own Irish maid.

Most girls in the village are richer than I,
And many a fairer walks under the sky,
But little he heeded, for Florence well knew
That never a heart beat more loving and true.

And once, when my sister just bid me good night,
And spoke of his beauty so gladdening and bright,
I thought — there's a dearer than all you have said —
'Tis the love in his heart for his poor Irish maid.

For, though Florence is courtly to win and to please,
And gay as the skylark, and kind as the breeze,
Alas! for my weak thoughts, most fondly they twine
Round the frank, loving heart that is plighted to mine.

Mary.

THE LAST REPROACH.

BY J. C. MANGAN.

The charm, the gilded life is over,
I live to feel I live in vain,
And worlds were worthless to recover
That dazzling dream of mine again.
The idol I adored is broken,
And I may weep its overthrow;
Thy lips at length my doom have spoken,
And all that now remains is woe.

And is it thus indeed we sever,
And hast thou then forgotten all;
And canst thou cast me off for ever,
To mourn a dark and hopeless thrall?
O! perfidy, in friend or foe,
In stranger, lover, husband, wife;
Thou art the blackest drop of woe
That bubbles in the cup of life.

But most of all in woman's breast,
Triumphant in thy blasting power,
Thou reignest, like a Demon-guest,
Enthroned in some celestial bower.
O! cold and cruel she who, while
She lavishes all wiles to win
Her lover o'er, can smile and smile,
Yet be all dark and false within!

Who, when his glances on another
Too idly and too long have dwelt,
Will sigh as if she sought to smother
The grief her bosom never felt.
Who, versed in every witching art,
That e'er the warmest love would dare,
First having gained her victim's heart,
Then turns him over to despair.

Alas! and can such treachery be?
The worm that winds in slime along,
Is nobler, better far than she
Who revels in such heartless wrong!
Go now, and triumph in thy guilt,
And weave thy wanton spells anew;
Go, false as fair, and if thou wilt,
Again betray the fond and true.

Yet this, my last and long farewell,
Is less in anger than in sorrow;
Mine is the tale which myriads tell,
Who loathe to-day and dread to-morrow
Me, Frances! me thou never knewest
Nor sawest that, if my speech was cold,
The love is deepest oft and truest,
That burns within the soul untold.

Farewell! in life's gay giddy whirl
Soon wilt thou have forgotten me;
But where, O! most dissembling girl,
Where shall I from thine image flee?
Farewell! for thee the Heavens are bright,
And flowers along thy pathway lie;
The bolts that strike, the winds that blight,
Will pass thy bower of beauty by.

But where shall I find rest? Alas!
Soon as the winter winds shall rave
At midnight, through the long, dark grass,
Above mine unremembered grave!

THE CLADDAGH BOATMAN.

I AM a Claddagh boatman bold,
And humble is my calling,
From morn to night, from dark to light,
In Galway bay I'm trawling;
I care not for the great man's frown,
I ask not for his pity,
My wants are few, my heart is true,
I sing a boatman's ditty.

I have a fair and gentle wife,
Her name is Eily Holway;
With many a wile, and joke, and smile,
I won the pride of Galway;
For twenty years, 'mid hopes and fears,
With her I've faithful tarried;
Her heart to-night is young and light,
As when we first were married.

I have a son, a gallant boy,
Unstained by spot or speckle;
He pulls and hawls, and mends the trawls,
And minds the other tackle;
His mother says the boy, like me,
Loves truth, and hates all blarney —
The neighbors swear in Galway bay
There's not the like of Barney.

Thank God, I have another child,
Like Eily, lithe and slender;
She clasps my knee and kisses me
With love so true and tender;
Though oft will rage the howling blast
Upon the angry water,
I ne'er complain of wind or rain,
For I think of my little daughter.

When Sunday brings the hour of rest,
That sweet reward of labors,
We cross the fields to early Mass
And walk home with the neighbors.
O! would the rest of Erin's sons
Were but like us united;
I'm loath to swear, but by my oath,
Her name should not be slighted.

THE WELCOME.

BY THOMAS DAVIS, M. R. I. A.

Come in the evening, or come in the morning,
Come when you're looked for, or come without warning;
Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore you.
Light is my heart since the day we were plighted,
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted;
The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
And the linnets are singing, "true lovers! don't sever."

I'll pull you sweet flowers, to wear if you choose them;
Or, after you've kissed them, they'll lie on my bosom.
I'll fetch from the mountain its breeze to inspire you;
I'll fetch from my fancy a tale that won't tire you.
O! your step's like the rain to the summer-vex'd farmer,
Or sabre and shield to a knight without armor;
I'll sing you sweet songs till the stars rise above me,
Then, wandering, I'll wish you, in silence, to love me.

We'll look through the trees at the cliff, and the eyrie,
We'll tread round the rath on the track of the fairy,
We'll look on the stars, and we'll list to the river,
Till you ask of your darling what gift you can give her.
O! she'll whisper you, "Love as unchangeably beaming,
And trust, when in secret most tunefully streaming,
Till the starlight of heaven above us shall quiver,
As our souls flow in one down eternity's river."

So come in the evening, or come in the morning,
Come when you're look'd for, or come without warning,
Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore you!
Light is my heart since the day we were plighted,
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted;
The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
And the linnets are singing, "true lovers, don't sever!"

Fairy Ballads.

SIR TURLOUGH, OR THE CHURCHYARD BRIDE.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON,

AUTHOR OF "TRAITS AND STORIES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY," ETC.

[In the churchyard of Erigle Truagh, in the barony of Truagh, county Monaghan, there is said to be a Spirit which appears to persons whose families are there interred. Its appearance, which is generally made in the following manner, is uniformly fatal, being an omen of death to those who are so unhappy as to meet with it. When a funeral takes place, it watches the person who remains last in the graveyard, over whom it possesses a fascinating influence. If the loiterer be a young man, it takes the shape of a beautiful female, inspires him with a charmed passion, and exacts a promise to meet in the churchyard on a month from that day; this promise is sealed by a kiss, which communicates a deadly taint to the individual who receives it. It then disappears, and no sooner does the young man quit the churchyard, than he remembers the history of the spectre — which is well known in the parish — sinks into despair, dies, and is buried in the place of appointment on the day when the promise was to have been fulfilled. If, on the contrary, it appears to a female, it assumes the form of a young man of exceeding elegance and beauty. Some years ago I was shown the grave of a young person about eighteen years of age, who was said to have fallen a victim to it: and it is not more than ten months since a man in the same parish declared that he gave the promise and the fatal kiss, and consequently looked upon himself as lost. He took a fever, died, and was buried on the day appointed for the meeting, which was exactly a month from that of the interview. There are several cases of the same kind mentioned, but the two now alluded to are the only ones that came within my personal knowledge. It appears, however, that the spectre does not confine its operations to the churchyard, as there have been instances mentioned of its appearance at weddings and dances, where it never failed to secure its victims by dancing them into pleuritic fevers. — I am unable to say whether this is a strictly local superstition, or whether it is considered peculiar to other churchyards in Ireland, or elsewhere. In its female shape it somewhat resembles the Elle maids of Scandinavia; but I am acquainted with no account of fairies or apparitions in which the sex is said to be changed, except in that of the devil himself. The country people say it is Death.]

THE bride she bound her golden hair —
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
And her step was light as the breezy air
When it bends the morning flowers so fair,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

And O, but her eyes they danc'd so bright,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!

As she longed for the dawn of to-morrow's light,
Her bridal vows of love to plight,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

The bridegroom is come with youthful brow,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
To receive from his Eva her virgin vow;
"Why tarries the bride of my bosom now?"
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

A cry! a cry! — 'twas her maidens spoke,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
"Your bride is asleep — she has not awoke;
And the sleep she sleeps will be never broke,"
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

Sir Turlough sank down with a heavy moan,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
And his cheek became like the marble stone —
"O, the pulse of my heart is for ever gone!"
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

The keen * is loud, it comes again,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
And rises sad from the funeral train,
As in sorrow it winds along the plain,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

* The Irish cry, or wailing for the dead; properly written *Caoine*, and pronounced as if written keen. Speaking of this practice, which still prevails in many parts of Ireland, the Rev. A. Ross, rector of Dungiven, in his statistical survey of that parish, observes that "however it may offend the judgment or shock our present refinement, its affecting cadences will continue to find admirers wherever what is truly sad and plaintive can be relished or understood." It is also thus noticed in the "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry:" — "I have often, indeed always, felt that there is something exceedingly touching in the Irish cry; in fact, that it breathes the very spirit of wild and natural sorrow. The Irish peasantry, whenever a death takes place, are exceedingly happy in seizing upon any contingent circumstances that may occur, and making them subservient to the excitement of grief for the departed, or the exaltation and praise of his character and virtues. My entrance was a proof of this; for I had scarcely advanced to the middle of the floor, when my intimacy with the deceased, our boyish sports, and even our quarrels, were adverted to with a natural eloquence and pathos, that, in spite of my firmness, occasioned me to feel the prevailing sorrow. They spoke, or chanted mournfully, in Irish: but the substance of what they said was as follows: — 'O, mavourneen! you're lying low this mornin' of sorrow! lying low are you, and does not know who it is (alluding to me) that is standin' over you, weepin' for the days you spent together in your youth! It's yourself, *acushla agus asthore machree*, (the pulse and beloved of my heart) that would stretch out the right hand warmly to welcome him to the place of his birth, where you had both been so often happy about the green hills and valleys with each other!' They then passed on to an enumeration of his virtues as a father, a husband, son, and brother — specified his worth as he stood related to society in general, and his kindness as a neighbor and a friend."

And O, but the plumes of white were fair,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
When they flutter'd all mournful in the air,
As rose the hymn of the requiem prayer,*
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

There is a voice that but one can hear,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
And it softly pours, from behind the bier,
Its note of death on Sir Turlough's ear,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

The keen is loud, but that voice is low,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
And it sings its song of sorrow slow,
And names young Turlough's name with woe,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

Now the grave is closed, and the mass is said,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
And the bride she sleeps in her lonely bed,
The fairest corpse among the dead,†
By the bonny green woods of Killeevy.

The wreaths of virgin-white are laid,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
By virgin hands, o'er the spotless maid;
And the flowers are strewn, but they soon will fade
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

"O! go not yet — not yet away,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
Let us feel that *life* is near our clay,"
The long-departed seem to say,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

But the tramp and the voices of *life* are gone,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
And beneath each cold forgotten stone,
The mouldering dead sleep all alone,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

* It is usual in the North of Ireland to celebrate mass for the dead in some green field between the house in which the deceased lived and the grave-yard. For this the shelter of a grove is usually selected, and the appearance of the ceremony is highly picturesque and solemn.

† Another expression peculiarly Irish, "What a purty corpse!" — "How well she becomes death!" "You wouldn't meet a purtier corpse of a summer's day!" "She bears the change well!" are all phrases quite common in cases of death among the peasantry.

But who is he who lingereth yet?
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
The fresh green sod with his tears is wet,
And his heart in the bridal grave is set,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

O, who but Sir Turlough, the young and brave,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
Should bend him o'er that bridal grave,
And to his death-bound Eva rave,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy?

"Weep not — weep not," said a lady fair,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
"Should youth and valor thus despair,
And pour their vows to the empty air?"
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

There's charmed music upon her tongue,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
Such beauty — bright, and warm, and young —
Was never seen the maids among,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

A laughing light, a tender grace,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
Sparkled in beauty around her face,
That grief from mortal heart might chase,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

"The maid for whom thy salt tears fall,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
Thy grief or love can ne'er recall;
She rests beneath that grassy pall,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

"My heart it strangely cleaves to thee,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
And now that thy plighted love is free,
Give its unbroken pledge to me,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy."

The charm is strong upon Turlough's eye,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
His faithless tears are already dry,
And his yielding heart has ceased to sigh,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

"To thee," the charmed chief replied,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
"I pledge that love o'er my buried bride;
O! come, and in Turlough's hall abide,"
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

Again the funeral voice came o'er
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
The passing breeze, as it wailed before,
And streams of mournful music bore,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

"If I to thy youthful heart am dear,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
One month from hence thou wilt meet me here,
Where lay thy bridal, Eva's bier,"
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

He pressed her lips as the words were spoken,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
And his *banshee's* * wail — now far and broken —
Murmured "Death," as he gave the token,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy;

"Adieu! adieu!" said this lady bright,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
And she slowly passed like a thing of light,
Or a morning cloud, from Sir Turlough's sight,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

Now Sir Turlough has death in every vein,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
And there's fear and grief o'er his wide domain,
And gold for those who will calm his brain,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

"Come, haste thee, leech, right swiftly ride,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
Sir Turlough the brave, Green Truagha's pride,
Has pledged his love to the churchyard bride,"
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

* "Woman of the hill."—Treating of the superstitions of the Irish, Miss Balfour says, "What rank the *banshee* holds in the scale of spiritual beings, it is not easy to determine; but her favorite occupation seems to be that of foretelling the death of the different branches of the families over which she presided, by the most plaintive cries. Every family had formerly its banshee, but the belief in her existence is now fast fading away, and in a few more years she will only be remembered in the storied records of her marvellous doings in days long since gone by."

The leech groaned loud, "Come tell me this,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
By all thy hopes of weal and bliss,
Has Sir Turlough given the fatal kiss?"
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

"The banshee's cry is loud and long,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
At eve she weeps her funeral song,
And it floats on the twilight breeze along,"
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

"Then the fatal kiss is given; — the last
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
Of Turlough's race and name is past,
His doom is seal'd, his die is cast,"
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

"Leech, say not that thy skill is vain;
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
O, calm the power of his frenzied brain,
And half his lands thou shalt retain,"
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

The leech has failed, and the hoary priest
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
With pious shrift his soul released,
And the smoke is high of his funeral feast,
By the bonny green woods of Killeevy.

The *shanachies* now are assembled all,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
And the songs of praise, in Sir Turlough's hall,
To the sorrowing harp's dark music fall,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

And there is trophy, banner, and plume,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
And the pomp of death, with its darkest gloom,
O'ershadows the Irish chieftain's tomb,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

The month is closed, and Green Truagha's pride,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
Is married to death — and, side by side,
He slumbers now with his churchyard bride,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

THE FAIRY WELL.

Forth from a sparkling well
A little stream went bubbling,
But there was some sad spell,
Its bosom ever troubling;
When through the balmy air
No faint breeze had been sighing,
A low moan was heard there,
As of an infant dying.

The ripples on its breast
Were ever in commotion,
And found as rarely rest
As billows on the ocean.
But when the first star shone
From the blue sky at even,
That gently plaintive moan
Ascended thence to Heaven.

Music so soft and sweet,
So mournfully thrilling,
As was this calm retreat
With notes of sorrow filling —
How could it be of earth,
Or share in earthly gladness,
When even its seeming mirth
Partook so much of sadness?

Each evening near that well
A female form was sitting,
Whose beauty did excel
The fairies round her flitting.
She came to breathe her tale
Of love and bitter sorrow,
And from the stars so pale
Some rays of hope to borrow.

The lov'd one of her heart,
Inspired by noble duty,
From her was forced to part
In her glad hour of beauty;
And fell he in the field,
Victorious although gory,
His life his country's shield,
His death his country's glory.

The Spirit of that well
 Oft viewed the grief-struck maiden,
Whose breast with care did swell,
 Whose heart with grief was laden;
And while a tear would stray
 From her soft eyes in pity,
To her at close of day
 She sang this plaintive ditty.

"Why, fair one of the earth,
 Why mournest thou so wildly,
When in their happy mirth,
 The bright stars shine so mildly;
And even the silken flowers
 Are slumbering and sleeping
Around thy garden bowers,
 Whilst thou, alas! art weeping?

"Cease, cease, those bitter sighs,
 Be not so heavy-hearted,
Thy love to yon clear skies
 Before thee has departed;
And should he now look down,
 And see his lov'd one fading,
What tears his cheek would drown,
 What grief his brow be shading!

"Lo! as yon silvery star
 May soon in storms be shrouded,
And its soft rays afar
 To us be overclouded,
Even so, thy heart's despair
 Would dim his dazzling brightness,
And shade with clouds of care
 His robe of snowy whiteness."

Died on the maiden's ear
 The song of the kind fairy;
Then ceased the gushing tear,
 Then grew her heart less weary;
For parting here, she knew,
 Leads to a future meeting,
Where all the good and true
 Enjoy an endless greeting.

And oft she came again
 To thank the Well's fair daughter,
For that consoling strain
 In which such truths she taught her;

But on the streamlet flow'd
In mild and peaceful gladness —
Her beautiful abode
Who changed to joy such sadness.

And thus, when all is pain
Above, beneath, around us,
And sorrow's crushing chain
With iron link hath bound us;
Let us, no longer bowed
To earth with hopeless sorrow,
See, through the darkest cloud,
Rays of a joyous morrow.

HY-BRASAIL — THE ISLE OF THE BLEST.

BY GERALD GRIFFIN.

[From the Isles of Aran and the west continent, often appears visible that enchanted island called O'Brasil, and in Irish Beg-ara, or the Lesser Aran, set down in cards of navigation. Whether it be reall and firm land, kept hidden by speciall ordinance of God, as the terrestriall paradise, or else some illusion of airy clouds appearing on the surface of the sea, or the craft of evill spirits, is more than our judgments can sound out. There is, westward of Aran, a wild island of huge rocks, (Skira Rocks) the receptacle of a deale of seales thereon yearly slaughtered. These rocks sometimes appear to be a great city far off, full of houses, castles, towers, and chimneys; sometimes full of blazing flames, smoak, and people running to and fro. Another day you would see nothing but a number of ships, with their sailes and riggings; then so many great stakes or reekes of corn and turf; and this not only on fair sun-shining dayes, whereby it might be thought the reflection of the sun-beamse, on the vapours arising about it, had been the cause, but alsoe on dark and cloudy days.— *O'Flaherty's West Connaught, Irish Archæological Society's Publications*, page 68.]

On the ocean that hollows the rocks where ye dwell,
A shadowy land has appeared, as they tell:
Men thought it a region of sunshine and rest,
And they called it *Hy-Brasail*, the isle of the blest;
From year unto year, on the ocean's blue rim,
The beautiful spectre showed lovely and dim;
The golden clouds curtained the deep where it lay,
And it looked like an Eden, away, far away!

A peasant who heard of the wonderful tale,
In the breeze of the Orient loosened his sail;
From Ara, the holy, he turned to the west,
For though Ara was holy, *Hy-Brasail* was blest.
He heard not the voices that called from the shore —
He heard not the rising wind's menacing roar;
Home, kindred, and safety, he left on that day,
And he sped to *Hy-Brasail*, away, far away!

Morn rose on the deep, and that shadowy isle,
O'er the faint rim of distance, reflected its smile;
Noon burned on the wave, and that shadowy shore
Seemed lovelily distant, and faint as before;
Lone evening came down on the wanderer's track,
And to Ara again he looked timidly back;
O! far on the verge of the ocean it lay,
Yet the isle of the blest was away, far away!

Rash dreamer, return! O, ye winds of the main,
Bear him back to his own peaceful Ara again.
Rash fool! for a vision of fanciful bliss,
To barter thy calm life of labor and peace.
The warning of reason was spoken in vain;
He never revisited Ara again!
Night fell on the deep, amidst tempest and spray,
And he died on the waters, away, far away!

THE CLURICAUNE.

BY J. L. FORREST.

[The superstition respecting the CLURICAUNE is rather a singular one. In appearance he is said to resemble a very diminutive and antiquated Frenchman. His occupation is evidently that of "the gentle craft," as, when met with, he is invariably employed in making or repairing shoes. The idea current amongst the peasantry is that these fairies are well acquainted with the hiding-places of the vast treasures which are said to have been long since buried by our ancestors, and that if one can come stealthily upon and grasp one of the creatures, keeping the eye steadily fixed upon him, he will, to obtain his freedom, point out the hidden gold. Care, however, must be taken not to withdraw the eye from him, not even for a moment, or the result will be that the creature will vanish. To effect his escape he will use every means to distract the attention of his captors, and will be profuse of promises, blandishments, and compliments, and employ every stratagem that wit and cunning can devise. The capture of one of the species, and its results, the following legend details.]

INTRODUCTION.

O! I could linger out a summer day
Beneath thy groves, sweet Blarney; — by thy lake,
Thy meads, thy streams, and every flowery brake,
For hours delighted, I could gladly stray,
And breathe the fragrance of the perfumed air.
Wild flowers begem each wooded, shaded way,
And modestly their trembling petals rear;
To me than rich exotics far more fair,
And graceful-like. Ye seek the sunlight's ray
In bashfulness, from tangled briers peeping,
Or timidly amidst the long grass creeping,
But always winning in the garb ye wear.

Children of Nature, fitly do ye play
Beneath the ivied walls of yon old ruin gray!
Relic of time! his heavy hand hath leant
Too hardly on thee; yet withal thou hast
Around thee still fine traces of the Past,
The glorious Past in every lineament.
Type of my country! — strength and ruin blent —
Thou standest forth, amid the thunder shower,
A Thing of grandeur. Storm on storm hath spent
Its rage upon thee, yet round yon old tower
The ivy twines its tendrils through each rent.
Thus, ERIN, thou, 'mid Desolation's blast,
'Mid crushing storms, and blighted hopes dost wear
Perennial green! *Unlike* yon mouldering pile
Thy day of glory dawns, when thou shalt bear
A form of life, and bask in Freedom's blessed smile!

O'ER the mountain heights declining, the sun is softly shining,
His golden rays entwining with the heather and the trees;
And tower and cot are glowing in the smile of his bestowing,
And, where the water's flowing in mimic rippling seas,
Grace and Beauty seem as wafted on the breeze,
As it sighs, softly sighs while it flees.

The beauteous star of Even is smiling in its heaven,
Alone and silent weaving the anthem of its praise,
As though to man the story 'twould tell of all the glory,
Which shall be when no more he basks on earth beneath its rays,
And would guide him, gently guide him, by its blaze,
To a glorious home beyond his gaze.

There's a magic and a power in that quiet, placid hour,
When the shades of evening lower over hill and verdant lea,
And the rich and russet meadow grows browner in its shadow,
While the heart becomes more sad — O! that happy time for me!
Mine Ida, by thy side at that silent hour I'd be,
Breathing love in whispers unto thee!

Then in thought, it is most pleasant to wander from the present,
To where beauties evanescent light the pages of the past,
And as in thought we wander, to pause upon and ponder,
In a sort of dreamy wonder, over joys too bright to last —
Over fields of Promise scathed by Adversity's fierce blast —
Thought! what a world in thy womb thou hast!

O! there, to gloomy mortal, thou openest wide thy portal,
And persuasive dost exhort all to kneel before thy shrine.

Great and glorious are the treasures, very placid are the pleasures,
Which thy mighty spirit measures from its deep and diamond mine—
Vast and varied are the jewels which there in splendor shine—
O my Spirit, may those gems be thine!

And when the streams are welling from that fount, O thought, thy dwelling,
With Joy and thee revelling, my spirit lives in light,
And on wings of pleasure soaring, o'er Nature's volume poring,
My heart is found adoring the Beautiful and Bright;
And my soul is filled with rapture at the sight
Of the glories of the day and the night.

The sun in all his brightness, the clouds in fleecy whiteness,
That float in airy lightness in the azure of the sky—
The purple hills eternal, the trees and meadows vernal,
The bright-winged stars that burn all in yonder dome on high,
The flowers that give their fragrance to the south wind's gentle sigh,
Have a grace and a charm for the eye.

And the heart, that owns their power, hath a princedom for its dower;
For it, fresh beauties flower in sweet perennial pride:
Through its throbbing pulses flowing pours the flood of Love's bestowing,
And that heart is ever glowing with its bright, translucent tide—
In that region Love and Friendship wander sweetly side by side,
Like a bridegroom with his bride.

When the stars are sweetly lighting their brilliant lamps, and bright in
Yon cloudless arch they're writing, a language clear and plain;
When the cascade's rushing water calls to Echo's lonely daughter,
And the notes which Nature taught her are wafted back again,
O! the thoughtful heart is filled with a holy music then,
And in melody gives back the strain!

On MARY's heart descending fell such varied music blending,
While her joyous footsteps wending, she wandered by the lake,
Whose placid waters sleeping, through that guiding grove were creeping,
Whose branches seemed as weeping their thirsting leaves to slake;
And the thorny twisted briers of that brake
Seem'd to open for her sake.

As walks the moon in brightness so walks MARY in her lightness,
As a snow-cloud in its whiteness is her bosom round and white.
As a swan in beauty gliding, the placid lake dividing,

Or in pride and grandeur riding, when the waves rise in their might;
So MARY, in her stateliness, moves like a thing of light—
A moon amid the stars so bright.

Like a fawn, in grace astounding, when the hunter's horn is sounding,
Startled, sends her lightly bounding over upland, over lea —
Like a wavelet of the ocean, when in softness of devotion,
The south wind puts in motion the waters of the sea —
Such was MARY in her beauty, and her gracefulness, and glee —
Such — so beautiful was she!

Soft as Infancy when dreaming, now her eyes with love are beaming,
Anon, in brightness gleaming, they dazzle with their light;
Now, in gentleness, are dancing, now, like a meteor, glancing,
Yet in each phrase entrancing the spell-struck gazer's sight —
There's a majesty and beauty in their might,
Such as wear the stars of Night!

As rosebuds in their blushing, are her cheeks, when Passion flushing,
Sends the rich blood swiftly gushing through each blue and swelling vein;
As the south wind softly presses back her flowing raven tresses,
Love himself, with soft caresses, seems to sport with all his train;
And her joyous laughter falls as in summer-time doth rain,
And her heart and brow are free from stain.

By lake and copsewood straying, her evening walk delaying,
The maiden had been staying, till the golden sunset fell:
O'er each blushing wild flower stooping, she pluck'd its petals drooping,
Till a fragrant nosegay grouping from each daisy spangled dell,
She started as she listen'd to the solemn sounding knell
Of the gentle vesper bell.

What thoughts and wishes holy, breathe o'er the bosom lowly,
As its mournful cadence slowly sails on the evening gale:
As, o'er the full heart stealing, is shed a holy feeling,
And in devotion kneeling, it breathes to Heav'n its tale,
And the fragrance of the flowers, that laugh along the vale,
Mingles with its prayer and the night wind's wail.

Her dove-like eyes are beaming, her soul with fervor teeming,
Her heart of Heaven dreaming, and all things pure and fair —
Adoring and believing, the gentle maid is giving,
Unto the Ever-Living, the homage of her prayer,
And her gratitude for all a gracious Father's care —
What sweeter sounds are wafted upon air?

Faith in that Power protecting, her heart in strength erecting,
Her steps she's now directing towards a distant wood —
The dark Rock-close she enters, no light within it centres,
Yet onward still she ventures upon its solitude;
And her trustful heart scarce keeps its calm and placid mood,
Yet she leans on Him who watcheth o'er the good!

And now forth from its shadow she emerges on a meadow,
And her pulses beat more glad — O! her breath is drawn more free —
Its waving grass dividing, her footsteps she is guiding —
Herself a young fairy gliding — through its sweetly scented sea;
And her eye is gleaming bright in its gratitude and glee,
And her footfall maketh melody.

Each step elastic making amid the grass a-shaking
The dew in drops is breaking from each blade and graceful stem —
And, in the sun's declining, with purple hues are shining
The honeysuckles twining, as round a garment doth a hem;
And the daffodils and meadow-sweets are dancing too with them,
The dew upon all sparkling like a gem!

By the Castle's ruined tower, where the shadows deeper lower,
By its walls of massive power now she speedeth like a deer —
Through a little rustic wicket to a green-leaved shady thicket,
On she passes — Hark! a click — it striketh strangely on her ear —
And a moment she is check'd by a passing shade of fear —
Then with silent step she draweth near.

Stranger sight than I can tell — O! a little merry fellow,
With nose and cheek most mellow, is seated all alone,
O'er a broken shoe low bending, mirth with business deftly blending,
Its heel he's neatly mending — his stool a mossy stone —
And his voice has mirth and music in its tone,
Music such as fairy voices own.

As he's stooping thus and stitching, in strains the most bewitching
His little pipe he's pitching unto a merry tune,
The while but little dreaming that, with all their gentle seeming,
Less kind orbs are on him beaming than the bright stars and the moon —
Little dreaming that an earthly hand will tightly grasp him soon,
And welcome too the prize as a boon.

With stealthy step and wary bendeth o'er him bonny Mary,
And she grasps the little fairy with a grasp both firm and tight. —
"Ha! I have you now, and never from my power shall you sever —
I will hold you closely ever, nor permit you from my sight,
Till you lead me to the tower where your treasures glitter bright,
And with jewels as the day shines the night!"

With fluttering heart and beating, in wailing tones entreating
Escape, the fairy repeating all the reasons he can bring,
In pledges without measure, doth promise her each treasure,
To which Womanhood and Pleasure might wish to closely cling —
He promiseth the maiden each fair and beauteous thing,
And tells her he will make her the mate of a king!

But his promises so lavish, have no power her heart to ravish,
And his prospects are but slavish, and his soul is in despair.
Though he tells her she is fairer, than of gems the noblest wearer,
That her beauty is far rarer than the fairest of the fair,
That with her earth's noblest, highest, could not venture to compare —
Yet his softest words are wasted upon air!

Now another mode he trieth. In her ear he shrilly crieth,
And he tells the maid where lieth a heap of glittering gold —
Gold and treasures most amazing, rich jewels bright and blazing,
Rare gems to win the gazing of the youthful and the old —
Gems of worth to soften a heart of sternest mould —
All these, he saith, her eyes shall behold.

Ah! her heart the maiden bendeth, a willing ear she lendeth,
And her steps she swiftly wendeth to the ruined castle's door,
Where, through the fissure creeping, the ivy green is peeping,
And the moonbeams soft are sleeping on the hard and rugged floor,
And their silver light is shedding its rich and beauteous store —
Thus it is, and thus it will be, evermore!

A word of magic spoken, and the binding spell is broken,
And the portal, at the token, flies open full and wide;
Gold, from floor to lofty ceiling — treasures worth a monarch's stealing,
Is that gentle moon revealing, when it pours its radiant tide —
Gems, far richer than e'er graced the brow of any mortal bride,
These cluster in lustre at her side.

Too much for MARY'S vision is the prospect so Elysian —
A scream of fierce derision echoes wildly round and round;
And a mocking peal of laughter shakes each startled wall and rafter,
And a rapid moment after claps the door with fearful sound,
As with a cry of joy, and a swift and nimble bound,
From her arms springs the fairy to the ground.

There's a crushing and a crashing — there's a flaring and a flashing —
There's a rushing and a dashing, as if crowds were hurrying by —
There's a screaming and a shouting, as a multitude was routing,
And phantom forms are flouting the blackness of the sky,
And in mockery their voices are lifted wild and high,
As they lilt a merry measure while they fly.

Lo! a scene of dread and wonder! — Hark! a rattling peal of thunder!
And the walls seem rent asunder with a sharp and startling shock!
Hark! a rumbling and a tearing! See! the lambent lightning flaring,
While the owls and bats are scaring from the castle in a flock —
And the gleaming flame is baring the ivy and the rock —
And the roaring of the thunder a thousand voices mock.

'Mid the elemental battle — 'mid the roaring thunder's rattle —
'Mid the lowings of the cattle, that in terror scorn the green —
Repentant of her error, in anguish, grief, and terror,
Poor MARY scarce can stir, or believe in what hath been —
Still she looks around her there with a strange and troubled mien,
As she gazes, wildly gazes on the scene!

But see, yon cloud dividing, the moon again is gliding,
And smiling like a bride in the heaven's blue expanse;
And the stars, her maids of honor, attendant wait upon her,
Though amongst them surely none are that can with their queen advance —
Thus again they sparkle brightly, thus again they smile and dance,
And MARY awaketh from her trance.

Like that calm and happy feeling, o'er the storm-toss'd sailor stealing,
When the ruddy dawn revealing shows the welcome port in view —
Like that peace, whose gentle traces are writ on angel faces,
Shedding beauty, shedding graces, ever radiant, ever new,
Is the joy which brightly races in MARY'S bosom too —
Her heart and throbbing pulses, races through.

Thunder, lightning, no more frighten — hope and joy her eyes now brighten
As the moon's soft beams enlighten once more her homeward path.
Now sits throned smiling gladness, where of late was nought but sadness,
Where of late well-nigh was madness, with the fear of fairy wrath —
And a happy heart and joyous brow the merry maiden hath,
As she, scathless, treads again the meadow path!

THE FAIRIES' CHILD.

BY T. IRWIN.

AMID the nut-grove, still and brown,
The Fairies' Child is walking,
List, list, as the leaves come down,
To the sprites around her talking.

Along the windy, waving grass
Their evening whispers breathe and pass:
From yon aged bending bough
Their leafy language floats below;
And now o'erhead in the air 'tis streaming.
O, who can tell what things she hears —
What secrets of the fairy spheres,
That fill her eyes with silent tears!
Sweet wandering fancy charmed the child,
With cheek so pale, and eyes so wild.
O, what shall come of this dreaming!

Down by the sun-dry harvest-road,
Through quiet evening's hours,
She paces with her scented load
Of late year moss and flowers.
Blooms from the wood of every hue,
Moon pale, purple, jet and blue.
Woven in bunches and lightly pressed
Upon her simple, snowy breast,
And through the brown locks lightly tressed
Nodding in crownlets o'er her.
And lo! as the cloud on ocean's brim,
With moonlight has enriched its rim;
A quaint wild shape with kindly eyes,
And a smile like a star of the distant skies,
Goes tripping the path before her.

Now by her pillow, small and white,
'Mid faded leaflets lying,
An eager star, like a taper light,
O'er the curtain's edge is spying.
The scent of the broom-buds fills the room;
The window is full of the bare blue gloom,
And by the low hearth ashily sinking,
Half asleep, is a fairy winking.
Out in the air there comes a sound
Of music eddying round and round
The ivied chimneys — swooning near
The glassy pave, and streaming clear
As moonlight into the little ear,
Like a shell in brown weed gleaming;
And just as the first bird mounted high,
On the sycamore's tinkling canopy,
Sings to the first red streak of day,
Her soul with the Fairies speeds away,
O'er field, and stream, and hamlet gray
Where the weary folk are dreaming.

THE BANSHEE'S SUMMONS.

I AM come, I am come from the land unknown,
For the earth I have quitted my airy throne,
I have left the heights of yon starry sphere,
To sing his dirge in a mortal's ear.
Ullilu, Ullilu! morn comes fast,
A soul will have sped ere the moonlight's past.

I am come, I am come, as I came before
To the sires of thy house in the days of yore;
Many a chieftain has heard my cry —
Many a dame of thy ancestry.
Ullilu, Ullilu! thou must go
To join them either in joy or woe.

Hast thou call'd up tears to the widow's eye?
Hast thou listen'd in vain to the orphan's cry?
Hast thou driven the hungry from thy door?
Or taken the roof from the starving poor?
Ullilu, Ullilu! take the cost!
Ye mourners weep, for a soul is lost!

Hast thou seen thy country sunk in woe,
And taken the side of the tyrant foe?
Or a traitorous part has thy bosom played,
Hast thou risen on the wreck of friends betrayed?
Ullilu, Ullilu! then weep on,
Ye mourners, weep, for a soul is gone!

Or hast thou striven for the good of all? —
Did danger daunt not — or death appal?
Didst thou urge thy way in virtue's path,
Fearing no vials of human wrath?
Ullilu, Ullilu! earth must wail,
But heaven's bright angels record the tale.

Tremble not then, as thou hear'st my cry;
Why should a good man fear to die?
Mourners, let your mourning cease,
Such a death is the soul's release.
Away on the morn's first beam I soar,
A sleeper will waken on earth no more.

ARRANMORE.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

["The inhabitants of Arranmore are still persuaded that in a clear day they can see from this coast Hy-Brasail, or the Enchanted Island, the Paradise of the Pagan Irish, and concerning which they relate a number of romantic stories."—*Beaufort's Ancient Topography of Ireland.*]

O! ARRANMORE, loved Arranmore,
How oft I dream of thee;
And of those days when, by thy shore,
I wandered young and free.
Full many a path I've tried since then,
Through pleasure's flowery maze,
But ne'er could find the bliss again
I felt in those sweet days.

How blithe upon the breezy cliffs
At sunny morn I've stood,
With heart as bounding as the skiffs
That danced along the flood;
Or when the western wave grew bright
With daylight's parting wing,
Have sought that Eden in its light,
Which dreaming poets sing—

That Eden, where th' immortal brave
Dwell in a land serene,—
Whose bow'rs beyond the shining wave,
At sunset, oft are seen;
Ah, dream, too full of sadd'ning truth!
Those mansions o'er the main
Are like the hopes I built in youth,
As sunny and as vain!

THE ISLAND OF ATLANTIS.

BY THE REV. G. CROLY.

[The Rev. George Croly was born in Ireland about the end of the last century. He studied in the Dublin University, and was in due time ordained by the friend of Burke, O'Beirne, Bishop of Meath, who gave him charge of a parish in his diocese. His residence was on the border of an immense lake imbedded in mountains, where his poetic genius had ample nourishment in the beautiful scenes around him. After spending some years in this poetic solitude, he visited London, just at the time when England first embarked in the Spanish war. He sympathised warmly with the freedom of that land of old romance, and travelled through Germany and France in the midst of their excitement. Several works were the

result of this journey. Lord Brougham gave him one of the livings in his gift as Chancellor in 1831, and in 1835, Lord Lyndhurst, then Chancellor, gave him his present living as rector of St. Stephen's, Walbrook. There is but little feeling in his poetry, and the heart looks in vain for either affection or tenderness in his gorgeous and vigorous poems.

"For at that time the Atlantic sea was navigable, and had an island before that mouth which is called by you the pillars of Hercules. But this island was greater than both Libya and all Asia together, and afforded an easy passage to other neighboring islands, as it was easy to pass from those islands to all the Continent which borders on this Atlantic sea. * * * But, in succeeding times, prodigious earthquakes and deluges taking place, and bringing with them desolation in the space of one day and night, all that warlike race of Athenians was at once merged under the earth; and the Atlantic island itself being absorbed in the sea, entirely disappeared." — *Plato's Timæus.*]

O! THOU Atlantic, dark and deep,
Thou wilderness of waves,
Where all the tribes of earth might sleep
In their uncrowded graves!

The sunbeams on thy bosom wake,
Yet never light thy gloom;
The tempests burst, yet never shake
Thy depths, thou mighty tomb!

Thou thing of mystery, stern and drear,
Thy secrets who hath told? —
The warrior and his sword are there,
The merchant and his gold.

There lie their myriads in thy pall,
Secure from steel and storm;
And he, the feaster on them all,
The canker-worm.

Yet on this wave the mountain's brow
Once glow'd in morning's beam;
And, like an arrow from the bow,
Out sprang the stream:

And on its bank the olive grove,
And the peach's luxury,
And the damask rose — the nightbird's love —
Perfumed the sky.

Where art thou, proud Atlantis, now?
Where are thy bright and brave?
Priest, people, warriors' living flow?
Look on that wave!

Crime deepened on the recreant land,
Long guilty, long forgiven;

There power uprear'd the bloody hand,
 There scoff'd at Heaven.

The word went forth — the word of woe —
 The judgment thunders pealed;
The fiery earthquake blazed below;
 Its doom was seal'd.

Now on its hills of ivory
 Lie giant weed and ocean slime,
Burying from man and angel's eye
 The land of crime.

THE LORD OF DUNKERRON.*

BY T. CROFTON CROKER,

AUTHOR OF "FAIRY LEGENDS OF IRELAND."

The Lord of Dunkerron — O'Sullivan More,
Why seeks he at midnight the sea-beaten shore?
His bark lies in haven, his hounds are asleep;
No foes are abroad on the land or the deep.

Yet nightly the Lord of Dunkerron is known
On the wild shore to watch and to wander alone;
For a beautiful spirit of ocean, 'tis said,
The Lord of Dunkerron would win to his bed.

When by moonlight the waters were hush'd to repose,
That beautiful spirit of ocean arose;
Her hair full of lustre just floated and fell
O'er her bosom, that heav'd with a billowy swell.

Long, long had he lov'd her — long vainly essay'd
To lure from her dwelling the coy ocean maid;
And long had he wander'd and watch'd by the tide,
To claim the fair spirit O'Sullivan's bride!

The maiden she gazed on the creature of earth,
Whose voice in her breast to a feeling gave birth;
Then smiled; and, abashed as a maiden might be,
Looking down, gently sank to her home in the sea.

* The remains of Dunkerron Castle are distant about a mile from the village of Kenmare, in the county of Kerry. It is recorded to have been built in 1596, by Owen O'Sullivan More. *More* is merely an epithet signifying the *Great*.

Though gentle that smile, as the moonlight above,
O'Sullivan felt 'twas the dawning of love;
And hope came on hope, spreading over his mind,
Like the eddy of circles her wake left behind.

The Lord of Dunkerron he plunged in the waves,
And sought through the fierce rush of waters, their caves;
The gloom of whose depth studded over with spars,
Had the glitter of midnight when lit up by stars.

Who can tell, or can fancy, the treasures that sleep
Entombed in the wonderful womb of the deep?
The pearls and the gems, as if valueless, thrown
To lie 'mid the sea-wrack concealed and unknown.

Down, down went the maid — still the chieftain pursued;
Who flies must be followed ere she can be wooed.
Untempted by treasures, unawed by alarms,
The maiden at length he has clasped in his arms!

They rose from the deep by a smooth-spreading strand,
Whence beauty and verdure stretch'd over the land.
'Twas an isle of enchantment! and lightly the breeze,
With a musical murmur just crept through the trees.

The haze-woven shroud of that newly born isle,
Softly faded away, from a magical pile,
A palace of crystal, whose bright-beaming sheen
Had the tints of the rainbow — red, yellow, and green.

And grottoes, fantastic in hue and in form,
Were there, as flung up — the wild sport of the storm;
Yet all was so cloudless, so lovely, and calm,
It seemed but a region of sunshine and balm.

"Here, here shall we dwell in a dream of delight,
Where the glories of earth and of ocean unite!
Yet, loved son of earth! I must from thee away;
There are laws which e'en spirits are bound to obey!

"Once more must I visit the chief of my race,
His sanction to gain ere I meet thy embrace.
In a moment I dive to the chambers beneath:
One cause can detain me — one only — 'tis death!"

They parted in sorrow, with vows true and fond;
The language of promise had nothing beyond.
His soul all on fire, with anxiety burns:
The moment is gone — but no maiden returns.

What sounds from the deep meet his terrified ear —
What accents of rage and of grief does he hear?
What sees he? what change has come over the flood —
What tinges its green with a jetty of blood?

Can he doubt what the gush of warm blood would explain?
That she sought the consent of her monarch in vain!
For see all around him, in white foam and froth,
The waves of the ocean boil up in their wrath!

The palace of crystal has melted in air,
And the dyes of the rainbow no longer are there;
The grottoes with vapor and clouds are o'ercast,
The sunshine is darkness — the vision has past!

Loud, loud was the call of his serfs for their chief;
They sought him with accents of wailing and grief;
He heard, and he struggled — a wave to the shore,
Exhausted and faint bears O'Sullivan More!

M'CARTHY MORE AND THE BANSHEE.

A STAR from the heavens hath yesternight faded,
On the prime of thy race that in glory looked down,
And through many an age shone forth clear and unshaded,
While the bards sung of nought but thy father's renown!

Then thine oak, in its majesty throned on the mountains,
Might laugh at the wild winds that lashed it in vain,
All spotless thy flag as Killarney's pure fountains,
Deep, clear and eternal, that spring without stain.

Long that proud star of honor is dwindling and waning,
The land of thy fathers has ceased to be free,
And the air thrills at night with their spirits complaining:
Thy hours are now numbered! I tarry for thee!

The days of thy sires are all vanished and over,
The fierce tide of fight never more shall they stem,
O'er the fields where they fell their sad spirits still hover,
'Tis time the last chieftain were gathered to them!

For in their gray palace the long grass is waving,
Their clan to the stranger has bended the knee,
And a wild wail is heard when the night winds are raving,
M'Carthy, M'Carthy, I tarry for thee!

We have caves broad and glorious beneath the deep billow,
Where the long bleeding heart from all sorrow may fly,
Where the emerald grows we will smooth thee a pillow,
And thou shalt taste pleasure that never may die!

Weep, weep not for earth! with a smile thou shouldst rather
Haste on to the clime of the valiant and free!
Last heir of thy race, the lone tomb of thy father
For ever is closed, when it closes o'er thee!

The shadows of evening fall deeper and deeper,
The mist from the lake rises over the lea,
But that mist, ere it fade from the eyes of the sleeper,
M'Carthy, M'Carthy, thou shalt be with me!

Farewell to the mountains! farewell to the river!
Farewell to the sun you shall never more see!
O'er the far western ocean a star sets forever!
M'Carthy, M'Carthy, I tarry for thee! C.

THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

[A superstition of great beauty prevails in Ireland, that, when a child smiles in its sleep, it is "talking with Angels."]

A BABY was sleeping, its mother was weeping,
For her husband was far on the wild raging sea,
And the tempest was swelling, round the fisherman's dwelling —
And she cried, "Dermot, darling, O! come back to me."

Her beads while she number'd, the baby still slumber'd,
And smiled in her face as she bended her knee;
"O! blest be that warning, my child, thy sleep adorning,
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee.

"And while they are keeping bright watch o'er thy sleeping,
O! pray to them softly, my baby, with me —
And say thou wouldst rather, they'd watch o'er thy father,
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee."

The dawn of the morning saw Dermot returning,
And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see,
And closely caressing her child, with a blessing
Said, "I knew that the angels were whispering with thee."

THE FAIRY THORN.

AN ULSTER BALLAD.

BY SAMUEL FERGUSON, M. R. I. A.

"GET up, our Anna dear, from the weary spinning wheel;
For your father's on the hill, and your mother is asleep:
Come up above the crags, and we'll dance a highland reel
Around the fairy thorn on the steep."

At Anna Grace's door 'twas thus the maidens cried,
Three merry maidens fair in kirtles of the green;
And Anna laid the rock and the weary wheel aside,
The fairest of the four, I ween.

They're glancing through the glimmer of the quiet eve,
Away in milky wavings of neck and ankle bare;
The heavy-sliding stream in its sleepy song they leave,
And the crags in the ghostly air:

And linking hand and hand, and singing as they go,
The maids along the hill-side have ta'en their fearless way,
Till they come to where the rowan trees in lonely beauty grow
Beside the Fairy Hawthorn gray.

The Hawthorn stands between the ashes tall and slim,
Like matron with her twin grand-daughters at her knee;
The rowan berries cluster o'er her low head gray and dim
In ruddy kisses sweet to see.

The merry maidens four have ranged them in a row,
Between each lovely couple a stately rowan stem,
And away in mazes wavy, like skimming birds they go,
O, never carolled bird like them!

But solemn is the silence of the silvery haze
That drinks away their voices in echoless repose,
And dreamily the evening has stilled the haunted braes,
And dreamier the gloaming grows.

And sinking one by one, like lark-notes from the sky
When the falcon's shadow saileth across the open shaw,
Are hushed the maiden's voices, as cowering down they lie
In the flutter of their sudden awe.

For, from the air above, and the grassy ground beneath,
And from the mountain-ashes and the old Whitethorn between,
A power of faint enchantment doth through their beings breathe,
And they sink down together on the green.

They sink together silent, and stealing side to side,
They fling their lovely arms o'er their drooping necks so fair,
Then vainly strive again their naked arms to hide,
For their shrinking necks again are bare.

Thus clasped and prostrate all, with their heads together bowed,
Soft o'er their bosoms beating — the only human sound —
They hear the silky footsteps of the silent fairy crowd,
Like a river in the air, gliding round.

Nor scream can any raise, nor prayer can any say,
But wild, wild, the terror of the speechless three —
For they feel fair Anna Grace drawn silently away,
By whom they dare not look to see.

They feel their tresses twine with her parting locks of gold,
And the curls elastic falling, as her head withdraws;
They feel her sliding arms from their tranced arms unfold,
But they dare not look to see the cause:

For heavy on their senses the faint enchantment lies
Through all that night of anguish and perilous amaze;
And neither fear nor wonder can ope their quivering eyes
Or their limbs from the cold ground raise.

Till out of Night the Earth has rolled her dewy side,
With every haunted mountain and streamy vale below;
When, as the mist dissolves in the yellow morning tide,
The maidens' trance dissolveth so.

Then fly the ghastly three as swiftly as they may,
And tell their tale of sorrow to anxious friends in vain —
They pined away and died within the year and day,
And ne'er was Anna Grace seen again.

THE BANSHEE.

ANON. (MARY.)

She sat beside the haunted stream
While 'twas crimsoned yet with the sunset beam,
And her long black hair with the wild winds flew,
And her robe was a robe of snowy hue,
And she gazed with sad dark-glancing eye
Where Mac Caura's towers rose proud and high.

But sudden that gaze was past, and the one
That sat by the lonely stream was gone;

And aloft, on the misty mountain's height,
Was seen the dark form in snowy white —
And wild and high, over hill and dale
Was heard the loud cry of the Banshee's wail: —

"'Tis past; and the bright setting beam of the west
Has sunk o'er yon towers, in safety and rest;
But, alas! the first red dawning cloud of the morrow
Will bring mourning and blood to the house of Mac Caura!

The glad voice of mirth is now heard in the hall,
And the notes of the minstrel low murmuring fall
Wild and sweet; but before the first dawn of the morrow
His harp-strings shall weep o'er the blood of Mac Caura.

Go rouse the bold stripling in slumber that's wreathed,
While his sire issues forth with steel bright and unsheathed,
Go, rouse him! for ere the bright beam of the morrow
He'll start, when he hears the death-shriek of Mac Caura.

Now firm is the heart, that in battle was nurst,
And strong is the hand, in the red forray first;
But nerveless and cold, ere the fast coming morrow,
And lowly and bloody will slumber Mac Caura.

The keen hollow blast that wafts musingly by —
The meteor that flames in yon star-gleaming sky —
The raven that croaks for the deep-bloodied morrow,
Speak mourning and death to the house of Mac Caura."

The fen fog fell, and the robe of white
Was dimmer seen on the mountain's height —
And the long black locks still floated away,
Till the night glooms came as black as they.
And the form at length was in darkness shaded —
And the song at length was in distance faded.

But still the sounds in the listening ear,
With the cool calm gale, were wafted near,
And still the murmuring echoes fell
O'er heath-clad hill and o'er moss green dell,
And still they sung of woe and grief,
And blood, and death, to Mac Caura's chief.

"But what care I," said that chieftain bold,
As gently he shrunk from his lady's hold, —
"What care I for that foul night-hag,
Whose wild yells echo o'er cliff and crag?
The gleaming mail which my father wore,
Shall ne'er be stained with his kindred gore.

The steel which oft in his red hand quivered,
Shall ne'er from the side of his son be shivered.
Yet, should I fall — should the Saxon brand
Still flame unquenched through our sainted land" —
And close he clasped his lady's hand, —

"Then, be it thine, with tenfold care,
To guard Mac Caura's stripling heir,
And when his nerves are braced and strong,
To tell the race from which he sprang —
How nobly lived and bravely died,
His sires for Erin's fallen pride;

Until his breast, with kindling zeal,
Shall burn to make the tyrant feel
How deeply can wound a freeman's steel.
But, clansmen, away! by yon rocky steep
We must wind, — while the reckless Saxons sleep,
And break their love-dreams ere break of day,
With the gun-flash and war-cry — away! away!"

Vain was the hope, no slumber light
Lay on the foeman's lid that night;
For ere the morn the Saxon bold
Agreed to storm Mac Caura's hold —
To rush upon his new raised powers,
And give to flame his castled towers.

But soon within the glen ere yet
The rocky steep was passed — they met,
And soon begun the signal clash,
And the groan, and the shout, and the gleaming flash,
Till, where the foremost rank he stood,
Mac Caura fell in wounds and blood;

And the gleaming mail which his father wore,
Was deeply stained with his kindred gore;
And the blade which oft in his red hand quivered,
From the grasp of his son was in fragments shivered;
And the eye was fixed, and the heart which never
Knew fear, was throbless and cold for ever.

But low and sad upon the gale
Was heard again the voice of wail,
And again, in the morning's dim gray light,
Was seen the form in shadowy white;
And the moaning plaint of deep-felt sorrow
Was slowly murmured o'er Mac Caura.

* * * *

The day-beam breaks on the green hill-side,
And gleams over hill and river;
And the Saxon's banner is floating wide —
With the blood of the hapless heroes dyed;
But Mac Caura's boast and Mac Caura's pride
Is faded and lost for ever.

BOUCHELLEEN BAWN.

BY J. KEEGAN.

O, PRAY have you heard of my *Bouchelleen Bawn?* *
Can you tell me at all of my *Bouchelleen Bawn?*
Have you come by the "rath," on the hill of Knock-awn: †
Or what can you tell of my *Bouchelleen Bawn?*

The pulse of my heart was my *Bouchelleen Bawn;*
The light of my eyes was my *Bouchelleen Bawn.*
From Dinan's red wave to the tower of Kilvawn,
You'd not meet the like of my *Bouchelleen Bawn!*

The first time I saw my own *Bouchelleen Bawn,*
'Twas a Midsummer eve on the fair-green of Bawn.‡
He danced at the "Baal-fire," § as light as a fawn,
And away went my heart with my *Bouchelleen Bawn.*

I loved him as dear as I loved my own life;
And he vowed on his knees he would make me his wife.
I looked in his eyes, flashing bright as the dawn,
And drank love from the lips of my *Bouchelleen Bawn.*

But, Christ save the hearers! his angel forsook him —
My curse on the Queen of the fairies — she took him!
Last All-hallows' eve as he came by Knock-awn,
She saw — loved, and "struck" my poor *Bouchelleen Bawn*

Like the primrose when April her last sigh has breathed,
My *Bouchelleen* drooped and his young beauty faded;
He died — and his white limbs were stretched in Kilvawn,
And I wept by the grave of my *Bouchelleen Bawn.*

* *Bouchelleen Bawn,* — The fair-haired boy, or the white-skinned boy.
† *Knockawn, Kilvawn,* — are localities in the county Kilkenny: the former a celebrated "rath," a haunt of the fairies; the latter a well-known churchyard.
‡ *Bawn,* — a celebrated fair place in the northern part of the county Kilkenny.
§ *Baal-fire,* — The bonfire, lighted on Midsummer-eve in the rural districts of Ireland, a custom originating in pagan times, and transferred in Italy to St. John's eve.

I said to myself, sure it cannot be harm,
To go to the wise man and ask for a charm;
'Twill cost but a crown, and my heart's blood I'd pawn,
To purchase from bondage my *Bouchelleen Bawn*.

I went to the priest, and he spoke about heaven:
And said that my failings would not be forgiven,
If ever I'd cross the gray fairy-man's bawn;
Or try his weird spells for my *Bouchelleen Bawn*.

I'll take his advice, though God knows my heart's breaking;
I start in my sleep, and I weep when I'm waking.
O, I long for the blush of eternity's dawn,
When again I shall meet my own *Bouchelleen Bawn!*

THE DOOM OF THE MIRROR.

BY B. SIMMONS.

[The superstition that whoever breaks a looking-glass is destined to misfortune, is widely entertained in Ireland. The little story related in these verses is not altogether imaginative.]

Fair Judith Lee — a woful pair,
Were steed and rider weary,
When, winding down from mountains bare,
By crag and fastness dreary,
I first beheld her — where the path
Resigned its sterner traces
In a green depth of woods, like Wrath
Subdued by Love's embraces.

By the oak-shadowed well she stood,
Her rounded arms uplifted,
To bind the curls whose golden flood
Had from its fillets drifted, —
Whilst stooping o'er the fount to fill
The rustic urn beside her,
Her face to evening's beauty still
Imparting beauty wider.

She told me of the road I missed —
Gave me to drink — and even,
At parting, waved the hand she kissed,
White as a star in heaven;
But never smiled — though prompt and warm
I paid, in duteous phrases,
The tribute that so fair a form
From minstrel ever raises.

The gladness murmured to her cheek,
Unfolded not its roses —
That bluest morn will never break
That in her eye reposes.
Some gentle woe, with dovelike wings,
Had o'er her cast a shadow,
Soft as the sky of April flings
Upon a vernal meadow.

In vain, with venial art, to sound
The springs of that affliction,
I hinted of my *craft* — renowned
For omen and prediction:
In vain assuming mystic power,
Her fortune to discover,
I guessed its golden items o'er,
And closed them with — *a lover*.

It failed for once — that final word —
A maiden's brow to brighten,
The cloud within her soul unstirred,
Refused to flash or lighten.
She felt and thanked the artifice,
Beneath whose faint disguising
I would have prompted hope and peace,
With accents sympathizing.

But no — she said (the while her face
A summer-wave resembled,
Outsparkling from some leafy place,
Then back to darkness trembled) —
For her was neither living hope
Nor loving heart allotted,
Joy had but drawn her horoscope
For Sorrow's hand to blot it.

Her words made silvery stop — for lo!
Peals of sweet laughter ringing!
And through that wood's green solitudes
Glad village-damsels winging!
As though that mirth some feeling jarred,
The maiden, pensive-hearted,
Murmured farewell, and through the dell
In loneliness departed.

With breeze-tossed locks and gleaming feet,
And store of slender pitchers,
O'er the dim lawns, like rushing fawns,
Come the fair Water-fetchers;

And there, while round that well's gray oak
Cluster'd the sudden glory,
Fair Judith Lee, from guileless lips
I heard thy simple story.

Of humble lot — the legends wild
Believed by that condition,
Had mingled with her spirit mild
Their haunting superstition,
Which grew to grief, when o'er her youth
The doom descended, spoken
On those who see beneath their touch
The fatal Mirror broken.

"NEVER IN LIFE TO PROSPER MORE."
And so from life sequestered,
With dim forebodings brooding o'er
The shafted fate that festered
Deep in the white depths of her soul,
The patient girl awaited
Ill's viewless train — her days to pain
And duty consecrated.

At times she deemed the coming woe
Through others' hearts would reach her,
Till every tie that twined her low,
Upon the lap of Nature
Her once-loved head unwatched, unknown
Should sink in meek dejection,
Hushed as some Quiet carved in stone
Above entombed affection.

E'en her young heart's instinctive want
To be beloved and loving,
Inexorably vigilant,
She checked with cold reproving.
For still she saw, should tempests frown,
That treacherous anchor sever,
And Hope's whole priceless freight go down
A shipwrecked thing for ever.

So pined that gracious form away,
Her bliss-fraught life untasted;
A breeze-harp whose divinest voice
On lonely winds is wasted.
And such the tale to me conveyed
In laughing tones or lowly,
As still that rosy crowd was swayed
By mirth or melancholy.

I've seen since then the churchyard nook,
Where Judith Lee lies sleeping;
The wild ash loves it, and a brook
Through emerald mosses creeping;
For that lost maiden ever there
A low sweet mass is singing,
While all around, like nuns at prayer,
Pale water-flowers are springing.

Poor Girl! — I've thought, as there reclined,
I drank the sunset's glory ——
Thy tale to meditative mind
Is but an allegory;
Once shatter *inborn Truth* divine,
The soul's transparent mirror,
Where Heaven's reflection loved to shine,
And what remains but terror?

Terror and Woe; —— Faith's holy face
No more our hearts relieving —
Fades from the past each early grace,
The future brings but grieving;
However fast life's blessings fall
In lavish sunshine o'er us,
That Broken Glass distorts them all
Whose fragments glare before us.

THE FAIRIES OF KNOCKSHEGOWNA.

BY R. D. WILLIAMS.

[Knockshegowna is the name of a fairy Hill in Lower Ormond, and in English means Oonagh's Hill, — so called from being the fabled residence of Una, the Fairy Queen of Spenser.]

A RUSTLING, whirling sound sweeps by,
Like leaves on an Autumn breeze,
Tho', since sunset fled, there was scarce a sigh
To stir the slumbering trees;
And a troop comes forth from the moonlit glen,
With such mist-like motion on,
That you may not find an injured flower
Where their coursers' hoofs have gone.

They glide along o'er the dewy banks,
On their viewless, filmy wings,
And anon and again from their restless ranks
The merry fairy laughter rings.

In lonely dells, where the starbeams fall
But on fern, and lake and tree,
Nor eye profane the mirth may mar,
I have heard their minstrelsie.

To the fitful song of the haunted stream
The aerial numbers flow;
And their tiny spears in the starlight gleam
To the burden to and fro.
Away! quick march! through the ruined arch,
At the sound of the nutshell gong —
And here shall we halt at the Viking's vault,
And chant him a battle-song.

Now, left and right, in the moon's pale light,
Low'r your flags as the monarch comes.
In the Elfin ring is the Elfin king —
'Ding-a-ding go the Elfin drums!
With the glow-worm's gem is his diadem,
For this festal pageant, lit;
The beetle booms through the hawthorn blooms,
And the bats through the branches flit.

Advance! advance! for a farewell dance,
Ere the nightly pomp is o'er:
From a mushroom's cone shall our pipers drone,
The sward our elastic floor:
While the Phooka-horse holds his frantic course
Over wood and mountain-fall,
And the Banshees croon a rhythmic rune
From the crumbling, ivied wall! —

In the noon of night, o'er the stormy hills,
The fairy minstrels play,
And the strain, replete with fantastic dreams,
On the wild gust flits away.
Then the sleeper thinks, as the dreamful song
On the blast to his slumber comes,
That his nose as the church's spire is long,
And like its organ hums!

And when they spread their filmy wings
In the dim Moon's waning ray,
Strange meteors dance, and the glittering rills
Seem show'ring fiery spray.
And deep when booms the solemn toll
Of the distant cloister bells,
The clang, and the clash, and the tambour roll
Of their midnight music swells.

Their beamy spears, and crests, and shields,
The lated wanderer sees,
And their blazon'd banners flap and fly,
And rattle on the breeze.
'Tis thus in martial panoply,
The Genii of the Wold
With Elfin pomp and minstrelsy
Their nightly revels hold.

ALICE AND UNA.

(A TALE OF "CEIM-AN-EICH.")

BY D. F. M'CARTHY,

AUTHOR OF "BALLADS, POEMS, AND LYRICS," ETC.

[The pass of Céim-an-eich (the path of the deer) lies to the south-west of Inchageela, in the direction of Bantry Bay. The tourist will commit a grievous error if he omit to visit it. Perhaps in no part of the kingdom is there to be found a place so utterly desolate and gloomy. A mountain has been divided by some convulsion of nature; and the narrow pass, about two miles in length, is overhung on either side by perpendicular masses clothed in wild ivy and underwood, with, occasionally, a stunted yew tree or arbutus growing among them. At every step advance seems impossible — some huge rock jutting out into the path; and, on sweeping round it, seeming to conduct only to some barrier still more insurmountable; while from all sides rush down the "wild fountains," and, forming for themselves a rugged channel, make their way onward — the first tributary offering to the gentle and fruitful Lee:

"Here, amidst heaps
Of mountain wrecks, on either side thrown high,
The wide-spread traces of its watery might,
The tortuous channel wound."

Nowhere has nature assumed a more appalling aspect, or manifested a more stern resolve to dwell in her own loneliness and grandeur undisturbed by any living thing; for even the birds seem to shun a solitude so awful, and the hum of bee or chirp of grasshopper is never heard within its precincts. — *Hall's Ireland*, vol. i. p. 117.]

Ah! the pleasant time hath vanished, ere our wretched doubtings banished
All the graceful spirit-people, children of the earth and sea —
Whom in days now dim and olden, when the world was fresh and golden,
Every mortal could behold in haunted rath, and tower, and tree —
They have vanished, they are banished — ah! how sad the loss for thee,
Lonely Céim-an-eich!

Still some scenes are yet enchanted by the charms that Nature granted,
Still are peopled, still are haunted, by a graceful spirit band.

Peace and beauty have their dwelling where the infant streams are welling,
Where the mournful waves are knelling on Glengariff's coral strand,*
Or where, on Killarney's mountains, Grace and Terror smiling stand,
Like sisters, hand in hand!

Still we have a new romance in fire-ships, through the tamed seas glancing,
And the snorting and the prancing of the mighty engine steed;
Still, Astolpho-like, we wander thro' the boundless azure yonder,
Realizing what seemed fonder than the magic tales we read —
Tales of wild Arabian wonder, where the fancy all is freed —
Wilder far, indeed!

Now that Earth once more hath woken, and the trance of Time is broken,
And the sweet word — Hope — is spoken, soft and sure, though none know how, —
Could we — could we only see all these, the glories of the Real,
Blended with the lost Ideal, happy were the old world now —
Woman in its fond believing — man with iron arm and brow —
Faith and Work its vow!

Yes! the Past shines clear and pleasant, and there's glory in the Present;
And the Future, like a crescent, lights the deepening sky of Time;
And that sky will yet grow brighter, if the Worker and the Writer —
If the Sceptre and the Mitre join in sacred bonds sublime.
With two glories shining o'er them, up the coming years they'll climb
Earth's great evening as its prime!

With a sigh for what is fading, but, O earth! with no upbraiding, —
For we feel that time is braiding newer, fresher flowers for thee, —
We will speak, despite our grieving, words of Loving and Believing,
Tales we vowed when we were leaving awful Céim-an-eich —
Where the sever'd rocks resemble fragments of a frozen sea,
And the wild deer flee!

'Tis the hour when flowers are shrinking, when the weary sun is sinking,
And his thirsty steeds are drinking in the cooling western sea;
When young Maurice lightly goeth, where the tiny streamlet floweth,

* In the bay of Glengariff, and towards the N.-W. parts of Bantry Bay, they dredge up large quantities of coral sand. — *Smith's Cork*, vol. i. p. 286.

And the struggling moonlight showeth where his path must be,—
Path whereon the wild goats wander fearlessly and free
Through dark Céim-an-eich.

As a hunter, danger daring, with his dogs the brown moss sharing,
Little thinking, little caring, long a wayward youth lived he;
But his bounding heart was regal, and he looked as looks the eagle,
And he flew as flies the beagle, who the panting stag doth see—
Love, who spares a fellow-archer, long had let him wander free
Through wild Céim-an-eich!

But at length the hour drew nigher when his heart should feel that fire;
Up the mountain high and higher had he hunted from the dawn;
Till the weeping fawn descended, where the earth and ocean blended,
And with hope its slow way wended to a little grassy lawn—
It is safe, for gentle Alice to her saving breast hath drawn
Her almost sister fawn.

Alice was a chieftain's daughter, and, though many suitors sought her,
She so loved Glengariff's water that she let her lovers pine;
Her eye was beauty's palace, and her cheek an ivory chalice,
Through which the blood of Alice gleamed soft as rosiest wine,
And her lips like lusmore blossoms which the fairies intertwine,*
And her heart a golden mine.

She was gentler and shyer than the light fawn that stood by her,
And her eyes emit a fire soft and tender as her soul;
Love's dewy light doth drown her, and the braided locks that crown her
Than autumn's trees are browner, when the golden shadows roll
Through the forests in the evening, when cathedral turrets toll,
And the purple sun advanceth to its goal.

Her cottage was a dwelling all regal homes excelling,
But, ah! beyond the telling was the beauty round it spread!
The wave and sunshine playing, like sisters each arraying—
Far down the sea-plants swaying upon their coral bed,
As languid as the tresses on a sleeping maiden's head,
When the summer breeze is dead.

Need we say that Maurice loved her, and that no blush reproved her
When her throbbing bosom moved her to give the heart she gave;
That by dawn-light and by twilight, and O blessed moon! by thy light—

* The lusmore (or fairy cup)—literally, the great herb—*Digitalis Purpurea.*

When the twinkling stars on high light the wanderer o'er the wave —
His steps unconscious led him where Glengariff's waters lave
Each mossy bank and cave.

He thitherward is wending — o'er the vale is night descending —
Quick his step, but quicker sending his herald thoughts before;
By rocks and streams before him, proud and hopeful on he bore him;
One star was shining o'er him — in his heart of hearts two more —
And two other eyes, far brighter than a human head e'er wore,
Unseen were shining o'er.

These eyes are not of woman — no brightness merely human
Could, planet-like, illumine the place in which they shone;
But nature's bright works vary — there are beings, light and airy,
Whom mortal lips call fairy, and Una she is one —
Sweet sisters of the moonbeams and daughters of the sun,
Who along the curling cool waves run.

As summer lightning dances amid the heavens' expanses,
Thus shone the burning glances of those flashing fairy eyes;
Three splendors there were shining — three passions intertwining —
Despair and hope combining their deep contrasted dyes,
With jealousy's green lustre, as troubled ocean vies
With the blue of summer skies!

She was a fairy creature, of heavenly form and feature —
Not Venus' self could teach her a newer, sweeter grace —
Not Venus' self could lend her an eye so dark and tender,
Half softness and half splendor, as lit her lily face;
And as the choral planets move harmonious throughout space,
There was music in her pace.

But when at times she started, and her blushing lips were parted,
And a pearly lustre darted from her teeth so ivory white,
You'd think you saw the gliding of two rosy clouds dividing,
And the crescent they were hiding gleam forth upon your sight
Thro' these lips, as thro' the portals of a heaven pure and bright,
Came a breathing of delight!

She had seen young Maurice lately walk forth so proud and stately,
And tenderly and greatly she loved him from that hour;
Unseen she roamed beside him, to guard him and to guide him,
But now she must divide him from her human rival's power.
Ah! Alice — gentle Alice! the storm begins to lower
That may crush Glengariff's flower.

The moon, that late was gleaming, as calm as childhood's dreaming,
Is hid, and, wildly screaming, the stormy winds arise;

And the clouds flee quick and faster before their sullen master,
And the shadows of disaster are falling from the skies —
Strange sights and sounds are rising — but, Maurice, be thou wise,
Nor heed the tempting cries.

If ever mortal needed that counsel, surely he did;
But the wile has now succeeded — he wanders from his path;
The cloud its lightning sendeth, and its bolt the stout oak rendeth,
And the firm arbutus bendeth in the whirlwind, as a lath!
Now and then the moon looks out, but, alas! its pale face hath
A dreadful look of wrath.

In vain his strength he squanders — at each step he wider wanders —
Now he pauses — now he ponders where his present path may lead;
And, as he round is gazing, he sees — a sight amazing! —
Beneath him, calmly grazing, a noble jet-black steed.
"Now, Heaven be praised!" cried Maurice, "this is fortunate indeed —
From this labyrinth I'm freed!"

Upon its back he leapeth, but a shudder through him creepeth,
As the mighty monster sweepeth like a torrent through the dell;
His mane, so softly flowing, is now a meteor blowing,
And his burning eyes are glowing with the light of an inward hell;
And the red breath of his nostrils, like steam where the lightning fell,
And his hoofs have a thunder knell!

What words have we for painting the momentary fainting
That the rider's heart is tainting, as decay doth taint a corse?
But who will stoop to chiding, in a fancied courage priding,
When we know that he is riding the fearful Phooka Horse? *
Ah! his heart beats quick and faster than the smitings of remorse
As he sweepeth through the wild grass and gorse.

* The Phooka is described as belonging to the malignant class of fairy beings, and he is as wild and capricious in his character as he is changeable in his form. At one time an eagle or an *ignis fatuus*, at another a horse or a bull, while occasionally he figures as two single animals "rolled into one," exhibiting a compound of the calf and goat. When he assumes the form of a horse, his great object, according to a recent writer, seems to be "to obtain a rider, and then he is in his most malignant glory. Headlong he dashes through brier and brake, through flood and fell, over mountain, valley, moor, or river, indiscriminately; up or down precipice is alike to him, provided he gratifies the malevolence that seems to inspire him. He bounds and flies over and beyond them, gratified by the distress, and utterly reckless and ruthless of the cries and danger and suffering of the luckless wight who bestrides him. As the '*tinna geolane*' or 'Will-o'-the-wisp,' he lures but to betray. Like the Hanoverian 'Tuckbold,' he deludes the night wanderer into a bog, and leads him to his destruction in a quagmire or pit. Macpherson's Spirit of Loda is evidently founded on the tradition of the phooka: and in the Finnian Tales he is repeatedly mentioned as the 'Puka (*gruagach*, or hairy spirit) of the blue valley.'" — *Croker's Fairy Legends, Hall's Ireland.*

As the avalanche comes crashing, 'mid the scattered streamlets splashing,
Thus backward wildly dashing, flew the horse through Céim-an-eich;
Through that glen so wild and narrow, back he darted like an arrow —
Round, round by Gougane Barra, and the fountains of the Lee;
O'er the Giant's Grave he leapeth, and he seems to own in fee
The mountains, and the rivers, and the sea!

From his flashing hoofs who shall lock the eagle homes of Malloc *
When he bounds, as bounds the Mialloch † in its wild and murmuring tide?
But as winter leadeth Flora, or the night leads on Aurora,
Or as shines green Glashenglora ‡ along the black hill's side —
Thus, beside that demon monster, white and gentle as a bride,
A tender fawn is seen to glide.

It is the fawn that fled him, and that late to Alice led him —
But now it does not dread him, as it feigned to do before,
When down the mountain gliding, in that shelter'd meadow hiding,
It left his heart abiding by wild Glengariff's shore;
For it was a gentle Fairy who the fawn's light form wore,
And who watched sweet Alice o'er.

But the steed is backward prancing where late it was advancing,
And his flashing eyes are glancing, like the sun upon Loch Foyle;
The hardest granite crushing, through the thickest brambles brushing,
Now like a shadow rushing up the sides of Slieve-na-goil! §
And the fawn beside him gliding o'er the rough and broken soil,
Without fear and without toil.

Through woods, the sweet birds' leaf home, he rusheth to the sea foam —
Long, long the fairies' chief home, when the summer nights are cool,
And the blue sea, like a Siren, with its waves the steed environ,
Which hiss like furnace iron when plunged within a pool,
Then along among the islands where the water nymphs bear rule,
Through the bay to Adragool.

Now he rises o'er Bearhaven, where he hangeth like a raven —
Ah! Maurice, though no craven, how terrible for thee!
To see the misty shading of the mighty mountains fading,

* "Wildly from Malloc the eagles are screaming." — *Callanan's Gougane Barra.*
† Mialloch, "the murmuring river" at Glengariff. — *Smith's Cork.*
‡ Glashenglora, a mountain torrent which finds its way into the Atlantic ocean through Glengariff, in the west of the county of Cork. The name, literally translated, signifies "the noisy green water."
§ The most remarkable and beautiful mountain at Glengariff is the noble conical one whose ancient name is *Sliabh-na-goil* ("the mountain of the wild people.")

And thy winged fire-steed wading thro' the clouds as thro' a sea!
Now he feels the earth beneath him — he is loosen'd — he is free,
And asleep in Céim-an-eich.

Away the wild steed leapeth, while his rider calmly sleepeth
Beneath a rock which keepeth the entrance to the glen,
Which standeth like a castle, where are dwelling lord and vassal,
Where within are wine and wassail, and without are warrior men —
But save the sleeping Maurice, this castle cliff had then
No mortal denizen! *

Now Maurice is awaking, for the solid earth is shaking,
And a sunny light is breaking through the slowly opening stone —
And a fair page at the portal crieth, "Welcome, welcome! mortal,
Leave thy world (at best a short ill), for the pleasant world we own —
There are joys by thee untasted, there are glories yet unknown —
Come, kneel at Una's throne."

With a sullen sound of thunder, the great rock falls asunder,
He looks around in wonder, and with ravishment awhile —
For the air his sense is chaining, with as exquisite a paining,
As when summer clouds are raining o'er a flowery Indian isle —
And the faces that surround him, O! how exquisite their smile,
So free of mortal care and guile.

These forms, O! they are finer — these faces are diviner
Than, Phidias, even thine are, with all thy magic art;
For beyond an artist's guessing, and beyond a bard's expressing,
Is the face that truth is dressing with the feelings of the heart;
Two worlds are there together — Earth and Heaven have each a part —
And such, divinest Una, thou art!

And then the dazzling lustre of the hall in which they muster —
Where brightest diamonds cluster on the flashing walls around;
And the flying and advancing, and the sighing and the glancing,
And the music and the dancing on the flower-inwoven ground,
And the laughing and the feasting, and the quaffing and the sound,
In which their voices all are drowned.

But the murmur now is hushing — there's a pushing and a rushing,
There's a crowding and a crushing, through that golden, fairy place,
Where a snowy veil is lifting, like the slow and silent shifting
Of a shining vapor drifting across the moon's pale face,
For there sits gentle Una, fairest queen of fairy race,
In her beauty, and her majesty, and grace.

* There is a great square rock, literally resembling the description in the text, which stands near the Glengariff entrance to the pass of Céim-an-eich.

The moon by stars attended, on her pearly throne ascended,
Is not more purely splendid than this fairy-girted queen;
And when her lips had spoken, 'mid the charmed silence broken,
You'd think you had awoken in some bright Elysian scene;
For her voice than the lark's was sweeter, that sings in joy between
The heavens and the meadows green.

But her cheeks — ah! what are roses? What are clouds where eve reposes?
What are hues that dawn discloses? to the blushes spreading there;
And what the sparkling motion of a star within the ocean,
To the crystal soft emotion that her lustrous dark eyes wear?
And the tresses of a moonless and a starless night are fair
To the blackness of her raven hair.

"Ah! Mortal, hearts have panted for what to thee is granted —
To see the halls enchanted of the spirit world revealed;
And yet no glimpse assuages the feverish doubt that rages
In the hearts of bards and sages wherewith they may be healed;
For this have pilgrims wandered — for this have votaries kneeled —
For this, too, has blood bedewed the field.

"And now that thou beholdest, what the wisest and the oldest,
What the bravest and the boldest, have never yet descried —
Wilt thou come and share our being, be a part of what thou'rt seeing,
And flee, as we are fleeing, through the boundless ether wide?
Or along the silver ocean, or down deep where pearls hide?
And I, who am a queen, will be thy bride.

"As an essence thou wilt enter the world's mysterious centre" —
And then the fairy bent her, imploring to the youth —
"Thou'lt be free of death's cold ghastness, and, with a comet's fastness,
Thou canst wander through the vastness to the Paradise of Truth,
Each day a new joy bringing, which will never leave, in sooth,
The slightest stain of weariness and ruth."

As he listened to the speaker, his heart grew weak and weaker —
Ah! Memory, go seek her, that maiden by the wave,
Who with terror and amazement is looking from her casement,
Where the billows at the basement of her nestled cottage rave
At the moon, which struggles onward through the tempest, like the brave,
And which sinks within the clouds as in a grave.

All maidens will abhor us — and it's very painful for us
To tell how faithless Maurice forgot his plighted vow;
He thinks not of the breaking of the heart he late was seeking —

He but listens to her speaking, and but gazes on her brow —
And his heart has all consented, and his lips are ready now
With the awful, and irrevocable vow.

While the word is there abiding, lo! the crowd is now dividing,
And, with sweet and gentle gliding, in before him came a fawn;
It was the same that fled him, and that seemed so much to dread him,
When it down in triumph led him to Glengariff's grassy lawn,
When, from rock to rock descending, to sweet Alice he was drawn,
As through Céim-an-eich he hunted from the dawn.

The magic chain is broken — no fairy vow is spoken —
From his trance he hath awoken, and once again is free;
And gone is Una's palace, and vain the wild steed's malice,
And again to gentle Alice down he wends through Céim-an-eich:
The moon is calmly shining over mountain, stream, and tree,
And the yellow sea-plants glisten through the sea.

* * * * *

The sun his gold is flinging, the happy birds are singing,
And bells are gayly ringing along Glengariff's sea;
And crowds in many a galley to the happy marriage rally
Of the maiden of the valley and the youth of Céim-an-eich;
Old eyes with joy are weeping, as all ask on bended knee,
A blessing, gentle Alice, upon thee!

PUCK THE FAIRY.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

Would'st know what tricks, by the pale moonlight,
Are played by me, the merry little Sprite,
Who wing through air from the camp to the court,
From king to clown, and of all make sport;
Singing, I am the Sprite
Of the merry midnight,
Who laugh at weak mortals, and love the moonlight?

To a miser's bed, where he snoring slept
And dreamt of his cash, I slyly crept;
Chink, chink o'er his pillow like money I rang,
And he waked to catch — but away I sprang,
Singing, I am the Sprite, &c.

I saw through the leaves, in a damsel's bower,
She was waiting her love at that starlight hour;

"Hist — hist!" quoth I, with an amorous sigh,
And she flew to the door, but away flew I,
Singing, I am the Sprite, &c.

While a bard sat inditing an ode to his love,
Like a pair of blue meteors I stared from above,
And he swoon'd — for he thought 'twas the ghost, poor man!
Of his lady's eyes, while away I ran,
Singing, I am the Sprite
Of the merry midnight,
Who laugh at weak mortals, and love the moonlight.

EARL DESMOND AND THE BANSHEE.

Now cheer thee on, my gallant steed,
There's a weary way before us —
Across the mountain swiftly speed,
For the storm is gathering o'er us.
Away, away, the horseman rides;
His bounding steed's dark form
Seem'd o'er the soft black moss to glide —
A spirit of the storm!

Now, rolling in the troubled sky,
The thunder's loudly crashing;
And through the dark clouds, driving by,
The moon's pale light is flashing.
In sheets of foam the mountain flood
Comes roaring down the glen;
On the steep bank one moment stood
The horse and rider then.

One desperate bound the courser gave,
And plunged into the stream;
And snorting, stemmed the boiling wave,
By the lightning's quivering gleam.
The flood is past — the bank is gained —
Away with headlong speed:
A fleeter horse than Desmond rein'd
Ne'er served at lover's need.

His scattered train, in eager haste,
Far, far behind him ride;
Alone he's crossed the mountain waste,
To meet his promised bride.

The clouds across the moon's dim form
 Are fast and faster sailing,
And sounds are heard on the sweeping storm,
 Of wild unearthly wailing.

At first low moanings seem'd to die
 Away, and faintly languish;
Then swell into the piercing cry
 Of deep, heart-bursting anguish.
Beneath an oak, whose branches bare
 Were crashing in the storm,
With wringing hands and streaming hair,
 There sat a female form.

To pass that oak in vain he tried;
 His steed refused to stir,
Though furious 'gainst his panting side
 Was struck the bloody spur.
The moon, by driving clouds o'ercast,
 Withheld its fitful gleam;
And louder than the tempest blast
 Was heard the Banshee's scream.

And when the moon unveiled once more,
 And showed her paly light,
Then nought was seen save the branches hoar
 Of the oak-tree's blasted might.
That shrieking form had vanished
 From out that lonely place;
And, like a dreamy vision, fled,
 Nor left one single trace.

Earl Desmond gazed — his bosom swell'd
 With grief and sad foreboding;
Then on his fiery way he held,
 His courser madly goading.
For well that wailing voice he knew,
 And onward hurrying fast,
O'er hills and dales impetuous flew,
 And reached his home at last.

Beneath his wearied courser's hoof
 The trembling drawbridge clangs,
And Desmond sees his own good roof,
 But darkness o'er it hangs;
He pass'd beneath the gloomy gate,
 No guiding tapers burn;
No vassals in the court-yard wait,
 To welcome his return.

The hearth is cold in the lonely hall,
No banquet decks the board;
No page stands ready at the call,
To 'tend his wearied lord.
But all within is dark and drear,
No sights or sounds of gladness —
Nought broke the stillness on the ear,
Save a sudden burst of sadness.

Then slowly swell'd the keener's strain
With loud lament and weeping,
For round a corse a mournful train
The sad death-watch were keeping.
Aghast he stood, bereft of power,
Hope's fairy visions fled;
His fears confirmed — his beauteous flower —
His fair-hair'd bride — was dead!

THE ENCHANTED ISLAND.

[The tradition in this beautiful little ballad is almost the same as that on which "Hy-Brasail," and other poems in this collection are founded, except in point of locality; the scene of the latter ballads being placed in the Atlantic, to the west of the Isles of Arran, while "the Enchanted Island" is supposed to be in the neighborhood of Rathlin Island, off the north coast of the county Antrim. The name of the island, which has been spelt a different way by almost every writer on the subject, is supposed to be derived from *Ragh-Erin*, or "the Fort of Erin," as its situation, commanding the Irish coast, might make it, not unaptly, be styled "the fortress of Ireland." — See *Leonard's Topographia Hibernica.*]

To Rathlin's Isle I chanced to sail,
When summer breezes softly blew,
And there I heard so sweet a tale,
That oft I wished it could be true.
They said, at eve, when rude winds sleep,
And hushed is every turbid swell,
A mermaid rises from the deep,
And sweetly tunes her magic shell.

And while she plays, rock, dell, and cave,
In dying falls the sound retain,
As if some choral spirits gave
Their aid to swell her witching strain.
Then summoned by that dulcet note,
Uprising to th' admiring view,
A fairy island seems to float
With tints of many a gorgeous hue.

And glittering fanes, and lofty towers,
All on this fairy isle are seen;
And waving trees, and shady bowers,
With more than mortal verdure green.
And as it moves, the western sky
Glows with a thousand varying rays;
And the calm sea, tinged with each dye,
Seems like a golden flood of blaze.

They also say, if earth or stone,
From verdant Erin's hallowed land,
Were on this magic island thrown,
For ever fixed, it then would stand.
But, when for this, some little boat
In silence ventures from the shore —
The mermaid sinks — hushed is the note,
The fairy isle is seen no more!

A FAIRY LEGEND OF KNOCK-MA.

Blithe as young hearts will ever be, when Earth is robed in summer pride,
A band of peasant maidens sport along Knock-Ma's grass-covered side;
The birds that carol gayly round are not so free from pain or care —
The lambs that frisk across the lea sport not with a more joyous air;
Sweet strains in which their swelling souls find voice for every raptured sense,
And laughter such as only peals from youth and health and innocence,
Ring down the slope, like distant chimes, or like the gushing music pour'd
From pebbly-bedded rivulets for ever gliding Ocean-ward.

Tall, stately forms that well might grace the proudest Orient Sultan's throne;
Dark eyes, whose flashing glances like stars from the midnight azure shone;
Long tressèd girls, with voices like the breathings of a golden string —
The bloom of dawning womanhood — the lighter glow of maiden Spring —
All — all are there. Some dance around with steps that leave behind no trace:
Some musingly recline, or sit in attitudes of winning grace,
Entwining fragrant diadems, of every wild flower's brightest tints;
And well are Nature's children decked in Nature's simplest ornaments.

The evening's hues are gorgeous all, yet some the mind more grandly strike;
All song is sweet, but all can claim the spirit's homage not alike;
So, 'mid these buds of loveliness, is one well meet to be their Queen;
Hers is the chastened grace of form, the faultless bloom and sunny mien,
That glad the eye and type a heart within as pure as they are fair;
Hers is the fleetest foot, and hers the lightest lay and laughter there;
Yet this spontaneous flow of mirth, the sparkling levity of youth,
Was but a surface gleam that rose from golden mines of Love and Truth.

Amid their joyous merriment, a Cloud sails slowly o'er the Sun!
They start up as the shadow falls; they look; it loometh dreadly dun;
And though not e'en the slightest leaf is by the slumbering breezes stirred,
Advancing bodefully afar a Pyramid of Gloom appeared!
Hushed is each tone so lately loud; each knee is bent; each brow is crossed; —
All know that whirlwind mass enfolds Fionn-Varra and his Fairy-host!
Its coming is awaited now in agonizing breathlessness: —
O! Mary, Mother! shield them — save — in this dread moment of distress.

The Doom-cloud passes o'er at length; slowly its fatal shade departs;
The sun outshines; the maids arise, with trembling frames and beating hearts;
A thankful prayer unconsciously from every pallid lip bursts forth —
Why voiceless — stirless — thus is *She*, so lately full of song and mirth?
Round wildly her companions throng; they call upon her, but in vain;
They look upon the brow — it wears no trace of agony or pain;
But all is calm as if the maid had sunk in slumber's soft embrace,
And they might deem she slept, but for that awful fixedness of face!

Bitterly their tears now fall; for sister-like was she beloved.
Alas! that only thus can be the truth of their affection proved!
With many a pause for sorrowing, they slowly pass down to the plain —
Meet bearers of the beauteous Dead — a young and lovely funeral train!
Soon to their village homes beneath are borne the sounds of their lament;
The terror-stricken hearers feel a dolorous presentiment

That some disaster has occurred; and hurrying forth with wordless awe,
The dark fulfilment of their saddest fear advancing home they saw!

Those raven locks, that gentle face, it is not hard to recognize —
Now nearer still — her well-loved name from mouth to mouth, low whispered, flies;
One fearful word the tragic tale of her untimely fate has told —
A tale to blanch the manliest lips, and freeze the very heart's blood cold!
Yet less of sorrow for the maid so early blighted is expressed,
Than for the mother whose last hope and only joy in her were placed.
O! who will break to her the woful tidings of her darling's doom,
And fling o'er all her light of life an everlasting cloud of gloom?

Home-borne at length, the tale is told; those who have wept an only child
May picture — but how faintly still — what pangs that mother's bosom filled.
One short, sharp cry burst from her lips, as if the seat of life were stung;
Unto the breathless corpse she leaped, and there in sorrow's silence clung.
Ah! think ye words can take the gall from anguish so unspeakable?
Preach calmness to the Winter blast, and make the torrent's flow be still —
Command the starry host to cease their mighty motions round the Pole —
But seek not grief's convulsions in a broken spirit to control!

Too long remains that death-like trance of tearless, wordless agony —
Too soon, alas! she must awake to keener sense of misery!
But — Heavens! — the film drawn o'er her eyes — the stillness of each lineament —
The firm-set lips, the rigid limbs — the cold, damp forehead's ashy tint —
O, darkest woe! her mother-heart was stricken to its inmost core —
She could but die — and earthly grief shall reach her bosom never more!
And O! but it was sad to see the young flower blighted in its prime,
Beside the fallen parent-stem, rugged with care, and thought, and time!

That night was many an effort made, by mystic rite and holy prayer —
By aught possessed of power to awe the spirit-dwellers of the air;

But vainly culled were mystic herbs, and vainly wrought each spell and charm —
Nor fervent prayers, nor heart-wrung tears, reanimate the soulless form!
One shroud and coffin served for both — it were unmeet to separate
Those who in life had loved so well, and borne in death the same sad fate!
In Glanafosha's ruined church they slumber calmly, side by side;
And oft this legend of Knock-Ma the peasants tell at eventide.

MAC-DUACH.

THE BANSHEE.

BY J. L. FORREST.

[The lament of the Banshee is heard only at night. It is a solemn and melancholy strain, generally streaming fitfully from some neighboring cairn or hillock, or from beside a stream. The well known Irish keen very closely resembles it. Its utterance, too, like that of the keen, is accompanied with a clapping of hands, and all the indications of intense sorrow.]

SHELTER'D within a pleasant sunny nook,
A cottage stood. Beside it flowed a brook
That babbled as it went, and some old trees,
Whose green leaves quivered in the summer breeze,
Stood round and near it: roses and jessamine
Through its quaint porch luxuriantly did twine,
And peeped into the open lattices.

It had a quiet and a cheerful look
That spoke of comfort. With a favorite book
I know no place where one might wile away
More pleasantly a sun-bright summer day;
For ever as within its shaded porch I bent,
There breathed an atmosphere of such content
As sank into the heart.

Beside the stream,
Rapt, I've wrought out full many a bright day-dream,
As short-lived as its bubbles, while the hours,
Fraught with the fragrance of the laughing flowers,
Flew lightly by. That happy, happy time!
At dewy eve or morning's lovely prime,
Or 'neath the blaze of noontide's glowing ray,
Pleasant alike the minutes flew away,
And all was happiness!

One summer eve I stray'd
Along the streamlet's side. Two children play'd,

Two rosy children, 'mid the stately ranks
Of rushy weeds that line its mossy banks,
Untiringly; and the long summer day
Seemed all too short for their delightful play.
One was a being beautiful and bright,
Soft as the dawn of summer's morning light;

And delicate as soft; her raven hair
Hung o'er a brow most exquisitely fair,
Its tresses twining round a neck of snow,
Down which they curled in rich and graceful flow.
In each bright sparkle of her gentle eyes
Some laughing Fairy lurked in soft disguise,
And music, as she laughed, in mirthful glee,
Burst forth in tones of touching melody.

Of age maturer was the stalwart boy
Who wandered by her side. To him 'twas joy
To tend that gentle girl: for her he bent
O'er the dark stream that murmured as it went.
To pluck the flowers that fringed its sedgy banks,
His best reward her look of modest thanks!

She was the star on which his gaze was bent,
The pole-star of his hopes. Each lineament
Of that fair face was shadow'd on his heart.
She was, in truth, his better, nobler part—
For they were one: and each in other found
A dearer self. As twines the ivy round
The sturdy oak, so round his soul she threw
Her gentleness, and thus in love they lived and grew.

And years rolled by, and that fair being stood
Bright in the charms of opening womanhood;
So fair withal, so modest none was seen
To match sweet ELLEN on the village green;
Nor in the revel, nor the village dance,
A brighter form, or fairer countenance!

Thus years roll'd by till war's fierce tumult came,
And filled our valley with its ruthless flame.
The drum, the fife, the banners bright and gay,
Led many a youth to join the dread array.
Lured by the pomp, young DESMOND left his home
In search of fame through other lands to roam:
Through other lands, where distant, distant far,
Fierce burn'd the torch of desolating war.

O, what a parting then was theirs! What grief!
An age of sorrow in those moments brief

Their young hearts tasted. Vain it were to paint
Young ELLEN's anguish. Language could but faint
Picture her tearless grief — no complaint
Did her lips breathe. Buoy'd by bright hopes *he* went,
But *she!* — For her thenceforth was no content.
And months waned slowly by.

It was a night
Full of delicious softness. Clear and bright
In the blue vault above the young moon shone,
And earth was cinctured with a starry zone.
The flowers, sweet smiles of earth, beneath her light,
Sparkling with Nature's tear-drops glistened bright,
And ever as the night-breeze sighed around,
Scattered their sweets upon the perfumed ground.

O, 'twas a night might tempt one forth to rove,
And hold communion with an absent love —
A night for tender thinking. She had been
Watching the beauties of that moonlight scene,
Marking the twinklings of each brilliant star,
And thinking that on other lands afar
Those bright orbs shone.

She deemed, too, that *his* gaze
Was turned upon them. Thoughts of bygone days
Came rushing o'er her, days of happiness,
And then the fond girl knelt to pray and bless;
She knelt as was her wont, and kneeling wept,
Till weary with her aching thoughts she slept.
Not long she slumber'd. On her half-closed ear
Broke words of dreadful import, sounds of fear.

Hark! hark! on the wings of the night-wafted gale
Sweeps on, in its death-tones, the BANSHEE's shrill wail!
Hark! hark! to the echoes which sadly prolong
Those dread notes of sorrow, her gloom-bringing song!
From the depths of the grave, from the darkness of hell,
The Phantom comes forth with her death-breathing spell;
For the gleam of her dark eye, the hiss of her breath,
But herald the coming of sorrow and death!

See, see! as beneath the low casement she lingers,
How wildly she points with those skeleton fingers!
How harsh on the ear of the dream-lapp'd young sleeper,
Grate the heart-chilling tones of the wail of the weeper!
What anguish of grief, O, what agony burning,
Breathe forth in that wild tale of sorrow and mourning!
Hark, hark! on the night-wind, so mournfully sighing,
Comes the death-shriek of one in a distant land dying!

THE BANSHEE'S SONG.

"O'er the wild heath I roam,
On the night-wind I come;
And Beauty shall pale
At the voice of my wail!
Hush! hark to my tidings of gloom and of sorrow!
Go, weep tears of blood, for — *Uch! d'eag an chorra!* *

"With the stranger the brave
Hath now found him a grave;
And in beauty and bloom
He hath sunk to the tomb!
O, never for Desmond shall beam forth a morrow;
For in death cold he lieth — *Uch! d'eag an chorra!*

"Woe, woe wild and deep!
Wake, fair one, and weep!
Wail, wail, wail, wildly wail
At the voice of my tale!
Go, go! henceforth life is a burden and sorrow!
For thy heart's pulse is stricken — *Uch! d'eag an chorra!*"

Shrieking, the Phantom fled. I came and found
The maiden lying lifeless on the ground.
Long, long she lay insensible. At length
Some feeble symptoms of returning strength
Were manifest, and she could faintly tell
What on that sad and weary night befell.
'Twas vain to reason with her. She would hear
No reason from me. Still the ready tear
Would follow the sad story, and her cheek
Grow pallid at the thought of that unearthly shriek.

A month elaps'd — and then, alas! we knew
That the dread vision was too sadly true.
She smiled again no more; but from that hour
Wither'd and droop'd like to a blighted flower.
Hourly she wasted: Yet her cheek grew bright
With a deep crimson circle, and a light
Unearthly sparkled in her beaming eyes.
Fondly I hoped — alas! I was unwise
To dream the beauty of that crimson blush,
Was aught but what it was, Consumption's hectic flush.

She died — and O, my grief was deep and wild —
I grieved — for dark-hair'd ELLEN was my child!

* Literally — Alas! the beloved hath died!

In yon lone glen they buried her, and there
Oft do I go alone to breathe a prayer
For her departed spirit. It may be
She hears and blesses me. 'Twere agony
To think it otherwise. When the moon's light,
Her lowly grave doth rest upon, and bright

Its rays gleam over it, then doth it seem
As if her spirit hovered in that beam,
And smiled in peace upon me. Deem ye not
My words unhallow'd. 'Tis a blessed thought
Which fondly I have cherish'd. I have clung
To this bright hope since first my heart was wrung
Under my sad bereavement. Soon, O ! soon,
(And I would crave it as a blessed boon!)
My bones shall rest with hers, my spirit soar
To meet my dark-hair'd child upon a happier shore!

THE FAIRY BOY.*

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

A MOTHER came, when stars were paling,
Wailing round a lonely spring;
Thus she cried while tears were falling,
Calling on the Fairy King:

"Why with spells my child caressing,
Courting him with fairy joy;
Why destroy a mother's blessing,
Wherefore steal my baby boy?

"O'er the mountain, through the wild wood,
Where his childhood loved to play;
Where the flowers are freshly springing,
There I wander, day by day.

"There I wander, growing fonder
Of the child that made my joy;
On the echoes wildly calling,
To restore my fairy boy.

"But in vain my plaintive calling,
Tears are falling all in vain;

* When a beautiful child pines and dies, the Irish peasant believes the healthy infant has been stolen by the fairies, and a sickly elf left in its place.

He now sports with fairy pleasure,
He's the treasure of their train!

"Fare thee well, my child, for ever,
In this world I've lost my joy,
But in the *next* we ne'er shall sever,
There I'll find my angel boy!"

CORMAC AND MARY.

BY T. CROFTON CROKER.

"She is not dead — she has no grave —
She lives beneath Lough Corrib's water; *
And in the murmur of each wave
Methinks I catch the songs I taught her."
Thus many an evening on the shore
Sat Cormac raving wild and lowly;
Still idly muttering o'er and o'er,
"She lives, detained by spells unholy.

"Death claims her not, too fair for earth,
Her spirit lives — alien of heaven;
Nor will it know a second birth
When sinful mortals are forgiven!
Cold is this rock — the wind comes chill,
And mists the gloomy waters cover;
But O! her soul is colder still —
To lose her God — to leave her lover!"

The lake was in profound repose,
Yet one white wave came gently curling,
And as it reach'd the shore, arose
Dim figures — banners gay unfurling.
Onward they move, an airy crowd:
Through each thin form a moonlight ray shone
While spear and helm, in pageant proud,
Appear in liquid undulation.

Bright barbed steeds curvetting tread
Their trackless way with antic capers;
And curtain clouds hang overhead,
Festoon'd by rainbow-color'd vapors.
And when a breath of air would stir
That drapery of Heaven's own wreathing,
Light wings of prismy gossamer
Just moved and sparkled to the breathing.

* In the county of Galway.

Nor wanting was the choral song,
Swelling in silvery chimes of sweetness;
To sound of which this subtle throng
Advanced in playful grace and fleetness.
With music's strain, all came and went
Upon poor Cormac's doubting vision;
Now rising in wild merriment,
Now softly fading in derision.

"Christ, save her soul," he boldly cried;
And when that blessed name was spoken,
Fierce yells and fiendish shrieks replied,
And vanished all, — the spell was broken.
And now on Corrib's lonely shore,
Freed by his word from power of fairy,
To life, to love, restored once more,
Young Cormac welcomes back his Mary.

THE VOYAGE OF EMAN OGE.

BY T. D. M'GEE.

[The legend of Hy-Brasil is one of the best known of our national traditions. It is an island which used once every seventh year to emerge from the depths of the ocean, far to the west of Arran; and like a very Eden in its beauty; and, like Eden, too, shut against the race of man. Many voyages were undertaken by the adventurous and the visionary, in search of this fable-land, with what success is related in O'Flaherty's West Connaught, and other old books, English as well as Irish.]

In the Western Ocean's waters, where the sinking sun is lost,
Rises many a holy *cloiteach* high o'er many an island coast,
Bearing bells rung by the tempest when the spray to heaven is toss'd:

Bearing bells and holy crosses, that to Arran men afar
Twinkle through the dawn and twilight, like th' mist-environ'd star
Hung in heaven for their guidance, as, in sooth, such symbols are.

'Tis a Rosary of Islands in the Ocean's hollow palm —
Sites of faith unchanged by storms, all unchanging in the calm,
There the world-betrayed may hide them, and the weary heart find balm.

Wayward as a hill-stream chafing in a sad fir-forest glen,
Lived the silent student Eman, among Arran's holy men,
Sighing still for far Hy-Brasil — sight of fear to human ken.

Born a chieftain, and predestined by his sponsors for a sage,
Eman Oge * had tracked the sages over many an ancient page,
Drained their old scholastic vials, nor did these his thirst assuage.

* Eman Oge means young Edward.

Thinking thenceforth, and deploring, sat he nightly on the strand,
Ever watching, ever sighing, for the fabled fairy land;
For this earth, he held it hateful, and its sons a soulless band.

'Twas midsummer midnight, silence on the isles and ocean lay,
Fleets of sea-birds rode at anchor, on the waveless moonbright bay,
To the moon, across the waters, stretched a shining silver way.

When — O, *Christa!* — in the offing like a ship upon the sight,
Loomed a land of dazzling verdure, crossed with streams that flashed like light,
Under emerald groves whose lustre glorified the solemn night.

As the hunter dashes onward when the missing prey he spies,
As to a gracious mistress the forgiven lover flies,
So across the sleeping ocean Eman in his currach hies.

Nay, he never noted any of the Holy Island's signs,
Saint Mac Duach's tall Cathedral, or Saint Brecan's ivied shrines,
Or the old Cyclopean dwellings — for a rarer scene he pines.

Now he nears it — now he touches the gold-glittering precious sand —
Lir of Ocean * is no miser when such treasures slip his hand —
But whence come these antique galleys crowding the deserted strand?

Tyrian galleys with white benches, sails of purple, prows of gold,
Triremes such as carried Cæsar to the British coast of old —
Serpents that had borne Vikings southward on adventures bold.

Gondolas with glorious jewels sparkling on their necks of pride —
Bucentaurs that brought the Doges to their Adriatic bride —
Frisian Hulk and Spanish Pinnace lay reposing side by side.

Carracks, currachs, all the vessels that the ocean yet had borne,
By no envious foemen captured, by no tempests toss'd or torn,
Lay upon that stormless sea-beach all untarnish'd and unworn.

But within them, or beside them, crew or captain, saw he none:
"Have mankind for ever languish'd for the land I now have won?"
So said Eman, as he landed, by his Angel tempted on.

Where it led him — what befell him — what he suffer'd — who shall say?
One long year was pass'd and over — a midsummer's night and day;
Morning found him pallid, pulseless, stretch'd upon the island bay.

* Lir is the Neptune of the Celts, and father of several sea-spirits of inferior order.

Dead he lay — his brow was calcined like a green leaf scorch'd in June,
Hollow was his cheek, and haggard, gone his beaming smile and bloom —
Dead he lay, as if his spirit had already faced its doom.

Who shall wake him? Who shall care him? Wayward Eman, stark and still,
Who will nerve anew his footsteps to ascend life's craggy hill?
Who will ease his anguish'd bosom? Who restore him Thought and Will?

Hark! how softly tolls the matin from the top of yonder tower,
How it moves the stark man! Lo you! hath a sound such magic power?
Lo you! lo you! up he rises, waked and saved! ah, blessed hour!

Now he feels his brow — now gazes on that shore, and sky, and sea —
Now upon himself, and, lo you, now he bends to earth his knee;
God and angels hear him praying on the sea-shore fervently.

THE PRAYER OF EMAN OGE.

God of this Irish Isle,
 Blessed and old,
Wrapt in the morning's smile
 In the sea's fold —
Here, where thy saints have trod,
 Here where they prayed,
Hear me, O, saving God,
 May I be saved!

God of the circling sea
 Far-rolling and deep,
Its caves are unshut to thee —
 Its bounds thou dost keep —
Here, from this strand
 Whence Saints have gone forth,
Father! I own thy hand
 Humbled to earth.

God of this blessed light
 Over me shining,
On the wide way of right
 I go, unrepining.
No more despising
 My lot or my race,
But toiling, uprising,
 To Thee thro' Thy grace.

THE FAIRY CHILD.*

BY DR. ANSTER,

TRANSLATOR OF "FAUST," ETC.

The summer sun was sinking
With a mild light, calm and mellow;
It shone on my little boy's bonny cheeks,
And his loose locks of yellow.

The robin was singing sweetly,
And his song was sad and tender;
And my little boy's eyes, while he heard the song,
Smiled with a sweet soft splendor.

My little boy lay on my bosom
While his soul the song was quaffing,
The joy of his soul had tinged his cheek,
And his heart and his eye were laughing.

I sate alone in my cottage,
The midnight needle plying;
I feared for my child, for the rush's light
In the socket now was dying!

There came a hand to my lonely latch,
Like the wind at midnight moaning;
I knelt to pray, but rose again,
For I heard my little boy groaning.

I crossed my brow and I crossed my breast,
But that night my child departed —
They left a weakling in his stead,
And I am broken-hearted!

O! it cannot be my own sweet boy,
For his eyes are dim and hollow.
My little boy is gone — is gone,
And his mother soon will follow!

The dirge for the dead will be sung for me,
And the mass be chanted meetly,
And I shall sleep with my little boy,
In the moonlight churchyard sweetly.

* The woman, in whose character these lines are written, supposes her child stolen by a fairy. I need not mention how prevalent the superstition was among the peasantry, which attributed instances of sudden death to the agency of these spirits.

THE OLDEN TIME.

My blessing rest upon thee, thou merry olden time,
When the fairies were in fashion, and the world was in its prime;
Every ruin had its goblin, every green rath had its fay,
Till the light of Science chased them from their ancient haunts away.

How rich wert thou in legends, of magic lamps and ring —
Of genii, whom a single word to mortal aid would bring;
Of caves of gold and diamonds, where foot had never been,
Till by the favored one their depths were all unveiled and seen.

Thou wert the time for monarchs — then kings were kings indeed,
With potent fairy sponsors to summon at their need;
Whose wands could change their enemies to marble at their will:
Ah, many a king would need to have those wands of power still!

O cruel race of stepmothers! where have you vanished now?
Where are the henpecked husbands who before you used to bow,
And yield their lovely daughters to glut your jealous ire,
Forgetful, 'mid your blandishments, of ev'n the name of sire?

Sweet beauteous persecuted tribe, princesses young and fair,
With faces like a poet's dreams, and veils of flowing hair,
Beloved by vile enchanters, who turned to stone and wood,
The princes who to rescue you dared steel, and fire, and flood.

Fierce cannibalish giants, who dwelt in forests wild,
And worn and weary wayfarers to darksome dens beguiled;
Brave knights with charmed weapons, who laid the monsters low,
And opening wide the dungeon doors, bid cease the captive's woe.

Where are you all departed? — where lie your treasures hid?
Where are the pearls and emeralds that came when they were bid?
Where are the mines of gold and gems, that but to think of now,
Dazzles our mental eyes with light — Old World, where art thou?

We want those endless riches, we want the magic spells,
That brought the fairies to your aid, from woods, and hills, and wells;
We've no enchanters now-a-day, no cabalistic flames —
The world has lost them all, and keeps but their time-honored names.

O, could I find a magic wand, I'd bring those days again —
I'd call the treasures from the caves of earth and throbbing main;
The land should be a glorious land, as 'twas in ancient time,
When the fairies were in fashion, and the world was in its prime.

TINY.

Legendary Ballads.

FIONN.

BY EDWARD KENEALY.

Lightly through the forest glancing, like an arrow sharp and fleet,
Flies a doe of milk-white beauty, with black eyes and twinkling feet.
O'er the glades that laugh in sunshine, through the dells that sleep in shade,
Darts the doe of milk-white beauty, like a little trembling maid.

Quickly rose the mighty Fionn, and he called his faithful hounds,
Bran and Sgœlan, and they hurried when they heard the well-known sounds.
Through the forest — through the forest, in pursuit the monarch hies,
While the milk-white doe of beauty still before him ever flies.

The morning sun shone sweetly when the wondrous chase began.
The evening sun descended, yet still followed dogs and man,
Through the many woodland windings, o'er the forest's grassy floor,
While the milk-white doe of beauty was before them evermore.

Till they came to old Slieve-Guillin the white doe before them flew;
When they came to old Slieve-Guillin then she vanished from their view;
East and west looked mighty Fionn, north and south the monarch gazed,
Sweet and broken was the baying by his sad hounds wildly raised.

From the deep heart of a valley, by a silver-bosomed lake,
Strains of plaintive sorrow wander, and the forest echoes wake;
Wild and mournful was the music as it struck the monarch's ears,
And the voice to which he listen'd, seem'd a voice of sobs and tears.

By the still and gentle waters where the weeping willows twined,
He beheld a beauteous ladye on the lonely bank reclined;
Her wild blue eyes were swollen with the big tears of despair,
And adown her neck of lilies hung her long dishevell'd hair.

Like the queenly cygnet sailing o'er the water's crystal breast,
Like the rosy light of evening when the sun is in the west,
Like a freezing star of brightness when the heavens are fair to see,
Was the sad and beauteous ladye as she sang beneath the tree.

"O say, thou beauteous ladye," thus outspake the noble chief,
"Whence comes thy great affliction? whence proceeds thy song of grief?
Hast thou wandered in this wild wood — hast thou wandered from thy way?
Or can knightly succor aid thee, O enchanting ladye, say?"

Then outspake the lovely ladye smiling through her tears of woe,
"Gentle chieftain, noble chieftain, since my sorrows thou would'st know,
In the well of yonder lake there lies a jewel rich and rare,
A ring of gold with diamonds set, which once my finger ware.

"A ring of gold more dearly loved than I do love mine eyes,
A ring which more than aught on earth my foolish wishes prize —
Since rose the morning sunlight, I have wept the lake beside,
Gazing like a maid distracted on its waters deep and wide.

"Gentle chieftain, valiant chieftain, wilt thou find my ring for me?
Wilt thou dive beneath the crystal waves and search them curiously?" —
Scarcely spake the beauteous ladye, when the brave and noble king
Plunged beneath the shining waters of the lake to find the ring.

On the sands that beamed like crystal lay the jewel glittering bright,
And it shone as shines a golden star, or gleams the moon at night;
Gladly seized the gem the monarch; and he clutched it in his hand,
Aloft above the sparkling wave, and swam towards the land.

Alas! alas! what languor seizes on the monarch's limbs,
His brawny shoulders shrivel in the moment that he swims,
He crawls into the valley green with footsteps faint and slow,
His eyes are dim and glassy, and his hairs as white as snow.

Far away that lovely ladye hath departed, — far away,
And beside the magic waters sits the monarch old and gray,*

* Miluachra and Aine, the two fair daughters of Guillin Cualgne, of the magic race of the Danaans, once saw and fell in love with Finn, the beauteous son of Comhall. Miluachra was jealous of her sister's charms, and hearing her one day take an oath that she would never marry any man whose hair was gray, she determined, if possible, to make this rash vow a bar to her union with Finn. She assembled her friends of the Tuatha-de-Danaans, and by the power of their enchantments they called forth a magic lake at the side of Slieve Guillin, which had the property of rendering any person gray-headed who should enter its waters. This

Ah, the cursed spell of sorcery! that fate like this should fall
On Eire's noblest warrior, — her chief, the great Fingal.

In the Hall of Spears at Alwin there is festal joy and mirth,
The wine cup sparkles brightly; brightly shines the blazing hearth;
O! where tarries mighty Fionn from the feast of cups and shells?
Why stands his gold chair vacant while the harp's proud music swells?

Sadly rise his noble chieftains — to the wild wood forth they wend,
Where the green and drooping willows with the lake's blue waters blend;
In the valley bent and wither'd still the sorrowing king repines,
Like a famish'd way-worn wanderer his weak limbs he reclines.

"O weak and weary wanderer! — O, hast thou seen to-day
A mighty king with two fleet hounds come coursing by this way?
A milk-white doe of beauty through these glens the monarch chased,
And we follow in his footsteps o'er the lonely wooded waste."

Deeply sighed the stricken monarch as he saw his chieftains bold,
To their wondering ears his story with slow faltering tongue he told;
Long they cursed the vile Enchantress, as their much loved king they bore
On their well-bound golden bucklers to the Witch's cavern door.

For three whole nights they labor'd till they burst the living tomb,
For three whole days they labor'd till they pierced the deadly gloom;
In the middle of the cavern'd rock upon her fiery throne
They found the vile Enchantress sitting balefully alone.

Loudly shrieked the vile Enchantress as the chieftains all rush'd in,
With clanging sword and aspen spear and fiery javelin.
From her throne of magic terror she descended, trembling, pale,
Shivering like a frighted ghost that flies on the northern gale.

Then she moved to mighty Fionn, bearing in her snowy hand
A cup of strange Enchantment which he drank at her command;
The spell pass'd off like darkness, and the monarch stood confess'd,
In the light of all his beauty, — in his former splendor dress'd.

done, she assumed the form of a beautiful doe, and appeared to Finn as above related: then followed the chase, which ended in the destruction of the enchantress's cave. The magical cup which restored Finn to his former shape, endowed him at the same time with additional wisdom and knowledge.

THE PILGRIM HARPER.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

THE night was cold and dreary! — no star was in the sky,
When, travel-tired and weary, the harper raised his cry;
He raised his cry without the gate, his night's repose to win,
And plaintive was the voice that cried, "Ah, won't you let me in?"

The portal soon was opened, for in the land of song,
The minstrel at the outer gate yet never linger'd long;
And inner doors were seldom closed 'gainst wand'rers such as he,
For locks or hearts to open soon, sweet music is the key.

But if gates are oped by melody, so grief can close them fast,
And sorrow o'er that once bright hall its silent spell had cast;
All undisturb'd, the spider there his web might safely spin,
For many a day no festive lay — no harper was let in.

But when this harper entered, and said he came from far,
And bore with him from Palestine the tidings of the war,
And he could tell of all who fell, or glory there did win,
The warder knew his noble dame would let *that* harper in.

They led him to the bower, the lady knelt in prayer;
The harper raised a well-known lay upon the turret stair;
The door was oped with hasty hand, true love its meed did win,
For the lady saw her own true knight, when that harper was let in!

THE GOBBAN SAER.

BY T. D. M'GEE.

[In Petrie's "Round Towers," there is a short account of "the Gobban Saer" — their builder. He is there supposed to have lived in the first Christian age of Ireland — the 6th century, but his birth, life, and death, are involved in great obscurity and many legends. He is, perhaps, after Finn and St. Patrick, the most popular personage in the ancient period of Irish history.]

HE stept a man out on the ways of men,
And no one knew his sept, or rank, or name —
Like a strong stream far issuing from a glen,
From some source unexplor'd, the Master came;
Gossips there were, who, wondrous keen of ken,
Surmis'd that he should be a child of shame!
Others declared him of the Druids — then,
Through Patrick's labors fallen from power and fame.

He lived apart wrapt up in many plans —
 He woo'd not women, tasted not of wine —
He shunn'd the sports and councils of the clans —
 Nor ever knelt at a frequented shrine.
His orisons were old poetic ranns,
 Which the new Ollaves deem'd an evil sign ;
To most he seem'd one of those Pagan Khans,
 Whose mystic vigor knows no cold decline.

He was the builder of the wondrous towers,
 Which tall, and straight, and exquisitely round,
Rise monumental round the isle once ours ;
 Index-like, marking spots of holy ground —
In gloaming glens, in leafy lowland bowers —
 On rivers' banks, these *Cloiteachs* old abound :
Where Art, enraptured, meditates long hours,
 And Science flutters like a bird spell-bound !

Lo ! wheresoe'er these pillar-towers aspire,
 Heroes and holy men repose below —
The bones of some glean'd from the Pagan pyre,
 Others in armor lie, as for a foe :
It was the mighty Master's life-desire,
 To chronicle his great ancestors, so ;
What holier duty, what achievement-higher
 Remains to us, than this he thus doth show ?

Yet he, the builder, died an unknown death :
 His labor done, no man beheld him more —
'Twas thought his body faded like a breath —
 Or like a sea-mist, floated off Life's shore.
Doubt overhangs his fate, and faith, and birth,
 His works alone attest his life, and lore —
They are the only witnesses he hath —
 All else Egyptian darkness covers o'er.

Men call'd him Gobban Saer, and many a tale
 Yet lingers in the by-ways of the land,
Of how he cleft the rock, and down the vale
 Led the bright river, child-like, in his hand :
Of how on giant ships he spread great sail,
 And many marvels else by him first plann'd —
But though these legends fade — in Innisfail
 His name and Towers for centuries shall stand.

THE DEATH OF LEURY.

A LEGEND OF TYRONE.

[Within the precincts of the episcopal demesne of Clogher stands an earthen mound, called Mullagh-rath, bearing considerable resemblance to those of Tara and Emania. Local tradition points to it as once the residence of an Irish monarch, who, as history records, swayed the sceptre of Ireland when St. Patrick began his mission, (see Moore's Ireland, vol. i.,) and whose fate is recorded in the following legend, the memory of which is imperishably preserved in the names of some of the neighboring town-lands. The harbor of Dunleary (Dun-Laoghaire — Anglicé, the fortress of Leary) near Dublin is said to have had its name from that monarch. Clogher (Cloch-oir) — Anglicé, the Golden Stone — took its appellation from a stone covered with plates of gold, from which an idol of the Pagan Irish, called Kerman or Hermand, Kelstack, delivered oracular responses to his worshippers in the days of heathenism, (O'Flaherty's Ogygia, vol. ii.) — The Closach is the ancient name of the district in the centre of which stands the city of Clogher. Tulnafoil signifies "the ground of the torn flesh." — The grave of King Loaghaire is still shown in the ancient burying-ground in the town-land of Killuaheery, which derives its name from it. Its site, however, is now scarcely distinguishable from the surrounding fields.]

In Clogher once King Leury raigned,
Cruelle hee was and sterne;
From Mullah-rath oft went hee forth
To spoyle, to slay, to burne.

And noughte hys spyrritte fierce could tame
Save ye mystique voyce alone
From Kerman Kelstack's bloudie shryne,
Where stoode ye Golden Stone.

One morne hee hadde assembled alle
Hys galloglasses trewe,
To hold a greate and merrie huntynge
Ye wooddes of ye closach throughe.

They alle hadde gathered in ye bawne
To wage ye sylvanne warre,
When, lo! a hoarie aged manne
Stoode ther their sporte to marre.

In sackclothe coarse hee was attyred,
Erin's greate Sayncte was hee,
And from hys gyrdle ther honge doune
Both crosse and rosarie.

Thenne up hee spake to that haughtie kynge,
"Repente for ye sinnes thou'st done;
Worshippe ye trewe Almightie Godde,
And Chryste ye virginne's sonne."

A wrathfulle manne was ye kynge that daie
Whenne hee herde what ye olde manne sayd,
Hys eyes they flashed like ye levin-fyre,
Hys hand on hys swerde hee layde.

"But no," hee cryed, "'twere shame that I
Should shedde ye caytiffe's bloud;"
And hee laughed, and sayde, "We'll have a chase,"
And thryce hee whystled loude.

Thenne round hym thronged hys fierce wolf-dogges,
Bran, Luath, Buscar, Ban;
And louder hee laughed, and cheered them on
That hoarie reverend manne.

But soone ye kynge hys aspect chaunged
Whenne ye Sayncte sayed scornfullie,
"That deth thou hast for mee prepared
Thou surelie now shalt die."

Thenne, wondrous, at ye Sayncte's commande
Ye dogges forgette their lorde,
And baye at hym that nurtured them
And fedde them at hys boarde.

And fiercelie now they rushe on hym,
And grapple at hys throate —
Tho' never hee hadde in battell quayled,
With feare hys herte is smote.

And onward paste ye gazing thronge
Hee franticlie did flie,
And pale and ghastlie was hys cheeke
And frenzied was hys eye.

On, on hee dashed, o'er hille and dale,
Ye baying dogges before;
And now Knockmanye's height is passed,
And now he gaines Cormore.

But still ye sleuth-hounds on hys tracke
Come howling keene behinde,
And still whenne he slacked hys frantique speede,
Their crye rose on ye winde.

On, on hee stretched — hys lyppes were parched,
And hee breathed heavilie,
And on hys haggard forehedde stood
Bigge droppes of agonie.

Stoopinge, hys deer-hyde brouges he loosed,
As hee strayned agaynste ye hille,
Esker-na-brouge they call ye place,
In memorie of it stille.

Now, Leury, now thy strength exerte,
And everie muscle plye,
O couldst thou reach thy huntynge-lodge
Of distant Donogh-an-Igh!

Alas, thou ne'ere shalt reache thy halle,—
In vain ye feaste is spredde,
To-night ye Seanachie shall mourne
Hys chiefe and master dead.

Ye openynge packe gain grounde apace,
And now, o'erspent with toyle,
Ye illstarred kyng they overtake
In bloude-stained Tul-na-foil.

But who shall telle hys frantique mien
And crie of agonie,
When Luath foremoste gripped hys throate
And broughte hym to hys knee?

Deepe in hys quiv'ryng flankes they fixe;
Hys lyfe-bloude now flows faste;
Ye fearfulle chase at length is o'er,—
Hee shrieking breathes hys laste.

In Kill-na-heery now he sleeps—
Hys is a lowlie grave—
May Heaven in mercie from such ende
Eche erryng synner save!

KING CORMAC'S CROWN.

Prince Cormac sheathed his sharpest sword
In the breast of his brother's son;
And his nobles hailed him as Riagh and Lord,
When the treacherous deed was done;
And they bore him in triumph to his palace, near
Where Bann's deep waters wind—
O, Ulster! didst thou see and hear,
Or wert thou deaf and blind?

And Cormac sate at the feast that night,
In Antrim's royal hall,
With his vassal Tiernachs and men of might,
And iron chieftains all;
"And where is the Kingly diadem," he cried,
"Ye have destined for this head?"
When the oaken door swung suddenly wide,
And lo! a sight of dread!

A bier with coffin and sable pall,
And bearers in mournful attire,
Moved slowly up the spacious hall—
While hushed was laugh and lyre!
And the Murderer shook in his royal chair,
While he tried to grasp his spear;
But the curse of crime had stricken him there,
And he look'd a statûe of fear!

And the bearers lifted the coffin lid,
And a corpse, with a gory wound
In its naked breast, stood up amid
The death-pale revellers 'round;
And a crown of blood-cemented clay
In its hands it seem'd to bear,
And it spake—"O, King, enjoy thy sway!
This Diadem shalt thou wear!"

A silence deeper than the grave's
Now thrills the throng with dread;
And the broken murmurs of Banna's waves
Seem voices of the dead!
It was far in the wane of the emerald Spring,
And a bright May morning pour'd
Its rays thro' the hall, but the Irish King
Sate dead at his banquet board!

CATHAL THE HUNTER.

A LEGEND OF LOUGH SWILLY.

The hoarse Autumn wind down the valley went sweeping,
The leaves of the forest hung high on its wing;
The torrents, surcharged, from the mountains came leaping,
To join the fierce raid of the dark Storm-King:
The thunder-clouds burst o'er the breast of Lough Swilly,
The lightning shafts shivered the oaks on its shore;

And the echoes awakened a fitful reveillé,
And died far away in the hills of Rosscore.

Young Eily sat lone in her ivy-crowned bower,
For Cathal, the chief, of the dark flowing hair;
But the pulse of her heart had out-counted the hour
That told of their meeting; no Hunter was there:
The big pearly tears on her dark eyelids glisten,
The throb of her bosom rose loud o'er her breath,
As she bends by the fast-fading embers to listen,
When the tramp of the charger is heard on the heath.

She flies through the night. It roars hoarser and higher,
She hears the deep bay of his dog o'er its swell;
When riderless, foaming, his dark steed sweeps by her—
The chief that bestrode him lies stretched in the dell!
His last gush of life tinged the foam of the fountain,
A spear-shaft still drank at the source of its tide;
And his own, that oft pierced the red deer of the mountain,
Lay shivered, and told that not tamely he died.

A hunter of Eirè, was Cathal O'Connor:
The lord of the valley sought Eily O'More;
He sought her in *guile*, but ere stoop to dishonor,
She wandered a huntress on mountain and shore.
And Cathal, *thus doomed*, was the friend of her childhood;
And the wand, as the sceptre, had passed from his race:
No castle was his, but a cot by the wild wood,
A wolf-dog, a steed, and a spear for the chase.

The stormwraith, still, through the valley went sighing,
The wolf-dog lay crouched on the rocks at his head,
When the dawning disclosed where the Hunter was lying,
And the bride of his bosom, young Eily was dead!
The death-wail was chanted, the mourners arrayed them,
And laid them to rest in a cloister so gray;
But the walls of that shrine and the yew-trees that shade them,
Like the race of the island, bow down to decay.

The footsteps of Time, down that valley went stealing;
The stag gambolled freely, and drank of its rills;
No music arose from that wood-bosomed sheeling;
No voice of the hunter was heard on the hills;
But often, when midnight in dark spells abounded,
The rock where they weltered, re-echoed their moans,
And the peasants' rough hands raised the Cairn around it,*
But their vows of red vengeance outnumbered the stones.

* The manner of raising the cairn, on the site of a murder, is this. Each passer by throws a stone, perhaps more than one, on the fatal spot, and offers up

The third year had toll'd in that valley of mourning,
 Its lord was away at his monarch's behest,
And the bride of his bosom awaits *his* returning,
 Till patience holds war with the fears of her breast:
The deer in the old forest coverts were belling,
 And the wraith as *before* was abroad on the blast;
And the deep midnight bells of the convent were knelling
 For souls then departing, and souls that had passed.

Anon, the gray mountains seemed parted asunder;
 The owl flapped his wings in the storm fiend's face,
And the lightning-flash leaped from the low-riven thunder,
 And convent and castle were rock'd to their base.
All night through the castle, a deathbell kept ringing,
 On its turret the raven foreboded of fate;
And a lull in the tempest the dark omen bringing —
 Two riderless chargers lay gored at the gate.

The torches were lit. On the round haunted Cairn
 The lord lay extended — his spirit had flown;
And *his spear* that lay fixed, the *same night of the year*, in
 The heart of the Hunter drank deep at his own.
Beside him, in death, lay the page of his training;
 Above him a wolf-dog yet dripping with gore,
That glared on the corse with a wild vengeful meaning,
 Yelled down through the night, and was heard of no more.

* * * * *

And yet in that vale, when the fagot is sparkling,
 The tale of the Hunter is told by its light;
And the peasant, abroad, when the shadows are darkling,
 Hears strains of wild song, in that valley, at night.
And when the full moon of the Autumn breaks o'er him,
 A horseman is seen on the hills of Rosscore; *
A lady beside, and a wolf-dog before him:
 'Tis Cathal the Hunter, and Eily O'More.

MYLO.

prayers for the repose of the murdered, and the revealment of the murderer. The prayers are offered, or not, according to the character of the deceased; but to pass without depositing the stone is held an offence against this time-honored custom. How this habit arose, or at what time, is not known. Perhaps it is the offspring of a very natural cause — a desire to hide the traces of human crime, &c. Yet it is one of the agents — and certainly a very good one — in preserving the traditions of a primitive people. The belief that such places are haunted, is but a feature of the time in which it originated.

* It was a popular superstition that the old feudal chiefs, who, while living, were passionately fond of the chase, hunt through their old demesnes after death. That this superstition was also believed in England, appears from Ainsworth's tale of "Windsor Forest."

A LEGEND OF ST. PATRICK.

BY T. D. M'GEE.

SEVEN weary years in bondage the young Saint Patrick pass'd,
Till the sudden hope came to him to break his bonds at last;
On the Antrim hills reposing with the North star overhead,
As the gray dawn was disclosing "I trust in God," he said—
"My sheep will find a shepherd and my Master find a slave,
But my mother has no other hope but me this side the grave."

Then girding close his mantle, and grasping fast his wand,
He sought the open Ocean through the by-ways of the land.
The berries from the hedges on his solitary way,
And the cresses from the waters were his only food by day.
The cold stone was his pillow, and the hard heath was his bed,
Till looking from Benbulben, he saw the sea outspread.

He saw that ancient Ocean, unfathomed and unbound,
That breaks on Erin's beaches with so sorrowful a sound.
There lay a ship at Sligo bound up the Median sea,
"God save you, master mariner, will you give berth to me?
I have no gold to pay thee, but Christ will pay thee yet;"
Loud laughed that foolish mariner, "Nay, nay, *he* might forget!"

"Forget! O, not a favor done to the humblest one,
Of all his human kindred, can 'scape th' Eternal Son!"
In vain the Christian pleaded, the willing sail was spread,
His voice no more was heeded than the seabirds overhead—
And as the vision faded, of that ship against the sky,
On the briny rocks the Captive prayed to God to let him die.

But God, whose ear is open to catch the sparrow's fall,
At the sobbing of his servant frowned along the waters all—
The billows rose in wonder and smote the churlish crew,
And around the ship the thunder like battle-arrows flew;
The screaming sea-fowl's clangor, in Kish-corran's inner caves,
Was hushed before the anger of the tempest-trodden waves.

Like an eagle-hunted gannet, the ship drove back amain,
To where the Christian captive sat in solitude and pain—
"Come in," they cried, "O Christian! we need your company,
For it was sure your angry God that met us out at sea."
Then smiled the gentle heavens, and doffed their sable veil,
Then sunk to rest the breakers and died away the gale.

So sitting by the Pilot the happy captive kept
On his rosary a reck'ning, while the seamen sung or slept.

Before the winds propitious past Achill, south by Ara,
The good ship gliding left behind Hiar-Connaught like an arrow —
From the southern bow of Erin they shoot the shore of Gaul,
And in holy Tours, Saint Patrick findeth freedom, friends, and all.

In holy Tours he findeth home and Altars, friends and all;
There matins hail the morning, sweet bells to vespers call;
There's no lord to make him tremble, no Magician to endure,
Nor need he to dissemble in the pious streets of Tours;
But ever, as he rises with the morning's early light,
And still erewhile he sleepeth, when the North star shines at night;
When he sees the angry Ocean by the tyrant Tempest trod,
He murmurs in devotion — "Fear nothing! Trust to God!"

THE DREAM OF EITHNE.

A TRADITION OF RATH-CROGHAN.

The day is waning eve-ward. Starr'd with gold and costly stone,
Young Eithné, peerless partner of King Niall's heart and throne,
In her gorgeous bridal chamber sitteth musingly alone.

From the banquet-hall where revel his chief nobles, comes the king; —
Much he marvels at the silence of his bride on entering;
Then he smiles the while he gazes, for he deems her slumbering.

But that long and painful shudder; that horror-gaze intent;
Why these changes all unwonted in each pale-hued lineament?
Why the fixèd eyes, outstaring with intensest wonderment?

"Best beloved! Eithné! Eithné! What betokens this strange mood?"
Cries the monarch, with distraction in his tone and attitude.
She looks not — she replies not — but the shudder is renewed!

"My Eithné!" — and he clasps her in a passionate embrace,
Dashing back the unbound tresses that fell clustering round her face —
Well its aspect might affright him, for of Life it wore no trace!

Long and wistful thereon gazed he, with anguish-starting eye;
As the Dead are kissed, he kissed her, in a burst of agony.
Hush! the bloodless lips are parted; — is not that a smothered sigh?

Sudden Life hath lit the features; they are manifestly stirred;
Like the echo of an echo — rather felt to be, than heard —
Was the almost soundless sweetness of the single issuing word.

It had often thrilled him, thundered on the well-won battle field;
It had thrilled him, though a whisper, when her Love was first revealed;
But all tame was such emotion to the rapture this doth yield!

"Niall!" — How it circled like a cordial through each vein!
How he bounded as health's crimson on her cheeks appeared again,
Like the flush that heralds sunrise, lighting hill, and sea, and plain!

Softer, purer, lovelier, than the lustrous isles of blue
Which the tempest-clouds, dispersing, give in glimpses to the view,
When her eyelids woke to vision, was the color that beamed through.

"Thanks to thee, O, blessed Briga! Son of Lir! prudent art thou,
For the guarding of this Dear One from the doom I dreaded now!" —
Thus exclaims he, in a transport, bending reverently low.

When, all suddenly up-springing, round his neck her arms she flings;
Muttering sounds that were not language, there she frantically clings,
Speaks *this* Love's too blest emotion, neglecting other things.

"My soul's idol, my own Niall! be not angry now with me,
Nor chide, albeit thou deemest what I shall recount to thee
As the wanderings of a dreamer — as the spirit's phantasy.

"I have had a waking vision, most unlike a thing of thought,
In the day-hours so presented, and the more with warning fraught,
That its palpable creations from the fancy borrowed nought.

"I beheld proud hosts collecting — winged *curraghs* on the brine,
From whose prow and tall masts floating, blazoned banners, Dun-like, shine;
In the headmost ship their Chief stood — never face was liker thine!

"On a Southern shore disbarked they — laid it waste with fire and sword;
Vain was rampart, vain resistance, where the armed torrent poured.
In their Leader I could err not — thou it was, my Love, my Lord!

"Onward swept they, flushed with conquest — but the record why prolong? —
Spoils in richness passing fancy, and in number power of tongue,
As the guerdon of their labors, to the conquerors belong.

"War-fed, sated, gorged with plunder, now for home the clansmen yearn,
As the goal of the incursion; on the eve of their return,
Camped beside a rolling river the glad thousands I discern.

"At a distance, pacing slowly, thou thyself dost too appear
Unguarded, unattended; while, unseen, is lurking near
One whom, couldst thou dread aught mortal, it were well to shun
and fear.

"Dark-browed Eochy, Prince of Leinster — as I live, his was the
scowl,
The sullen, sombrous visage, with assassin-meanings foul,
Beholding which, forebodings shot like snake-stings thro' my soul.

"Yet my mental scope was dimm'd not — the more keen grew every
sense; —
Arrow fits he to the bow-string — gives it wing — O! the suspense
And the horror of that instant are but mocked by utterance!

"Well the deadly shaft was levelled — quivering in thy heart it
stood!
I perceived thee reeling — fallen — weltering in thy heart's red
flood!
'Twas too much for human suff'rance — feeling fled the while I
viewed.

"Why awoke I from that torpor? Then but once thy griefs were
drained —
Thou wert spared Hope's dread revulsion: nor was I, alas!
constrained
Thus to tell *thee* — listen, Niall! — that my life draws near an end.

"From the fount-springs of existence flow its currents slowlier;
Mine eyes are shadow-shrouded; feel — my pulse forgets to stir;
Ah! too well I read the symptoms — *seldom do the dying err!*"

That night in Croghan's chambers things not earthly-shaped are
seen!
Dissolution's solemn warner, sad upswells the Banshee's keen!
Morning consummates the omens; dead is Eiré's youthful Queen!

On her breast, when bared for burial, lo! a strangest sign is found
Deeply marked, — the gory semblance of an arrow-given wound,
With the figures she had dreamed of wreathed curiously around!

Truly read her glance the future. As she said, so was the end;
Niall led his warlike legions over many a sea and land,
On the Loire's banks to perish by the traitor Eochy's hand.

MAC-DUACH.

A LEGEND OF ANTRIM.

BY T. D. M'GEE.

(SHOWING HOW RANDALL M'DONALD OF LORN, WON THE LANDS OF ANTRIM AND THEIR LADY.)

THE Lady of Antrim rose with the morn,
And donned her grandest gear;
And her heart beat fast, when a sounding horn
Announced a suitor near;
Hers was a heart so full of pride,
That love had little room,
Good faith, I would not wish me such bride,
For all her beautiful bloom.

One suitor there came from the Scottish shore,
Long, and lithe, and grim;
And a younger one from Dunluce hoar,
And the lady inclined to him.
"But harken ye, nobles both," she said,
As soon as they did dine —
"The hand must prove its chieftainry
That putteth a ring on mine.

"But not in the lists with armed hands,
Must this devoir be done,
Yet he who wins my broad, broad lands
Their lady may count as won.
Ye both were born upon the shore, —
Were bred upon the sea,
Now let me see you ply the oar,
For the land you love — and me!

"The chief that first can reach the strand,
May mount at morn and ride,
And his long day's ride shall bound his land,
And I will be his bride!"
M'Quillan felt hope in every vein,
As the bold, bright lady spoke —
And M'Donald glanced over his rival again,
And bowed with a bargeman's stroke.

'Tis Summer upon the Antrim shore —
The shore of shores it is —
Where the white old rocks deep caves arch o'er,
Unfathomed by man I wis —

Where the basalt breast of our Isle flings back
The Scandinavian surge,
To howl through its native Scaggerack,
Chanting the Viking's dirge.

'Tis Summer — the long white lines of foam
Roll lazily to the beach,
And man and maid from every home
Their eyes o'er the waters stretch.
On Glenarm's lofty battlements
Sitteth the Lady fair,
And the warm west wind blows softly
Through the links of her golden hair.

The boats in the distant offing,
Are marshalled prow to prow;
The boatmen cease their scoffing,
And bend to the rowlocks now;
Like glory-guided steeds they start —
Away o'er the waves they bound;
Each rower can hear the beating heart
Of his brother boatman sound.

Nearer! nearer! on they come —
Row, M'Donald, row!
For Antrim's princely castle home,
Its lands, and its Lady, row!
The chief that first can grasp the strand
May mount at morn and ride,
And his long day's ride shall bound his land,
And she shall be his bride!

He saw his rival gain apace,
He felt the spray in his wake —
He thought of her who watched the race
Most dear for her dowry sake!
Then he drew his skein from out its sheath,
And lopt off his left hand,
And pale and fierce, as a chief in death,
He hurled it to the strand!

"The chief that first can grasp the strand,
May mount at morn and ride;"
O, fleet is the steed which the bloody hand
Through Antrim's glens doth guide!
And legends tell that the proud ladye
Would fain have been unbanned,
For the chieftain who proved his chieftainry
Lorded both wife and land.

AILEEN THE HUNTRESS.

BY EDWARD WALSH.

[The incident related in the following ballad happened about the year 1731. Aileen, or Ellen, was daughter of M'Cartie of Clidane, an estate originally bestowed upon this respectable branch of the family of M'Cartie More, by James, the seventh Earl of Desmond, and which, passing safe through the confiscations of Elizabeth, Cromwell, and William, remained in their possession until the beginning of the present century. Aileen, who is celebrated in the traditions of the people for her love of hunting, was the wife of James O'Connor, of Cluain-Tairbh, grandson of David, the founder of the *Siol-t Da*, a well-known sept at this day in Kerry. This David was grandson to Thomas MacTeige O'Connor, of Ahalahanna, head of the second house of O'Connor Kerry, who, forfeiting in 1666, escapod destruction by taking shelter among his relations, the Nagles of Monanimy.]

Fair Aileen M'Cartie, O'Connor's young bride,
Forsakes her chaste pillow with matronly pride,
And calls forth her maidens (their number was nine)
To the bawn of her mansion, a-milking the kine.
They came at her bidding, in kirtle and gown,
And braided hair, jetty, and golden, and brown,
And form like the palm-tree, and step like the fawn,
And bloom like the wild rose that circled the bawn.

As the Guebre's round tower o'er the fane of Ardfert —
As the white hind of Brandon by young roes begirt —
As the moon in her glory 'mid bright stars outhung —
Stood Aileen M'Cartie her maidens among.
Beneath the rich kerchief, which matrons may wear,
Strayed ringleted tresses of beautiful hair;
They wav'd on her fair neck, as darkly as though
'Twere the raven's wing shining o'er Mangerton's snow!

A circlet of pearls o'er her white bosom lay,
Erst worn by thy proud Queen, O'Connor the gay,*
And now to the beautiful Aileen come down,
The rarest that ever shed light in the Launе.†
The many-fringed *falluinn* ‡ that floated behind,
Gave its hues to the sun-light, its folds to the wind —
The brooch that refrain'd it, some forefather bold
Had torn from a sea-king in battle-field old!

Around her went bounding two wolf-dogs of speed,
So tall in their stature, so pure in their breed;

* O'Connor, surnamed "*Sugach*," or the Gay, was a celebrated chief of this race, who flourished in the fifteenth century.

† The river Launе flows from the Lakes of Killarney, and the celebrated Kerry Pearls are found in its waters.

‡ *Falluinn*, — the Irish mantle.

While the maidens awake to the new-milk's soft fall,
A song of O'Connor in Carraig's proud hall.
As the milk came outpouring, and the song came outsung,
O'er the wall 'mid the maidens a red-deer outsprung —
Then cheer'd the fair lady — then rush'd the mad hound —
And away with the wild stag in air-lifted bound!

The gem-fastened *falluinn* is dash'd on the bawn —
One spring o'er the tall fence — and Aileen is gone!
But morning's rous'd echoes to the deep dells proclaim
The course of that wild stag, the dogs, and the dame!
By Cluain Tairbh's green border, o'er moorland and height,
The red-deer shapes downward the rush of his flight —
In sun-light his antlers all-gloriously flash,
And onward the wolf-dogs and fair huntress dash!

By Sliabh-Mis now winding, (rare hunting I ween!)
He gains the dark valley of Scota the queen *
Who found in its bosom a cairn-lifted grave,
When Sliabh-Mis first flow'd with the blood of the brave!
By Coill-Cuaigh's † green shelter, the hollow rocks ring —
Coill-Cuaigh, of the cuckoo's first song in the spring,
Coill-Cuaigh of the tall oak and gale-scenting spray —
Gon's curse on the tyrants that wrought thy decay!

Now Maing's lovely border is gloriously won,
Now the towers of the island ‡ gleam bright in the sun,
And now Ceall-an Amanach's § portals are pass'd,
Where headless the Desmond found refuge at last!
By Ard-na greach ‖ mountain, and Avonmore's head,
To the Earl's proud pavilion the panting deer fled —
Where Desmond's tall clansmen spread banners of pride,
And rush'd to the battle, and gloriously died!

* The first battle fought between the Milesians and the Tuatha de Danans for the empire of Ireland was at Sliabh-Mis, in Kerry, in which Scota, an Egyptian princess, and the relict of Milesius, was slain. A valley on the north side of Sliabh-Mis, called Glean Scoithin, or the vale of Scota, is said to be the place of her interment. The ancient chronicles assert that this battle was fought 1300 years before the Christian era.

† *Coill-Cuaigh*, — the Wood of the Cuckoo, so called from being the favorite haunt of the bird of summer, is now a bleak desolate moor. The axe of the stranger laid its honors low.

‡ "Castle Island" or the "island of Kerry," — the stronghold of the Fitzgeralds.

§ It was in this churchyard that the headless remains of the unfortunate Gerald, the 16th Earl of Desmond, were privately interred. The head was carefully pickled, and sent over to the English queen, who had it fixed on London-bridge. This mighty chieftain possessed more than 570,000 acres of land, and had a train of 500 gentlemen of his own name and race. At the source of the Blackwater, where he sought refuge from his inexorable foes, is a mountain called "Reidhlan-Tigh-an-Earla," or "The Plain of the Earl's House." He was slain near Castle Island on 11th November, 1583.

‖ *Ard-na greach*, — the height of the spoils or armies.

The huntress is coming, slow, breathless, and pale,
Her raven locks streaming all wild in the gale;
She stops — and the breezes bring balm to her brow —
But wolf-dog and wild deer, O! where are they now?
On Réidhlán-Tigh-an-Eárla, by Avonmore's well,
His bounding heart broken, the hunted deer fell,
And o'er him the brave hounds all gallantly died,
In death still victorious — their fangs in his side.

'Tis evening — the breezes beat cold on her breast,
And Aileen must seek her far home in the west;
Yet weeping, she lingers where the mist-wreaths are chill,
O'er the red-deer and tall dogs that lie on the hill!
Whose harp at the banquet told distant and wide,
This feat of fair Aileen, O'Connor's young bride?
O'Daly's — whose guerdon tradition hath told,
Was a purple-crown'd wine-cup of beautiful gold!

SHANE DYMAS' DAUGHTER.

It was the eve of holy St. Bride,
The Abbey bells were ringing,
And the meek-eyed nuns at eventide
The vesper hymns were singing.
Alone, by the well of good St. Bride,
A novice fair was kneeling;
And there seem'd not o'er her soul to glide
One shade of earthly feeling.

For ne'er did that clear and sainted well
Reflect from its crystal water
A form more fair than the shadow that fell
From O'Niall's lovely daughter.
Her eye was bright as the blue concave,
And beaming with devotion;
Her bosom fair as the foam on the wave
Of Erin's rolling ocean.

Yet O! forgive her that starting tear:
From home and kindred riven,
Fair Kathleen, many a long, long year,
Must be the Bride of Heaven.
Her beads were told, and the moonlight shone
Sweetly on Callan Water,
When her path was cross'd by a holy nun; —
"Benedicite, fair daughter!"

Fair Kathleen started — well did she know —
O what will not love discover!
Her country's scourge, and her father's foe, —
'Twas the voice of her Saxon lover.
"Raymond!" — "O hush, my Kathleen dear,
My path's beset with danger;
But cast not, love, those looks of fear
Upon thy dark-hair'd stranger.

"My red roan steed's in yon Culdee grove,
My bark is out at sea, love!
My boat is moored in the ocean cove;
Then haste away with me, love!
My father has sworn my hand shall be
To Sydney's daughter given;
And thine, to-morrow, will offer thee
A sacrifice to heaven.

"But away, my love, away with me!
The breeze to the west is blowing;
And thither, across the dark-blue sea,
Are England's bravest going.*
To a land where the breeze from the orange bowers
Comes over the exile's sorrow,
Like the light-wing'd dreams of his early hours
Or his hope of a happier morrow.

"And there, in some valley's loneliness,
By wood and mountain shaded,
We'll live in the light of wedded bliss,
Till the lamp of life be faded.
Then thither with me, my Kathleen, fly!
The storms of life we'll weather,
Till in bliss beneath the western sky,
We live, love, die together!" —

"Die, Saxon, now!" — At that fiend-like yell
An hundred swords are gleaming:
Down the bubbling stream, from the tainted well,
His heart's best blood is streaming.
In vain does he doff the hood so white,
And vain his falchion flashing;
Five murderous brands through his corselet bright
Within his heart are clashing!

His last groan echoing through the grove,
His life blood on the water,

* Alluding to the settlement of Virginia, by Sir Walter Raleigh.

He dies, — thy first and thy only love,
O'Niall's hapless daughter!
Vain, vain, was the shield of that breast of snow!
In vain that eye beseech'd them;
Through his Kathleen's heart, the murderous blow,
Too deadly aimed, has reach'd him.

The spirit fled with the red, red blood
Fast gushing from her bosom;
The blast of death has blighted the bud
Of Erin's loveliest blossom!
'Tis morn; — in the deepest doubt and dread
The gloomy hours are rolling;
No sound save the requiem for the dead,
Or knell of the death-bell tolling.

'Tis dead of night — not a sound is heard,
Save from the night-wind sighing;
Or the mournful moan of the midnight bird,
To yon pale planet crying.
Who names the name of his murder'd child?
What spears to the moon are glancing?
'Tis the vengeful cry of Shane Dymas wild,*
His bonnacht-men advancing.

Saw ye that cloud o'er the moonlight cast,
Fire from its blackness breaking?
Heard ye that cry on the midnight blast,
The voice of terror shrieking?
'Tis the fire from Ardsaillach's † willow'd height,
Tower and temple falling;
'Tis the groan of death, and the cry of fright,
From monks for mercy calling!

AILEEN O'MOORE.

BY J. FRAZER.

Our weapons were broken, and silent our lyres —
O'Moore was a serf on the land of his sires!
Yet over his heart, the vain hope to recover
His right, held a sway — like the spell on a lover —
(And could he but cope with the conqueror still,
O! curse on the slave who could censure the will!)

* For an account of this fierce but high-souled chieftain, see Stuart's Historical Memoirs of the city of Armagh.
† "The Height of Willows," the ancient name of Armagh.

But in the bright omens of triumph he drew,
From banding around him the faithful — the few —
Deep certainty merely of merciless slaughter
Was read by his Aileen — his *only* — his daughter!

But if it was strange that he feared not the danger,
For Aileen's proud spirit to shun it, was stranger!
She haughtily swept by the Sassenach maiden,
Whose brow was with jewels the brightliest laden!
She startled our tyrants, while stalking along
Our down-trodden necks, with the bursts of bold song!
She kept the faint spirit of freedom in life!
Yet vowed to *betray*, should *we* hazard the strife!
God bless us! we deemed that the fairies had caught her,
And left the O'Moore an old crone for his daughter.

And often, when only the crickets were keeping
Their watch by the "rakings," * low whispers came creeping
Around her green casement; and, fitfully starting,
O'Moore could distinguish the fairies departing!
Her brow lost its bloom, and her step lost its lightness —
She shrunk to her bower, from the sun in its brightness!
But when the last glories of evening were sinking —
When the stars to each other deep silence were winking —
The maid was away to dim lane or gray water!
He quailed — the O'Moore — for the faith of his daughter.

Else easy it were, on our courage relying,
To rive every chain — our old tyrant lay dying!
And Gerald, the heir, seemed contriving by stealth
To catch from the breezes the blessing of health,
So idly he roamed! — yet a manlier form
Ne'er made of young mortal a match for the storm!
Each sunrise he came to the fountain, but quaffed
Not a drop, till fair Aileen had lifted the draught;
And quaintly would tell the O'Moore — in the water
Was rose-seed, that fell from the cheek of his daughter.

At last he had laid his dark sire in the tomb,
And his cheek from poor Aileen's had caught all the bloom;
His arms, and his gates were expectingly wide —
She must mix with the maidens to welcome his bride!
And something unearthly of spirit and grace
Blazed out from her heart, o'er her form and her face!
"Now — now, while our tyrants are cooped in the hall,
We may banquet our gaunt, haggard skeins upon all;

* The remains of the turf-fire, covered up with the ashes to keep it in till morning.

O! would I could spare the good Gerald from slaughter!"
The O'Moore had forgotten the vow of his daughter.

Far out on the night-air the torches were blazing,
The gentles were dancing — the vassals were gazing —
The mirth and the music — the loving and laughing —
The wine and the welcome — the coaxing and quaffing
Were treading on midnight; when, sweeping and crushing,
A band of rough serfs on the revel came rushing!
Why halts the O'Moore? Comes enchantment to sever,
And dash from his grasp the vain weapon for ever?
Thanks — thanks to the maid, and the fairies that taught her —
O'Moore's in his hall, and the bride is his daughter!

FINEEN DHUV.

See you those crumbling castle walls on Innis Sherkin's Isle?
A chieftain once held princely state within that ruined pile,
And there was heard the bard's wild harp thrill through the lofty hall —
There armor gleamed in the torches' light, as it hung upon the wall;
And quickly flowed upon the board the mantling blood-red wines
In silver cups and chalices, the spoil of plundered shrines.
Yet in that pirate's fortress was one who might have been
Of many a prouder castle the meet and stately queen.
Though gentle in her bearing, yet of all the rude crew there
Not one would dare uncourteously to treat that lady fair.

She was the gloomy chieftain's bride. From Italy's fair land —
From father, mother, kindred, snatched by his adventurous hand.
She could not love her captor: his bearing stern and rude
Was suited ill to win upon one of such gentle mood.
And many a day she sorrow'd for her own romantic home,
With the tamarisk branches weeping o'er the Arno's leaping foam,
And her orange trees, all golden with their heavy glowing fruit,
And the wild acanthus twining round the pine tree's mossy root,
And the sweet south wind that stealeth with perfume-laden sighs,
O'er the brilliant flowers whose chalices outshine the rainbow's dyes.

There is hurrying in the castle walls, for the pirate chief to-night
Sails with his gallant ship to sweep the sea so calm and bright;
His vassals all are polishing the cuirass and the shield,
And some are trying whether the breastplate's links would yield.
And the castle hall is thickly strewn with heaps of armor round,
And the old walls loudly echo with the sword-blade's clashing sound.

The good ship now is ready — the chieftain steps on board,
And seems of all the boundless wave the master and the lord;
And as the vessel joyously the blue waves boundeth o'er,
Proud thoughts inspire the bosom of the Chief of Baltimore.

That night from out the pirate's ship the flames rose fierce and high,
And tinged with reddening blushes the cold gray evening sky;
And all her fair proportions, that her chief had scanned with pride,
Now lay a burning, sinking wreck upon the sleeping tide.
And the warders of the castle saw the redness in the sky,
And they gazed upon their chieftain's fate with dim and tearful eye;
For though his words were stern, yet his old time-honored name
Was loved by them from mem'ries of his father's ancient fame.
Not one of them but wept to see the blue waves closing o'er
That last of those stern sea-kings — the lords of Baltimore.

Three years have passed; the summer's sun is smiling in the bay;
And the castle walls with banners bright are gleaming in the day.
Light boats with minstrels singing sweet are floating o'er the wave;
The chapel bells are ringing peals such as they never gave.
The vassals crowd the castle-yard, and glad shouts rend the skies;
The blue rock-pigeon from his cave in frighten'd circles flies;
And sprightly village maidens, with wreaths of flowers, are seen
To strew the bridal chamber of their young and lovely Queen,
And hollow peals of cannon come booming o'er the tide,
For a youthful minstrel weds to-day the pirate chieftain's bride.

But there gazes One upon that scene with passion at his heart —
One who from the gladsome crowd holds sullenly apart;
With fever'd eye he gazes on that well-remembered scene,
Whose aspect filled his visions when distant he had been.
In a foreign dungeon he had spent three years of weary days,
A dungeon where he never saw the bright sun's blessed rays.
Was it for this, as his vessel sank, the day he left his home —
Was it for *this* his life was snatched from greedy ocean's foam,
To see his bride another's? and shall he only weep?
No! his must be the vengeance that shall never die nor sleep.

Unrecognized, and sternly, he hath crossed the lofty hall,
And sadly breaks upon his ear the sound of festival.
Sternly, in his dark resolve, he treads the castle stair —
His eye-balls fiercely glowing, like a lion in his lair —
While memories crowd about his heart, of times that once had been;
But still with hasty step he gains the castle's magazine,
And with determined hand he opes the heavy iron door,
And with his pistol fires the casks that lie about the floor.

A crashing sound, a lightning glare, was for a moment given,
And the mighty walls, with a roar of rage, leaped upwards to the heaven;
And the frighten'd sea from its shores sprang back as it heard the stunning sound;
And the caves and cliffs of the rugged coast trembled for leagues around;
And the sea-birds on their summits fell unconscious on the shore —
So perished the bold Fineen Dhuv, the Chief of Baltimore.
One fragment there yet remains of that castle, once so proud;
And the ivy twines around it, like a dead man's burial shroud;
And people say, that ev'ry night, there wanders by the tide
The dim and wailing spirits of the Minstrel and his Bride.

ST. SENANUS.

THE VIRGIN MARY'S BANK.

BY J. J. CALLANAN.

[From the foot of Inchidony Island, an elevated tract of sand runs out into the sea, and terminates in a high green bank, which forms a pleasing contrast with the little desert behind it, and the black solitary rock immediately under. Tradition tells that the Virgin came one night to this hillock to pray, and was discovered kneeling there by the crew of a vessel that was coming to anchor near the place. They laughed at her piety, and made some merry and unbecoming remarks on her beauty, upon which a storm arose and destroyed the ship and her crew. Since that time no vessel has been known to anchor near the spot.]

THE evening star rose beauteous above the fading day,
As to the lone and silent beach the Virgin came to pray,
And hill and wave shone brightly in the moonlight's mellow fall;
But the bank of green where Mary knelt was brightest of them all.

Slow moving o'er the waters, a gallant bark appeared,
And her joyous crew look'd from the deck as to the land she near'd;
To the calm and shelter'd haven she floated like a swan,
And her wings of snow o'er the waves below in pride and beauty shone.

The master saw our Lady as he stood upon the prow;
And marked the whiteness of her robe — the radiance of her brow;
Her arms were folded gracefully upon her stainless breast,
And her eyes look'd up among the stars to Him her soul lov'd best.

He showed her to his sailors, and he hail'd her with a cheer,
And on the kneeling Virgin they gazed with laugh and jeer;
And madly swore, a form so fair, they never saw before;
And they curs'd the faint and lagging breeze that kept them from the shore.

The ocean from its bosom shook off the moonlight sheen,
And up its wrathful billows rose to vindicate their Queen;
And a cloud came o'er the heavens, and a darkness o'er the land,
And the scoffing crew beheld no more that Lady on the strand.

Out burst the pealing thunder, and the lightning leap'd about;
And rushing with his watery war, the tempest gave a shout;
And that vessel from a mountain wave came down with thund'ring shock;
And her timbers flew like scatter'd spray on Inchidony's rock.

Then loud from all that guilty crew one shriek rose wild and high;
But the angry surge swept over them, and hush'd their gurgling cry;
And with a hoarse exulting tone the tempest pass'd away,
And down, still chafing from their strife, th' indignant waters lay.

When the calm and purple morning shone out on high Dunmore,
Full many a mangled corpse was seen on Inchidony's shore;
And to this day the fisherman shows where the scoffers sank;
And still he calls that hillock green, "the Virgin Mary's bank."

SIR DOMNALL.

AFAR in the vales of green Houra my heart lingers all the day long,
'Mid the dance of the light-footed maidens, with the music of Ounanar's song,
Where the steep hills uprise all empurpled with the bloom of the bright heather bells,
Looking down on their murmuring daughters the blue streams of Houra's wild dells!
In the hush of a calm Summer sunset, where sing these sweet streams as they flow,
As I sat with the bright-eyed young maidens, they made me their bard long ago;
Then I told of each valley some story, some tales of each blue mountain crest,
But they loved, of all wild tales I sang them, the lay of Sir Domnall the best;
So I'll sing once again of his deeds in my boyhood's rude measures and rhymes—
Then, gentles, all list to the story, this lay of old chivalric times!

Nigh the shores of the loud-sounding Bregoge, high towering o'er valley and wold,
Walled in by the rough steeps of Houra, there standeth a gray feudal hold;

It is worn by the hard hail of battle, decay is awork on its hill,
Yet it stands like a sorrow-struck Titan, high, lone, and unconquer'-
ble still!
The green ivy clingeth around it, the blast is at play in its halls,
The weasel peeps forth from its crannies, the black raven croaks on
its walls;
The peasants who pass in the even will hurry their steps from its
height,
For they tell fearful things of its chambers, and call it the Tower of
the Sprite!
But though lone be its halls, they rang merry with wassail and Min-
strel's wild lay,
When it sheltered the youthful Sir Domnall, its lord in the good
olden day!

O! he was a brave forest knight! As each morning upsprang from
the sea
He was out by the fay-haunted streams with his falcons in woody
Fear Muighe; *
Or away, far away, 'mid the mountains with stag-hound and bugle
and steed,
O'er-matching the gray wolf in boldness, outstripping the red deer
in speed!
And his heart and his strong hand were bravest; when high rose the
trumpet's wild strain,
When the war-fires blazed red on the hill-tops, and the horsemen
rode hard on the plain,
He was dight in his harness, and spurring to the Desmond's bright
banner away,
His mountaineers dashing behind him with sabres athirst for the
fray!
In bower and in hall he was welcomed, and the dames of the crag
castles brave
Were proud when he smiled on their daughters at eve by the Avon-
more's wave!

'Tis noon on the broad plain of Limerick and down by the calm
Lubach's tide,†
The sunbeams smite hot on the meadows and burn by the green for-
est side,

* Fear Muighe Feine — the present barony of Fermoy — means the "plain of the Fenian men." Along its northern confines runs the Houra mountains, in the midst of which the Onnanar river rises, and flowing through a magnificent glen — Glean-an-awr, or the "Valley of Slaughter" — falls into the Oubeg or Mullow, below Doneraile. The Bregoge, another tributary of the Oubeg, has its source also in these mountains; and near its banks, a few miles north-east of Doneraile, stands the ancient Castle Phooka — the "Tower of the Sprite."

† Lubach, the Kilmallock river.

And brightly they glint from a helmet, and broadly they gleam from a shield,
Where a Knight rideth up by the river, in brave shining panoply steeled.
Kerne crouch on his path in the greenwood with pikes ready raised for a foe,
But they know the high mien of Sir Domnall, and stay for some Saxon the blow;
And the Gallowglass scowls from his ambush, but he too remembers that plume,
And wishing good luck to its owner, strides back to his lair in the gloom!
But why rides Sir Domnall so lonely, and why is his gladness all fled?
On a field by Lough-Gur's lonely water the friend of his bosom lies dead!

Away then, away toward the mountains he giveth his war-horse the rein,
While he longs for the clangor of battle to drown his dejections again;
The blest Hill of Patrick * slopes green with its tall Guebre tower on his way,
But the good monk who waits in the Abbey in vain looketh out for his stay;
And anon the Black Rock of the Eagle frowns down on his path by Easmore,
Till he crosseth the bright Oun-na-geerah and windeth away by its shore.
Beside him Suidhe Feine riseth proudly, o'er wild Glenisheen's ancient wood,
And yawns like a gate in the mountains, Red Shard's Gap of conflict and blood;
As he turns by the crags of Sleib Fadha, and on by a flat moorland side,
Till he lights nigh a clear fairy fountain at length by the Ounanar's tide.

It is on a small shrubby islet with huge forest cliffs all around,
Save where the bright streams from the blue hills, outleap with a lone, lulling sound,

* Ard Patrick, the height of St. Patrick, is a beautiful green hill at the Limerick side of the Houras. On its summit is an ancient church, the time of whose foundation is unknown. Near the church are the remains of a round tower which fell nearly half a century ago. Barna Dearg — the "Bloody Gap" — now called the Gap of Red Shard, was the most important pass leading from Limerick into the county Cork.

And it seems as if step of nought human did e'er on its low strand alight,
Yet a lady peers out from the thicket beyond the good steed of the Knight!
She is old, yet there's fire in her dark eye, but sorrow is stamped on her mien,
And she knows the tall crest of Sir Domnall and comes to his side from the screen;
She waveth her hand to him sadly, he follows her steps by the flood
Till they enter a hut of thick brambles concealed in the dark spreading wood;
And there, on a couch of green fern, an old dying chieftain is laid,
And o'er him in wild, bitter weeping, there bendeth a golden-haired maid!

He turns to the knight as he enters, and thus in meek accents of woe: —
"Thy sire was my friend, good Sir Domnall, in the days of our youth long ago —
The Saxon hath slaughtered my people, alas for that gloom-darkened hour,
When he forced me to fly deeply wounded thus far from Du Aragil's tower! *
A friend, ah! a friend false and hollow hath tracked me to Ounanar's grove,
And he swears on his sword to betray me, or have this young maid for his love —
Black Murrogh, stern lord of Rathgogan! soon, soon from thy wiles I am free,
But, alas for the wife of my bosom, — alas, my fair daughter for thee!"
He died on that eve, and was borne away to the age-honored spires
Of gray Kilnamulloch next noontide, and laid down to rest with his sires.

There was feasting that night in Kilcolman, and all in their bright martial gear,
Black Murrogh and fearless Sir Domnall, and many stout champions are there;
And there speaks Sir Domnall, uprising, and bends on Black Murrogh his gaze —
"Ho! freres of the feast and the battle, a tale of the wild forest maze!

* Du Aragil, an ancient castle in the parish of Dromagh, near Kanturk, was one of the principal seats of the O'Keefes. Kilnamullach — the "Church of the Curse" — is the ancient name of Buttevant. Kilcolman, near Doneraile, was a castle belonging to the Earls of Desmond, and for some time the residence of Spenser. Rathgogan, — "Charleville."

As I rode by the Ounanar's water, Du Aragil's chieftain I found,
He was driven from his home by the Saxon, and said ere he died of his wound —
'A friend, ah! a friend false and hollow, has tracked me to Ounanar's side,
A friend who has sworn to betray me, or have my young daughter his bride.'
By my faith, but the traitor was knightly, to woo her with ardor so brave;
Now, there lies my gauntlet before him, thus proof of his passion I crave!"

Then up starts the lord of Rathgogan, and fierce is the flash of his eye,
As he glares on the dark brows around him with bearing defiant and high —
"False Knight of a falser young maiden, thy gauntlet I take from the board,
And soon on thy crest in the combat, I prove my good name with my sword;
For I see but one path to my glory, a path o'er that false heart of thine,
And fired by the love of young damsels, but steeled by the red gushing wine —
And close be the palisade round us, and short be the distance between,
Where a liar's black life-blood shall poison the bloom of the bright Summer green!"
"And fair shine the sun," quoth Sir Domnall, "the clear sunny sheen on my blade,
When I close with the lord of Rathgogan, avenging Du Aragil's maid!"

Calm eve on the fair hills of Houra and down by the Mulla's green marge,
The red beams are burning in glory from hauberk and sabre and targe,
And the warriors are circling around it, that smooth listed green by the wave,
When the two mailèd champions are standing with keen axe and target and glaive!
Flash lances around them in brightness, gleam banners along by the shore,
Fierce Condon's from Araglin's water, De Rupe's from the towers of Glenore;
And the Barry's wild pennon is waving, and the flags of the chieftains whose towers
Defy from their crag-seats the foeman, by Avonmore's gorges and bowers;

Yet still the two champions stand moveless, all silent and darkly the while,
Like the panoplied statues that frown round the walls of some old abbey aisle!

But hark! how the wild martial trumpets outroll the fierce signal for strife!
And see how these motionless statues outstart from their postures to life!
The mailed heels go round on the green sward, the mailed hands ply weapons amain,
Till the targes are battered and cloven, and the axes are shivered in twain!
Wide and deep are the wounds of Sir Domnall, but wider the gash of his foe,
As their sabres cross gleaming and clashing — two flames in the red sunny glow —
One thrust through the blood-spattered hauberk, one stroke by the crest waving o'er,
And the lord of Rathgogan has fallen to rise to the combat no more;
And there for a space swaying, reeling, and faint from his wounds' gushing tide,
Sir Domnall looks down on the vanquished, then sinketh to earth by his side!

They bear one away to his tower, and they bear one away stark and cold;
One ne'er may awake, and one waketh, a bright blessed scene to behold,
For the maid of Du Aragil bendeth above the dim couch where he lies,
With love as her spirit immortal, and joy like the morn in her eyes!
O! sweet are the dreams of his slumbers, o'erflowing with fairy delight,
But sweeter the dreams of his waking each day in the Tower of the Sprite;
And now 'tis the fulness of Summer — a fair breezy morning in June —
And the streams of green Houra are leaping along with a sweet gushing tune,
And thy bells, Kilnamullach, are ringing — no knells of the bloom-footed hours —
But the sweet bridal chimes of Sir Domnall and the maid of Du Aragil's towers!

FEARDANA.

THE WELSHMEN OF TIRAWLEY.

BY SAMUEL FERGUSON, M. R. I. A.

[At one time when the Barretts had supremacy over Tirawley, they sent their steward, who was called *Sgornach bhuid bhearrtha*, to exact rents from the Lynotts. The Lynotts killed this steward, and cast his body into a well called *Tobar na Sgornaighe*, near Garranard, to the west of the castle of Carns, in Tirawley. When the Barretts had received intelligence of this, they assembled their armed forces and attacked the Lynotts, and subdued them. And the Barretts gave the Lynotts their choice of *two modes of punishment*, namely, to have their men either blinded or emasculated; and the Lynotts, by advice of some of the elders among them, took the choice of being blinded, because blind men could propagate their species, whereas emasculated men could not. The Barretts then thrust needles into the eyes of the Lynotts, and accordingly as each man of them was blinded, they compelled him to cross over the stepping stones of *Clochan na n-dall*, near Carns, to see if more or less of sight remained with them, and if any of them crossed the Clochan without stumbling he was taken back and reblinded! Some time after this the Lynotts meditated how they could revenge their animosities on the Barretts, and the contrivance which occurred to their minds, — one derived from their ancestors, — was to procure a Dalta, [i. e. an adopted son], from some powerful man of the Clann William Burke, who, previously to this period, had inhabited the south of the mountain [Nephin]; and to this end Lynott fed a spirited horse which the Lynotts took with them to receive the adopted son, in order that the Burke who should break that steed might be their adopted son. And thus they obtained Teaboid Mael Burke as an adopted son, who was afterwards killed by the Barretts. So that it was in eric for him that the Barretts gave up to the Burkes eighteen quarters of land; and the share which Lynott, the adopted father of Teaboid, asked of this eric was the distribution of the mulct, and the distribution he made of it was, that it should be divided throughout all Tirawley, in order that the Burkes might be stationed in every part of it as plagues to the Barretts, and to draw the country from them. And thus the Burkes came over the Barretts in Tirawley, and took nearly the whole of their lands from them; but at length the Saxon heretics of Oliver Cromwell took it from them all, in the year of our Lord 1652; so that now there is neither Barrett nor Burke, not to mention the Clan Fiachrach, in possession of any lands there. — *Tribes and Customs of Hy Fiachrach. Irish Archæological Society's Publications*, p. 337.]

Scorney Bwee, the Barretts' bailiff, lewd and lame,
To lift the Lynott's taxes when he came,
Rudely drew a young maid to him;
Then the Lynotts rose and slew him,
And in Tubber-na-Scorney threw him —
Small your blame,
Sons of Lynott!
Sing the vengeance of the Welshmen of Tirawley.

Then the Barretts to the Lynotts gave a choice,
Saying, "Hear, ye murderous brood, men and boys,
Choose ye now, without delay,
Will ye lose your eyesight, say,
Or your manhoods, here to-day?"
Sad your choice,
Sons of Lynott!
Sing the vengeance of the Welshmen of Tirawley.

Then the little boys of the Lynotts, weeping, said,
"Only leave us our eyesight in our head."
But the bearded Lynotts then
Quickly answered back again,
"Take our eyes, but leave us men,
Alive or dead,
Sons of Wattin!"
Sing the vengeance of the Welshmen of Tirawley.

So the Barretts, with sewing-needles sharp and smooth,
Let the light out of the eyes of every youth,
And of every bearded man
Of the broken Lynott clan;
Then their darkened faces wan
Turning south
To the river —
Sing the vengeance of the Welshmen of Tirawley.

O'er the slippery stepping-stones of Clochan-a-n'dall
They drove them, laughing loud at every fall,
As their wandering footsteps dark
Failed to reach the slippery mark,
And the swift stream swallowed stark,
One and all,
As they stumbled —
Sing the vengeance of the Welshmen of Tirawley.

Out of all the blinded Lynotts, one alone
Walked erect from stepping-stone to stone;
So back again they brought you,
And a second time they wrought you
With their needles; but never got you
Once to groan,
Emon Lynott,
For the vengeance of the Welshmen of Tirawley.

But with prompt-projected footsteps sure as ever,
Emon Lynott again crossed the river,
Though Duvowen was risen fast,
And the shaking stones o'ercast
By cold floods boiling past;
Yet you never,
Emon Lynott,
Faltered once before your foemen of Tirawley!

But, turning on Ballintubber bank, you stood,
And the Barretts thus bespoke o'er the flood —
"O, ye foolish sons of Wattin,
Small amends are these you've gotten,

For, while Scorney Bwee lies rotten,
I am good
For vengeance!"
Sing the vengeance of the Welshmen of Tirawley.

"For 'tis neither in eye nor eyesight that a man
Bears the fortunes of himself or of his clan;
But in the manly mind
And in loins with vengeance lined,
That your needles could never find,
Though they ran
Through my heartstrings!"
Sing the vengeance of the Welshmen of Tirawley.

"But, little your women's needles do I reck;
For the night from heaven never fell so black,
But Tirawley, and abroad
From the Moy to Cuan-an-fod,
I could walk it every sod,
Path and track,
Ford and togher,
Seeking vengeance on you, Barretts of Tirawley!

"The night when Dathy O'Dowda broke your camp,
What Barrett among you was it held the lamp —
Showed the way to those two feet,
When through wintry wind and sleet,
I guided your blind retreat
In the swamp
Of Beal-an-asa?
O ye vengeance-destined ingrates of Tirawley!"

So leaving loud-shriek-echoing Garranard,
The Lynott like a red-dog hunted hard,
With his wife and children seven,
'Mong the beasts and fowls of heaven
In the hollows of Glen Nephin,
Light-debarred,
Made his dwelling,
Planning vengeance on the Barretts of Tirawley.

And ere the bright-orb'd year its course had run,
On his brown round-knotted knee he nursed a son,
A child of light, with eyes
As clear as are the skies
In summer, when sunrise
Has begun;
So the Lynott
Nursed his vengeance on the Barretts of Tirawley.

And, as ever the bright boy grew in strength and size,
Made him perfect in each manly exercise,
The salmon in the flood,
The dun deer in the wood,
The eagle in the cloud
To surprise,
On Ben Nephin,
Far above the foggy fields of Tirawley.

With the yellow-knotted spear-shaft, with the bow,
With the steel, prompt to deal shot and blow,
He taught him from year to year
And trained him, without a peer,
For a perfect cavalier,
Hoping so —
Far his forethought —
For vengeance on the Barretts of Tirawley.

And, when mounted on his proud-bounding steed,
Eman Oge sat a cavalier indeed;
Like the ear upon the wheat
When winds in autumn beat
On the bending stems, his seat;
And the speed
Of his courser
Was the wind from Barna-na-gee o'er Tirawley!

Now when fifteen sunny summers thus were spent,
(He perfected in all accomplishment,) —
The Lynott said, "My child,
We are over long exiled
From mankind in this wild —
— Time we went
O'er the mountain
To the countries lying over-against Tirawley."

So out over mountain-moors and mosses brown,
And green stream-gathering vales, they journeyed down;
Till, shining like a star,
Through the dusky gleams afar,
The bailey of Castlebar,
And the town
Of Mac William
Rose bright before the wanderers of Tirawley.

"Look southward, my boy, and tell me as we go,
What seest thou by the loch-head below."
"O, a stone-house strong and great,
And a horse-host at the gate,

And their captain in armor of plate —
Grand the show !
Great the glancing !
High the heroes of this land below Tirawley !

" And a beautiful Bantierna * by his side,
Yellow gold on all her gown-sleeves wide ;
And in her hand a pearl
Of a young, little, fair-haired girl " ——
Said the Lynott, " It is the Earl !
Let us ride
To his presence."
And before him came the exiles of Tirawley.

" God save thee, Mac William," the Lynott thus began ;
" God save all here besides of this clan ;
For gossips dear to me
Are all in company —
For in these four bones ye see
A kindly man
Of the Britons —
Emon Lynott of Garranard of Tirawley.

" And hither as kindly gossip-law allows,
I come to claim a scion of thy house
To foster ; for thy race,
Since William Conquer's † days,
Have ever been wont to place,
With some spouse
Of a Briton,
A Mac William Oge, to foster in Tirawley.

" And to show thee in what sort our youth are taught,
I have hither to thy home of valor brought
This one son of my age,
For a sample and a pledge
For the equal tutelage,
In right thought,
Word, and action,
Of whatever son ye give into Tirawley."

When Mac William beheld the brave boy ride and run,
Saw the spear-shaft from his white shoulder spun —
With a sigh and with a smile,
He said, — " I would give the spoil
Of a county, that Tibbot Moyle,

* Bantierna, — the good house-wife.
† William Fitz Adelm de Burgho, the conqueror of Connaught.

My own son,
Were accomplished
Like this branch of the kindly Britons of Tirawley."

When the Lady Mac William she heard him speak,
And saw the ruddy roses on his cheek,
She said, — "I would give a purse
Of red gold to the nurse
That would rear my Tibbot no worse;
But I seek
Hitherto vainly —
Heaven grant that I now have found her in Tirawley!"

So they said to the Lynott, — "Here, take our bird!
And as pledge for the keeping of thy word,
Let this scion here remain
Till thou comest back again:
Meanwhile the fitting train
Of a lord
Shall attend thee
With the lordly heir of Connaught into Tirawley."

So back to strong-throng-gathering Garranard,
Like a lord of the country with his guard,
Came the Lynott, before them all.
Once again over Clochan-an'-dall,
Steady-striding, erect and tall,
And his ward
On his shoulders;
To the wonder of the Welshmen of Tirawley.

Then a diligent foster-father you would deem
The Lynott, teaching Tibbot, by mead and stream,
To cast the spear, to ride,
To stem the rushing tide,
With what feats of body beside,
Might beseem
A Mac William,
Fostered free among the Welshmen of Tirawley.

But the lesson of hell he taught him in heart and mind;
For to what desire soever he inclined,
Of anger, lust, or pride,
He had it gratified,
Till he ranged the circle wide
Of a blind
Self-indulgence,
Ere he came to youthful manhood in Tirawley.

Then, even as when a hunter slips a hound,
Lynott loosed him — God's leashes all unbound;
In the pride of power and station,
And the strength of youthful passion,
On the daughters of thy nation,
All around,
Wattin Barrett!
O! the vengeance of the Welshmen of Tirawley!

Bitter grief and burning anger, rage and shame,
Filled the houses of the Barretts, where'er he came;
Till the young men of the Bac,
Drew by night upon his track,
And slew him at Cornassack —
Small your blame,
Sons of Wattin!
Sing the vengeance of the Welshmen of Tirawley.

Said the Lynott, — "The day of my vengeance is drawing near,
The day for which, through many a long dark year,
I have toiled through grief and sin —
Call ye now the Brehons in,
And let the plea begin
Over the bier
Of Mac William,
For an eric * upon the Barretts of Tirawley."

Then the Brehons to Mac William Burk decreed
An eric upon Clan Barrett for the deed;
And the Lynott's share of the fine,
As foster-father, was nine
Ploughlands and nine score kine;
But no need
Had the Lynott,
Neither care, for land or cattle in Tirawley.

But rising, while all sat silent on the spot,
He said, — "The law says — doth it not? —
If the foster-sire elect
His portion to reject,
He may then the right exact
To applot
The short eric."
"'Tis the law," replied the Brehons of Tirawley.

Said the Lynott, — "I once before had a choice
Proposed me, wherein law had little voice;

* Eric, — a mulct, fine, or reparation.

But now I choose, and say,
As lawfully I may,
I applot the mulct to-day ;
So rejoice
In your ploughlands
And your cattle which I renounce throughout Tirawley.

"And thus I applot the mulct : I divide
The land throughout Clan Barrett on every side
Equally, that no place
May be without the face
Of a foe of Wattin's race —
That the pride
Of the Barretts
May be humbled hence for ever throughout Tirawley.

"I adjudge a seat in every Barrett's hall
To Mac William : in every stable I give a stall
To Mac William ; and, beside,
Whenever a Burk shall ride
Through Tirawley, I provide
At his call
Needful grooming,
Without charge from any Brughaidh of Tirawley.

"Thus lawfully I avenge me for the throes
Ye lawlessly caused me and caused those
Unhappy shamefaced ones,
Who, their mothers expected once,
Would have been the sires of sons —
O'er whose woes
Often weeping,
I have groaned in my exile from Tirawley.

"I demand not of you your manhoods ; but I take —
For the Burks will take it — your Freedom ! for the sake
Of which all manhood's given
And all good under heaven,
And, without which, better even
Ye should make
Yourselves barren,
Than see your children slaves throughout Tirawley !

"Neither take I your eyesight from you ; as you took
Mine and ours : I would have you daily look
On one another's eyes,
When the strangers tyrannize
By your hearths, and blushes arise,

That ye brook
Without vèngeance
The insults of troops of Tibbots throughout Tirawley!

"The vengeance I designed, now is done,
And the days of me and mine nearly run —
For, for this, I have broken faith,
Teaching him who lies beneath
This pall, to merit death;
And my son
To his father
Stands pledged for other teaching in Tirawley."

Said Mac William — "Father and son, hang them high!"
And the Lynott they hanged speedily;
But across the salt-sea water,
To Scotland with the daughter
Of Mac William — well you got her! —
Did you fly,
Edmund Lindsay,
The gentlest of all the Welshmen of Tirawley!

'Tis thus the ancient Ollaves of Erin tell
How, through lewdness and revenge it befell
That the sons of William Conquer
Came over the sons of Wattin,
Throughout all the bounds and borders
Of the land of Auley Mac Fiachra;
Till the Saxon Oliver Cromwell
And his valiant, Bible-guided,
Free heretics of Clan London
Coming in, in their succession,
Rooted out both Burk and Barrett,
And in their empty places
New stems of freedom planted,
With many a goodly sapling
Of manliness and virtue;
Which while their children cherish,
Kindly Irish of the Irish,
Neither Saxons nor Italians,
May the mighty God of Freedom
Speed them well:
Never taking
Further vengeance on his people of Tirawley.

Several Welsh families, associates in the invasion of Strongbow, settled in the west of Ireland. Of these, the principal whose names have been preserved by the Irish antiquarians were the Walshes, Joyces, Heils (*a quibus* MacHale), Lawlesses, Tolmyns, Lynotts, and Barretts, which last draw their pedigree from Walynus, son of Guyndally, the *Ard Maor*, or High Steward of the Lordship of Camelot,

and had their chief seats in the territory of the two Bacs, in the barony of Tirawley, and county of Mayo. *Cloghan-an-n'dall*, or "the Blind Men's Stepping-stones," are still pointed out on the Duvowen river, about four miles north of Crossmolina, in the townland of Garranard; and *Tubber-na-Scorney*, or "Scrag's Well," in the opposite townland of Carns, in the same barony. For a curious *terrier* or applotment of the Mac William's revenue, as acquired under the circumstances stated in the legend preserved by Mac Firbis, see Mr. O'Donovan's highly-learned and interesting "Genealogies, &c. of Hy Fiachrach," in the publications of the *Irish Archæological Society*—a great monument of antiquarian and topographical erudition.

THE "DARK GIRL" BY THE "HOLY WELL."

BY JOHN KEEGAN.

[I think it was in the midsummer of 1832 that I joined a party of the peasantry of my native village, who were *en route* to a "pilgrimage" at St. John's Well, near the town of Kilkenny. The journey (about 25 Irish miles) was commenced early in the afternoon, and it was considerably after sunset when we reached our destination. My companions immediately set about the fulfilment of their vows, whilst I, who was but a mere boy, sat down on the green grass, tired and in ill humor, after my long and painful tramp over a hundred stony hills, and a thousand rugged fields, under the burning sun of a midsummer afternoon. I was utterly unable to perform any act of devotion, nor, I must confess, was I very much disposed to do so, even were I able; so I seated myself quietly amid the groups of beggars, cripples, "dark people," and the other various classes of pilgrims who thronged around the sacred fountain. Amongst the crowd I had marked two pilgrims, who, from the moment I saw them, arrested my particular attention. One of these was an aged female, decently clad—the other was a very fine young girl, dressed in a gown, shawl and bonnet of faded black satin. This girl was of a tall and noble figure—strikingly beautiful, but *stone blind*. I learned that they were natives of the county of Wexford; that the girl had lost her sight in brain fever, in her childhood; that all human means had been tried for her cure, but in vain; and that now, as a last resource, they had travelled all the way to pray at the shrine of St. John, and bathe her sightless orbs in the healing waters of his well. It is believed that when Heaven wills the performance of cures, the sky opens above the well, at the hour of midnight, and Christ, the Virgin Mother, and St. John, appear in the form of three snow-whites, and descend with the rapidity of lightning into the depths of the fountain. No person but those destined to be cured can *see* this miraculous phenomenon, but every body can *hear* the musical sound of their wings as they rush into the well and agitate the waters! I cannot describe how sad I felt myself, too, at the poor girl's anguish, for I had almost arrived at the hope that, though another "miracle" was never wrought at St. John's well, Heaven would relent on this occasion, and restore that sweet Wexford girl to her long-lost sight. She returned, however, as she came—a "Dark Girl"—and I heard afterwards that she took ill and died before she reached home.]

"MOTHER! is that the passing bell?
 Or, yet, the midnight chime?
Or, rush of Angel's golden wings?
 Or is it near *the Time*—
The time when God, *they say*, comes down
 This weary world upon,
With Holy Mary at His right,
 And, at His left, St. John!

"I'm dumb! my heart forgets to throb;
My blood forgets to run;
But vain my sighs — in vain I sob —
God's will must still be done.
I hear but tone of warning bell,
For holy priest or nun;
On Earth, God's face I'll never see!
Nor Mary! nor St. John!

"Mother! my hopes are gone again;
My heart is black as ever; —
Mother! I say, look forth *once more*,
And see can you discover
God's glory in the crimson clouds —
See does He ride upon
That perfumed breeze — or do you see,
The Virgin, or St. John!

"Ah, no! ah, no! Well, God of Peace,
Grant me thy blessing still;
O, make me patient with my doom,
And happy at Thy will;
And guide my footsteps so on earth,
That, when I'm dead and gone,
My eyes may catch Thy shining light,
With Mary! and St. John!

"Yet, mother, could I see *thy* smile,
Before we part, below —
Or watch the silver moon and stars
Where Slaney's ripples flow;
O! could I see the sweet sun shine
My native hills upon,
I'd never love my God the less,
Nor Mary, nor St. John!

"But no, ah no! it cannot be;
Yet, mother! do not mourn —
Come, kneel again, and pray to God,
In peace, let us return;
The Dark Girl's doom must aye be mine —
But Heaven will light me on,
Until I find my way to God,
And Mary, and St. John!"

THE HAUNTED CASTLE.

BY T. D. M'GEE.

[Donegal Castle, the chief seat of the princely family of the O'Donnells, stands now in ruins, in the centre of the village of the same name, at the head of Donegal Bay. It was built in the 15th century, and shows, even in its decay, royal proportions. The present owner, Lord Arran, to his credit be it told, has it well walled and cared for. The remains of the Abbey where the Four Masters compiled their Annals, are within sight of the Castle.]

"How beautiful! — how beautiful!" — cried out the children all,
As the golden harvest evening's moon beamed down on Donegal;
And its yellow light that danced along the Esker to the Bay —
There tinged the roofless Abbey's walls, here gilt the Castle gray.
"How beautiful! — how beautiful! — let us go hide and seek" —
Some run along the river's edge, some crouch beside the creek;
While two, more dauntless than the rest, climb o'er the Castle's wall,
And without note on horn, or trump, parade the princely hall.

Brave little boys, as bright as stars, beneath the porch they pass'd,
And paused just where along the hall, the keep its shadow cast;
And, Heaven protect us! there they saw a fire burning away,
And, sitting in the ingle-nook, an ancient man and gray:
He sat upon his stony seat like to another stone,
And ever from his breast there brake a melancholy moan;
But the little boys they feared him not, for they were two to one,
And the man was stooped and aged, and sad to look upon.

And he who was the eldest — his mother called him Hugh —
Said, "Why for, sir, do you make moan, and wherefore do you rue?
Are you one of the old-timed kings lang syne exiled to Spain,
Like a linnet to its last year's nest, that here returns again?"
And the shape stood up and smiled, as the tiny voice he heard,
And the tear that hung upon his cheek fell to his snowy beard —
"My boys," he said, "come sit ye here beside me, until I
Tell you why I haunt this hearth, and what so makes me sigh.

"I am the Father of their Race — the Cinnel-Connell's sire —
And therefore thus I watch their home, and kindle still their fire;
For the mystic heat would perish amid a land of slaves
If it were not tended nightly by the spirits from their graves;
And here I still must keep my stand until the living are
Deemed meet to track the men of might along the fields of war;
And, ah! my little men," he said, "my watch is very long —
Unpromised of an early end — uncheered by friend or song.

"And the present is embittered by the memories of old —
The Bards and their delights, and the tales the Gossips told;

I remember me the ringing laughs and minstrelsie divine,
That echoed here for Nial Garv and Thorlogh of the Wine;
I remember how brave Manus — an early grave he met —
Traced the story here of Columb-cille, a tale surviving yet;
And, O! I weep like Jacob, when of Joseph's death he heard,
When I think upon you, young Hugh Roe, Tirconnell's staff and sword.

"My boys, he was not thirty years of age, although his name
Was spread all over Ireland upon the wings of fame;
Entrapped — imprisoned — frozen on Wicklow's wintry hills —
He rose, he fought, he died afar, crowning our country's ills.
Alas! I cannot help but cry — and you, what, crying, too?
Indeed, it might melt iron hearts to think upon my Hugh.
My boys, go home, remember him, and hasten to be men,
That you may act, on Irish soil, his gallant part again."

"How beautiful! how beautiful!" cried out the children all,
As the two boys clambered over the ancient Castle wall;
"Run here — run there — take care — take care;" but silently and slow
To their humble homes, the little friends, hand in hand, they go;
And from that night they daily read, in all the quiet nooks,
About their homes, old Irish songs, and new-made Irish books —
And many a walk, and many a talk, they had down by the Bay
Of the Spirit of the Castle Hall, and the words they heard him say.

A LEGEND OF LOUGH ERNE.

While gazing on that placid wave,
Why should the maiden's cheek be pale,
And childhood's merry look grow grave,
And age suspend the half-told tale?
Alas! those peaceful waters flow
O'er many a young and buoyant breast —
O'er manhood in its pride laid low,
And love untimely hush'd to rest!

Where ripples now that silver lake,
A busy hamlet once was seen;
Near yonder wild and tangled brake,
The village spire adorn'd the green.
Around yon thorn the infant band
Have danc'd away the evening hours,
Or playful snatch'd with eager hand,
Its berry red, or snowy flowers.

While seated nigh, the hoary sage,
Indulgent watch'd their childish glee;
And who could tell that hawthorn's age?
A fairy charm preserved the tree!
Beneath its bending branches lay,
Deep, clear, and still, a crystal well,
Where monks would oft their Aves say,
And pilgrims would their Rosaries tell.

A lightsome flag the waters hid;
And all who came the spring to taste,
With reverence raised the stony lid
To guard the liquid treasure placed.
For when that well St. Columb bless'd,
And bade its healing streams impart
Health to the frame by pain oppress'd,
And comfort to the mourning heart —

"Protect my well from vulgar sight,"
The holy man prophetic said,
"For one short hour exposed to light,
Its waters shall destruction spread."
When midnight's silence reigned around,
And all was darksome, lone, and drear,
A hasty footstep press'd the ground,
And to the holy well drew near —

A fair, a young, and widow'd wife,
The parent of a drooping boy,
One draught she sought to save his life;
She raised the stone with trembling joy:
When lo! an infant's feeble cries
The night wind wafted to her ear;
"O, holy saint, my Gilbert dies!"
She shriek'd in agonizing fear.

But soon within her fond embrace,
The babe forgot his pain the while,
And smiled upon his mother's face,
With infancy's own artless smile.
When — shrieks of horror rent the air,
Upon her anguish'd ear they fell,
And springing forth in wild despair,
She faintly scream'd — "The well! The well!"

Ah, fatal haste, remembrance late!
Beneath, around, the waters gush'd;
Vainly she strove to fly from fate,
Destruction yawn'd where'er she rushed.

And whilst in hopeless woe she wept,
While yet the unconscious infant smiled,
A ruthless wave, which o'er them swept,
Entomb'd the parent and the child.

No longer now the waters gush'd,
You might have heard the softest breath,
All was around so calm, so hush'd—
Hush'd in the stilliness of death.
Where late so active man had been,
Fate had decreed his toil should cease;
O'er hamlet, spire, and village green,
Erne's limpid waters roll'd in peace.

Since then have ages pass'd away,
The story of its grief is old,
But still, in legendary lay,
That hamlet's fearful fate is told;
Still in the wave the hawthorn dips,
Unharm'd by years, unscath'd by storm;
But none will pull its crimson hips—
They're guarded by a spectral form.

And if beside the copsy brake,
Benighted peasant chance to stray,
He glances at the darksome lake,
And, shuddering, turns another way.
For there a shadowy figure stands,
Now gazing round in anguish wild,
Now wringing sore her snowy hands,
And plaintive sighs, "My child, my child!"

The softest gale that murmurs by,
The purest wave that ripples here,
That zephyr wafts the mother's sigh,
That wave contains the parent's tear.
Her mournful vigil must she keep,—
Still at the midnight hour's return,
And still her fatal fondness, weep,
While flow thy crystal waves, Lough Erne!

ST. KEVIN AND KATHLEEN.

BY R. D. WILLIAMS.

[The legend of St. Kevin and Kathleen, as it has been sung by Moore, and more recently by Gerald Griffin, is totally devoid of foundation in fact. Not to speak of the absurdity of our Saint's qualifying for canonization by committing murder, there is no trace of such a tale in any ecclesiastical MS., Latin or Irish, that has survived to our times. This, at least, is the opinion of all from whom I have sought information on the subject, amongst whom not a few were antiquarians and erudite clergymen. In particular, the reverend gentlemen of Glendalough, to whom the legends of the lakes are familiar as their shadows, have assured me that the whole story which tries to prove that "Saints have cruel hearts," is a recent invention and finds no echo by the firesides of the glens. Tradition authorizes, and poesy loves to contemplate the grouping of St. Kevin and Kathleen in the same picture; but beyond their names we have no certain data. I have therefore followed the more natural and simple version — that Kevin and Kathleen were betrothed in early youth. Beyond this I do not travel. Whether Kathleen died young, or retired to the neighboring convent at Luggelaw, where it is easy to suppose Kevin's sister may have been also, we do not know. Great shadows must have fallen before he gained the strength that reared the churches so wonderfully and made him finally a Saint.]

Come, Kathleen, pure and soft as dew,
The lake is heaving at our feet,
The stars ascend the eternal blue,
Primeval granite makes our seat.
Beneath eternal skies above,
'Mid everlasting hills around,
I speak of love — immortal love —
Such as in Eden first was found.
Let each look thro' the other's soul,
Until each thought within that lies,
Like spar o'er which these clear waves roll,
Unveil its lustre to our eyes.

I bless thee, Kathleen, o'er and o'er,
For all the joy thy smiles have brought me,
And mysteries of loving lore
Thy very presence oft hath taught me.
For beauty innocent as thine —
Such lovely soul in lovely form —
Still makes diviner aught divine,
And calms the spirit's wildest storm.
Whene'er I muse — how oft! — on thee,
Half seen, each high and holy feeling
Of love and immortality
Take shape, like angels round me wheeling.

To thee, I owe the purest flow'rs
Of song, that o'er my pathway burst,

And holy thought, at midnight hours,
From thine unconscious beauty nurst.
There is no stain on flowers like these,
That from my heart to thine are springing;
And thoughts of thee are like the breeze,
When bells for midnight mass are ringing.
Without thy knowledge, from thee beams
Some gentle and refining light,
That fills my heart with childhood's dreams,
And I grow purer in thy sight.

Thou art no Queen — no hero I —
But thou'rt the fairest Christian maid
To whom the worship of a sigh,
By Christain bard, was ever paid.
And this I am — Sire — God above,
Who made my soul of that rich flame,
All adoration, song, and love,
That from thine own great Spirit came!
Than mine no purer, warmer zeal
For justice, and sublime desire
Of freedom, truth, and human weal,
Glows in the seraph ranks of fire.

I've bower'd thee in a lonely shrine —
My bosom's convent-garden, sweet —
Where song and pray'r their sighs combine,
Where love and adoration meet.
I've rob'd thee like Ban-Tierna olden
Of Eirè, in a vesture green;
And clasp'd thee with a girdle golden
O'er all my dream-world Saint and Queen.
I've starr'd thy hands with Irish gems,
And sought to wreathe thy rich brown hair,
The oakwood's dewy diadems,
And won the sacred shamrocks there.

O, would that thou couldst read my heart,
Or that my lips might be unseal'd,
And by love's lamp, in every part,
My spirit's inmost crypt reveal'd!
Within, like maid in minstrel tale,
One lovely Vision sleeping lies,
Beside her Hope, with forehead pale,
And timid Joy with downcast eyes.
'Tis Love, in long enchantment bound,
I know not how, in torpor there —
The spells obey but one sweet sound,
When Kathleen sings, they melt in air.

See! over yonder mountains, crack'd
And sunder'd by Volcanic fire,
Sings Glendalough's white cataract —
Fit chord of such a granite lyre.
And then the cloud-born waterfall
Summons aloud, from rock and wood,
The child-like springs, and leads them all,
With laughter to this gloomy flood.
And thus thy love my heart shall lave —
When Sorrow's rocks, faith-cloven, sever,
Giving a glimpse of God — and save
Life's current pure and fresh for ever!

A LEGEND OF THE SHANNON.

On Shannon's fair majestic tide
The moon with queenly splendor
Looks down in her meridian pride,
While vassal stars attend her;
Light zephyrs dancing o'er the wave
Scarce break its peaceful slumbers,
While Echo from each rock and cave
Sings forth her magic numbers.

But why doth yon frail shallop bear
Across the Shannon's water,
At such an hour, Teresa fair,
De Burgo's only daughter?
Why flies she thus alone and free,
From home and kindred speeding?
Why seeing, sigh, yet sigh to see
Portumna's tower receding?

Ah! sure 'tis love alone could teach
The maiden thus to wander.
Yes! see upon the moonlit beach
A youth awaits her yonder;
With bounding heart and eager glance
He views Clanricarde's daughter,
Like some aërial being dance
Across the rippling water.

The brave O'Carroll, he for years
Had dared the Saxon power,
And taught the force of Irish spears
On battle-field and tower;

But one sad day saw fall his best
And bravest kerns around him —
Insatiate for revenge, the next
'Mid Burgo's clansmen found him.

'Twas then Teresa's soft blue eye
First wrought its magic power;
Teresa's love now bids them fly
For aye from yonder tower.
"Now hie thee, love," O'Carroll cried,
"By yon fair moon I swear thee,
Far, far away from Shannon's tide
This faithful steed shall bear thee.

"For this I braved thy father's wrath,
He swore my heart should shun thee,
But I had plighted thee my troth,
And I had died or won thee.
Then hie — " but hark! Teresa, fair,
What peril now hath found her?
O! see, 'mid shrieks of wild despair,
The waters close around her!

As to the serpent's witching eye
The victim bird is borne —
Quick as from out the warring sky
The lightning flash is torn,
So dashed into the dark cold wave
Teresa's frantic lover;
But while with hands outstretched to save,
The tide rose calm above her!

Though Time has since flown fast away
The Shannon rolls as ever,
And oft upon a moonlit bay
That hems the noble river,
The midnight wanderer has espied
A steed, while o'er the water
The tiny bark is seen to glide
That wafted Burgo's daughter.

B. C.

Miscellaneous Ballads.

A LAY SERMON.

BY CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY, M. P.

Brother, do you love your brother?
Brother, are you all you seem?
Do you live for more than living?
Has your Life a law, and scheme?
Are you prompt to bear its duties,
As a brave man may beseem?

Brother, shun the mist exhaling
From the fen of pride and doubt,
Neither seek the house of bondage
Walling straitened souls about;
Bats! who, from their narrow spy-hole,
Cannot see a world without.

Anchor in no stagnant shallow —
Trust the wide and wondrous sea,
Where the tides are fresh for ever,
And the mighty currents free;
There, perchance, O! young Columbus,
Your New World of truth may be.

Favor will not make deserving —
(Can the sunshine brighten clay?)
Slowly must it grow to blossom,
Fed by labor and delay,
And the fairest bud of promise,
Bears the taint of quick decay.

You must strive for better guerdons;
Strive to *be* the thing you'd seem;
Be the thing that God hath made you,
Channel for no borrowed stream;
He hath lent you mind and conscience;
See you travel in their beam!

See you scale life's misty highlands
By this light of living truth!
And with bosom braced for labor,
Breast them in your manly youth;
So when age and care have found you,
Shall your downward path be smooth.

Fear not, on that rugged highway,
Life may want its lawful zest:
Sunny glens are in the mountain,
Where the weary feet may rest,
Cooled in streams that gush for ever
From a loving mother's breast.

"Simple heart and simple pleasures,"
So they write life's golden rule;
Honor won by supple baseness,
State that crowns a cankered fool,
Gleam as gleam the gold and purple
On a hot and rancid pool.

Wear no show of wit or science,
But the gems you've won, and weighed;
Thefts, like ivy on a ruin,
Make the rifts they seem to shade:
Are you not a thief and beggar
In the rarest spoils arrayed?

Shadows deck a sunny landscape,
Making brighter all the bright:
So, my brother! care and danger
On a loving nature light,
Bringing all its latent beauties
Out upon the common sight.

Love the things that God created,
Make your brother's need your care;
Scorn and hate rèpel God's blessings,
But where love is, *they* are there;
As the moonbeams light the waters,
Leaving rock and sand-bank bare.

Thus, my brother, grow and flourish,
Fearing none and loving all;
For the true man needs no patron,
He shall climb and never crawl;
Two things fashion their own channel —
The strong man and the waterfall.

DAY DREAMS.

KING of the sacred midnight skies! beneath whose footsteps roll
The solemn starry harmonies that fill the poet's soul,
Look down, in pity, on thy child by passion's billows toss'd,
And be thyself the pilot ere the fragile bark be lost.
O'ermastered by the power I love, song chains me to the car,
And vainly 'gainst a host of dreams I wage a feeble war.
For love and glory weave their spells before my dazzled eyes,
And clog my spirit's wounded wings, that fain would seek the skies.

I dream of war in Freedom's cause, I grasp the fancied spear,
And o'er my country's marshall'd ranks her ancient banner rear;
In visionary panoply I smite the foreign foe,
And spur my barb through broken ranks where battle-torrents flow.
Again, within the midnight watch, I turn my soul from wars,
And think of home while gazing on the gentle Queen of stars;
Or, while my comrades wearily around in slumber lie,
I kneel adoring on the sod where I next morn may die;

For who more oft should think of thee than they whose lot is cast,
Where death, exulting, rides supreme the fiery battle-blast?
Anon soft gales, from balmy isles, that melt like Venus' sighs,
Flow o'er mine ear, and at my feet love languishingly lies.
I dream of woman's steadfast faith, unchanged by grief or years,
Unshrinking, trusting, loving still through bitterness and tears.
And now upon the armed bark, the fresh'ning breezes blow,
All sail is set — how proud she is! with her I pine to go,

Where'er upon the glorious deep her stately step may be,
Majestic and triumphantly along the subject sea.
And when Iërnè wills it from forth her heaving side,
To hurl young Freedom's thunderbolts across the affrighted tide;
And 'neath a green flag sailing, to roam the ocean free,
With Irish hearts, in Irish barks, upon the Irish sea.
And then, at night, in pensive mood, to watch the golden stars,
Depict upon the slumbering tide the shadow of her spars;

Or hear upon the darkened deep, the tempest fiend rejoice,
While billows leap, like startled steeds, in terror at his voice;
And mournfully, most mournfully, dread Ocean! at thy roar,
As if thy moan could wake the dead, uprise the dreams of yore;
For mem'ry then recalls the joys that never more may be,
And "plaintive sounds of long ago," swell sadly from the sea.
If it be mine dear Eirè's harp to strike with mailèd hand,
And wake the martial melodies that fire an arming land,

O ! never shall thy glorious gift perverted be to wrong,
Nor prostitute to tyranny the loveliness of song.
Ah, no ! *mo vourneen, grah machree, mo colleen dhas asthore.**
For thee alone this harp shall sigh, hope, triumph, or deplore ;
And though, perhaps, to other climes I wander far away,
Yet still of home shall fondly breathe the retrospective lay ;
And, while the sun o'er Italy his evening kiss prolongs,
The lonely Irish boy shall sing his melancholy songs.

'Tis thine alone to grant me peace, to bid the wave be still,
And bend unto its destiny my fluctuating will.
Though many a folly's meteor fire has led me oft astray,
I still to thee am journeying, but faint upon the way ;
Send down thy peaceful messenger to calm my troubled breast,
And grant, within some tranquil vale, my weary spirit rest.
O, set at length, from earthly charms, my wounded bosom free —
And, spite of love and glory's spells, attract my soul to Thee ;

For Thine the glory, Thine the love that fadeth not away,
But brighter grows eternally, with still increasing ray.
No tears defile thy sanctuary — no chains support thy throne ;
On boundless Love — for Thou art Love — its pillars rest alone :
False tyrants there shall crush no more the humble and the just —
Nor mercy, truth, and liberty, be trampled in the dust.
My soul is very weary here, so far from Thee to roam —
O ! take me to Thy mercy soon — Thy bosom is my home !

THE STRANGER.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

Come, list, while I tell of the heart-wounded Stranger,
Who sleeps her last slumber in this haunted ground ;
Where often, at midnight, the lonely wood-ranger
Hears soft fairy music re-echo around.

None e'er knew the name of that heart-stricken lady ;
Her language, though sweet, none could e'er understand ;
But her features so sunn'd, and her eyelash so shady,
Bespoke her a child of some far Eastern land.

'Twas one summer night, when the village lay sleeping,
A soft strain of melody came o'er our ears ;
So sweet, but so mournful, half song and half weeping,
Like music that sorrow had steep'd in her tears.

* The dearest love of my heart you are, — my darling girl.

We thought 'twas an anthem some angel had sung us —
But, soon as the day-beams had gush'd from on high,
With wonder we saw this bright stranger among us,
All lovely and lone, as if stray'd from the sky!

Nor long did her life for this sphere seem intended,
For pale was her cheek with that spirit-like hue,
Which comes when the day of this world is nigh ended
And light from another already shines through.

Then her eyes, when she sung — O, but once to have seen them —
Left thoughts in the soul that can never depart;
While her looks and her voice made a language between them,
That spoke more than holiest words to the heart.

But she pass'd like a day-dream — no skill could restore her;
Whate'er was her sorrow, its ruin came fast;
She died, with the same spell of mystery o'er her,
That song of past days on her lip to the last.

Nor ev'n in the grave is her sad heart reposing;
Still hovers the spirit of grief round her tomb;
For oft, when the shadows of midnight are closing,
The same strain of music is heard through the gloom!

THE FLIGHT TO CYPRUS.

BY B. SIMMONS.

De Vere has loos'd from Ascalon — Judea's holy gale
Fresh with the spikenard's evening scent, is rustling in his sail;
A victor he to Normandy ploughs homeward through the brine,
Herald and harp shall laud him long for deeds to Palestine.

How gallantly, as night comes down, upon the Syrian seas,
The "Bel-Marie" all canvas crowds to catch the springing breeze!
A prosperous course be hers! — the spears above her poop that gleam
Have flash'd ere now, like stars I trow, on Siloa's solemn stream.

Precious the freight that proud bark bears — the ransom and the spoil
Reap'd from Mahound's blaspheming crew on many a field of toil;
Large lustrous cups — Kathay's bright robes — the diamond's living rays —
Carpets from Tyre, whose costly fire for kings alone should blaze;

And worth them all, that Fairest One, whose tresses' sunny twine,
Far down unroll'd, outshames the gold of tawny India's mine;
When storm'd the Cross round Gaza's fosse, all bright but faithless, she
Fled from her Emir-spouse, De Vere's light paramour to be.

And now, when sultry day is done, her languid brow to cool,
Soft couch'd upon the curtain'd deck reclines the Beautiful;
Voluptuous in repose as She who, 'mid the Ægean Isles,
Rose radiant from the frowning deep, she dazzled into smiles.

Fast by that lady's pillow sits the passionate De Vere,
Now dimming with his doting kiss the glory of her hair;
Or watching till their sleepy lids her eyes' blue languish veil —
Or murmuring on her lips of rose fond love's untiring tale.

Yet restless all is her repose, no solace can she find;
The press of canvas overhead hoarse groaning in the wind —
The cordage-strain — the whistling shrouds — De Vere's devoted words —
All things, or soft or sullen, now disturb her spirit's chords.

"In vain thy love would lull my ear, thou flattering knight, for whom
I faithless fled my lord and land! — methinks that, through the gloom,
Some fearsome Genii's mighty wings are shadowing my soul,
Black as the clouds and waters now that round about us roll."

"Ah, cheer thee, sweet — 'tis but the rude and restless billows' heaving,
That frets thy frame of tenderest mould with weariness and grieving;
'Twill vanish soon: when mounts the moon at midnight from the sea,
Sweet Cyprus, with its rosy rocks high shining on our lee,

"Shall see us anchor'd — if the truth our Moorish pilot tell,
Who, since we weigh'd, has steer'd for us so steadily and well.
E'en now I go to track below our bearings by the chart; —
With freight like thee can I be free from wistfulness of heart?"

De Vere is gone. His silent crew, from all the decks above,
Descend, lest even a murmur mar the slumbers of his Love;
Yon aged Moor, who, spectre-like, still at the rudder stands,
Yon stripling, station'd at the prow, are all the watching hands.

Pavilion-screen'd, from her soft couch how oft that lady bright
Raised like an evening star her head, and look'd upon the night,

Praying the tardy moon to rise — and through the shadows dim,
Encountering but that spectral form beside the rudder grim.

The moon at last! — blood-red and round, she wheeleth up the wave,
Soaring and whitening like a soul ascending from the grave;
Then riseth too the Beauty-brow'd, and quits with gentlest motion
Her tent's festoons, — two rival Moons at once upon the ocean!

O Queen of Quiet — thou who winn'st our adoration still,
As when a wondering world bow'd down on thine Ephesian hill!
Stainless thyself, impart thy calm and purifying grace,
To her, the stain'd one, watching thee with her resplendent face!

The breeze has dropp'd — the soundless sails are flagging one by one;
While in his cabin still De Vere the parchment pores upon;
Sudden a shriek — a broken groan, his ear have smitten — hark!
That laughing yell! — sure fiends from hell are hailing to the Bark!

He gains the deck — the spot where last idolatrous he stood,
Is cross'd by some dark horrid thing — a narrow creeping flood;
Great Heaven forbid! — but where's the heart from whence it gush'd? — for now
The decks contain no form but that stone-stiff beside the prow.

Stone-stiff — half life, half death — it stands with hideous terror dumb,
And bristling hair, and striving still for words that will not come:
Speak thou — speak thou, who from the prow kept watch along the water,
And kill thy lord with one dread word of Gaza's glorious daughter!

He told at last, that as he turn'd, what time the breeze had died,
To rouse his mates — far at the stern, the lady he espied,
Sky-musing there: and by the helm, with eyes coal-blazing — HIM,
THE EVIL ONE, in semblance of their Moorish pilot grim,

Who stole to her before that boy could cross himself for grace,
His turban doff'd, then touch'd her arm, and stared her in the face —
That furnace-stare! — her scorch'd head dropp'd — a flash — at once she fell
Prone at his feet, who instantly sprang with her down to hell!

Where olive-groves their shadows fling from Cyprus' musky shore,
The "Bel-Marie" high stranded lies, to plough the waves no more;
And day by day, far, far away, in Rouen's aisles I ween,
Down-broken, like that stately bark, a mournful monk is seen.

TIME AND THE VIRGIN.

BY T. J. LYNCH.

"O TIME, be kind and be my guide, now prithee come with me,
To where my love expectant waits beside the moonlit sea."
And Time consents, — and on they move; it was a sight most rare,
To see old Time with scythe and glass trip with this Virgin fair.

Through woods they pass, till near the path a little streamlet roll'd,
Still Time went on: — the maiden paused to deck her locks of gold.
Her form within the star-bright wave she view'd with fond delight;
She lingered long — and when she rose old Time was out of sight.

With beating heart she eager sought the moonlit beach so fair;
But Time had pass'd; — her love was gone, and all was silence there.
"Ah, me!" she sighed in accents sweet, "too late I see my crime,
By trifling thus I have lost my love, as well as losing Time."

FEAGH M'HUGH.*

BY T. D. M'GEE.

FEAGH M'HUGH of the mountain —
Feagh M'Hugh of the glen —
Who has not heard of the Glenmalur chief,
And the feats of his hard-riding men?
Came you the sea-side from Carmen —
Crossed you the plains from the west —
No rhymer you met but could tell you,
Of Leinster men, who is the best.

Or seek you the Liffey or Dodder —
Ask in the bawns of the Pale —
Ask them whose cattle they fodder,
Who drinks without fee of their ale.
From Ardamine north to Kilmainham,
He rules, like a king, of few words,
And the Marchmen of seven score castles
Keep watch for the sheen of his swords.

* A celebrated Wicklow Chief of the 16th century.

The vales of Kilmantan * are spacious —
The hills of Kilmantan are high —
But the horn of the Chieftain finds echoes,
From the waterside up to the sky.
The lakes of Kilmantan are gloomy,
Yet bright rivers stream from them all —
So dark is our Chieftain in battle,
So gay in the camp or the hall.

The plains of Clan Saxon are fertile,
Their Chiefs and their Tanists are brave,
But the first step they take o'er the border,
Just measures the length of a grave;
Thirty score of them forrayed to Arklow,
Southampton and Essex their van —
Our Chief crossed their way, and he left of
Each score of them, living a man.

O, many the tales that they cherish,
In the glens of Kilmantan to-day,
And though church, rath, and native speech perish,
His glory's untouched by decay;
Feagh M'Hugh of the mountain —
Feagh M'Hugh of the glen —
Who has not heard of the Glenmalur Chief,
And the feats of his hard-riding men?

SIR EUSTACE.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

[Caroline Elizabeth Sarah Norton is the second daughter of Thomas, and granddaughter of Richard Brinsley, Sheridan. Whilst very young she married the Honorable George Chapple Norton, brother to the present Lord Grantley. She and her sister, the Hon. Mrs. Price Blackwood, were educated by their mother, and to her is due their literary fame. When very young they used to write together, and before either of them reached the age of twelve, they produced two little books of prints and verses which gave evidence of the genius which both of them have since manifested.]

CHILD of the dust! whose number'd hours are stealing fast away,
Whose sins are unrepented of, go shrive thee quick and pray!
For the hour will come, or soon or late, when thou must leave this scene;
When all that *is* to thee shall be, as if 't had never been.

Sir Eustace was a goodly youth, as beautiful as brave;
He sleeps the long, long sleep of death, but rests not in his grave;

* Kilmantan, the Irish name of Wicklow.

For though this blind world called him good, and worshipped his nod,
He was a most unholy man — he did not know his God!

'Tis true, he murdered not, nor stole; he gave much alms away,
But he gave not to his God the praise, nor bowed beneath His sway.
He loved his lady better far, than all the heavens contain,
And oft the saintly Edith tried, t'enlighten him in vain.

He only smiled, and laughing said, "I do the best I can;
Your God is just, my Edith, and will ask no more from man." —
"But 'tis because my God is just, he asks much more from thee;
O, lean on him, my Eustace, and his love and mercy see."

He would not listen to that voice, though sweet it was, and dear;
And Edith breath'd a prayer for him, and crush'd a rising tear.
Sir Eustace rode to hunt one day, but came not back at night;
Fair Edith laid her broid'ry down, and fear'd all was not right.

For he was faithful to his word, and never gave her pain,
And when he said he would return, was sure to come again.
She wandered through her splendid hall, the moon shone bright and clear,
Its beams fell on the cloister'd wall, which rose in an angle near;

And from out that cloister'd wall arose, a quiet vesper lay;
It rose 'mid the stillness soft and clear, then died in peace away.
The lady listen'd, and she felt her spirit sooth'd thereby:
"*Thou* wilt protect," she said, and gazed upon the tranquil sky.

She turned, and paced again the hall, no sound broke on her ear;
Why starts she as she gazes on a picture hanging near?
A moonbeam fell upon the spot, and lighted up that face;
It was her Eustace as he stood, in the pride of manly grace.

But there was something sad and pale, in that loved face to-night,
Seen by the flitting, flickering beams, of a pensive moon's pale light,
Which made the Lady Edith start, and gaze with anxious fear;
"O, Eustace! if thou shouldst be pale, and ill, and I not near!

"Thou hast no comforter besides; thou knowest not thy God.
Save him, ye Heavens! O, spare him still! and stay thy chastening rod!"
A Holy Father stood beside. "Lady," he said, "thy prayer
Has come too late, thy lord is ill, I come thee to prepare —

"Thee to prepare, who in the strength of another's might can stand,
And drink the cup, however keen, when sent by his high hand."

The lady bowed before the Priest, then raised her gentle brow,
A tear had gathered in her eye, she did not let it flow.

"Father," she said, "I am prepared that high hand to obey,
Unmurm'ringly — resignedly — where is my Eustace, say?"
"Thy Eustace, Lady, has arrived, is now within these walls,
And ev'ry time his speech returns, it is for thee he calls."

"Then let us hasten to him now, nor longer useless stand;
My Father, thou wilt lead the way" — and she took his aged hand.
They reached the room where Eustace lay, the Beautiful! the Brave!
And on that noble brow there slept the shadows of the Grave.

And Edith knelt beside his couch, and kissed his darkening brow;
The Father stanched his bleeding wounds, though vain he knew it now.
His sense returned, he oped his eyes, and saw his Edith there,
Patient and pale as the humble flower, which scents the midnight air.

"Edith, my Edith!" were the words, the first dear words he said;
"Thou wilt not leave me now, I know, *I* have no other aid.
My hour is come — I feel it is, with thee I may not stay;
O teach me, Edith! even now, teach me the way to pray!

"But vain is my request — vain, vain — nay, shake not that dear head,
Yon moon shall not have sunk to rest, ere I am with the dead,
And he who spent his summer-time, ungrateful to that Power,
Who made it summer, cannot hope for peace in this dark hour."

"Eustace, you do not know how great, how powerful to save,
Is he who died for us, then rose, victorious o'er the grave.
Have faith, my Eustace, have but faith, and He will give thee peace,
In heaven thou wilt be purified, where sin and suffering cease."

She stopped, but in her speaking eyes, her serious earnest air,
Sir Eustace fancied that he read the very soul of prayer.
Fondly he gazed upon that face, then sadly turned away,
And faint his dead lips breathed forth, "*It is too late to pray.*"

THE POET AND HIS VERSES.

BY T. IRWIN.

Come to my fireside. Sing to me to-night,
Poor Verses, echoes of my vanished years;
Though all unknown to fame and fortune's light,
My heart still guards you with its smiles and tears.
Old memories, though in jarring music sung,
And rough to other ears, still sweet to mine,
Your voice recalls the days when I was young,
And morning makes the dullest things divine.
Sing, Verses, sing! the night is dark and cold;
Sing, though your voices gain but little gold.

Rise, Scenes of Banquet, flashing far and wide,
Your chambers silvered from the fountain's rain!
Pace proudly forward, Prince and beaming Bride,
And let the Minstrels sound their richest strain! —
Alas, that feast so fragrant and so prime,
With meats and wines was colored hue on hue,
When one good dinner in the Lenten time
Made me plethoric for a day or two:
Sing by my fireside, as in days of old,
Poor singing Children gain but little gold.

Come, Fairy fancies, breathing of the moon,
Dance, little Elves, through your enchanted bowers!
In some dim garret rose the airy tune
That timed your tiny footsteps o'er the flowers.
Soar, daring Songs of Liberty and Right,
Let Tyrants tremble! — but awhile be still,
For in the landlady's sour face to-night
The rent seemed scrawled as blank as in her bill —
Sing by my ear — but be not loud or bold —
Poor singing Children gain but little gold.

Rise, Strains of Passion, from the twilight land,
Where Lovers pace along the glimmering stream,
And whisper low, and press the parting hand,
And homeward wander in a happy dream.
Ah, where is she who woke my earliest lay,
Whose fearless faith was mine, for woe or weal?
Along the noisy streets but yesterday
Her carriage splashed me o'er from head to heel:
Sing, Verses, by my hearth — *that* tale is old,
Poor singing Children gain but little gold.

Dear lonely offspring of a lonely heart,
No rich saloon resounds with your acclaim;
No eager student wafts you from the mart,
Or critic stings you with an epigram;
Beside me rest concealed from stranger minds,
Content if some old comrade, loved and known,
Lists to your lay by evening light and finds
Within your soul some tremblings of his own.
Sing, Little Ones, and round me closer fold,
Such singing Children gain but little gold.

Yes, we have wandered heart by heart, unseen,
Round foreign shores, and through the ocean's blast,
Far from the memoried Isle whose fields of green
Sleep in the spectral stillness of the past:
Oft, oft, when far away I've looked through tears
Into the dying light that o'er them shone;
Where all I loved amid the happier years,
Where all save you who sing of them are gone.
Sing, Memories, sing — the heart that can behold
Heaven in the sunset little heeds its gold.

THE HIGH-BORN LADYE.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

In vain all the knights of the Underwald woo'd her,
Though brightest of maidens, the proudest was she;
Brave chieftains they sought, and young minstrels they sued her,
But none was thought worthy the high-born Ladye.

"Whomsoever I wed," said this maid, so excelling,
"That knight must the conqu'ror of conquerors be;
He must place me in halls fit for monarchs to dwell in —
None else shall be bridegroom of the high-born Ladye."

Thus spoke the proud damsel, with scorn looking round her
On knights and on nobles of highest degree,
Who humbly and hopelessly left as they found her,
And sighed at a distance for the high-born Ladye.

At length came a knight from a far land to woo her,
With plumes on his helm like the foam of the sea;
His vizor was down — but, with voice that thrill'd through her,
He whisper'd his greeting to the high-born Ladye.

"Proud maiden, I come with high spousals to grace thee;
In me the great conqu'ror of conquerors see;

Enthron'd in a hall fit for monarchs I'll place thee;
And mine thou'rt forever, thou high-born Ladye!"

The maiden she smiled, and in jewels array'd her,
Of thrones and tiaras already dreamed she;
And proud was the step, as her bridegroom convey'd her
In pomp to his home of the high-born Ladye.

"But whither," she, starting, exclaims, "have you led me?
Here's nought but a tomb and a dark cypress tree;
Is *this* the bright palace in which thou wouldst wed me?"
With scorn in her glances, said the high-born Ladye.

"'Tis the home," he replied, "of earth's loftiest creatures"—
Then lifted his helm for the fair one to see;
But she sunk on the ground—'twas a skeleton's features,
And Death was the bridegroom of the high-born Ladye!

THE VIRGIN MARY'S KNIGHT.

BY T. D. M'GEE.

A BALLAD OF THE CRUSADES.

[In "the Middle Ages," there were Orders of Knights especially devoted to our Blessed Lady, as well as many illustrious individuals of knightly rank and renown. Thus the Order called Servites in France was known as *les esclaves de Marie*, and there was also the Order of "Our Lady of Mercy," for the Redemption of Captives; the Templars, too, before their fall, were devoutly attached to the service of our Blessed Lady.]

Beneath the stars in Palestine seven knights discoursing stood,
But not of warlike work to come, nor former fields of blood,
Nor of the joy the pilgrims feel prostrated far, who see
The hill where Christ's atoning blood pour'd down the penal tree;
Their theme was old, their theme was new, 'twas sweet and yet 'twas bitter,
Of noble ladies left behind spoke Cavalier and Ritter,
And eyes grew bright, and sighs arose from every iron breast,
For a dear wife, or plighted maid, far in the widowed West.

Toward the knights came Constantine, thrice noble by his birth,
And ten times nobler than his blood, his high out-shining worth,
His step was slow, his lips were moved, though not a word he spoke,
Till a gallant lord of Lombardy his spell of silence broke.
"What aileth thee, O, Constantine, that solitude you seek?
If counsel or if aid you need, we pray thee do but speak;
Or dost thou mourn, like other freres, thy lady-love afar,
Whose image shineth nightly through yon European star?"

Then answered courteous Constantine — "Good Sir, in simple truth,
I chose a gracious lady in the hey-day of my youth,
I wear her image on my heart, and when that heart is cold,
The secret may be rifled thence, but never must be told.
For her I love and worship well by light of morn or even,
I ne'er shall see my Mistress dear, until we meet in heaven,
But this believe, brave Cavaliers, there never was but one
Such lady as my Holy Love, beneath the blessed sun."

He ceased, and passed with solemn step on to an olive grove,
And kneeling there he prayed a prayer to the lady of his love.
And many a Cavalier whose lance had still maintained his own
Beloved to reign without a peer, all earth's unequalled one,
Looked tenderly on Constantine in camp and in the fight;
With wonder and with generous pride they marked the lightning light
Of his fearless sword careering through the unbelievers' ranks,
As angry Rhone sweeps off the vines that thicken on his banks.

"He fears not death come when it will, he longeth for his love,
And fain would find some sudden path to where she dwells above.
How should he fear for dying when his Mistress dear is dead?"
Thus often of Sir Constantine his watchful comrades said;
Until it chanced from Zion wall the fatal arrow flew,
That pierced the outworn armor of his faithful bosom through;
And never was such mourning made for knight in Palestine.
As thy loyal comrades made for thee, beloved Constantine.

Beneath the royal tent the bier was guarded night and day,
Where with a halo round his head the Christian champion lay;
That talisman upon his breast — what may that marvel be
Which kept his ardent soul through life from every error free?
Approach! behold! nay, worship there the image of his love,
The Heavenly Queen who reigneth all the sacred hosts above,
Nor wonder that around his bier there lingers such a light,
For the spotless one that sleepeth, *was the Blessed Virgin's Knight!*

THE TROUBADOUR'S PILGRIMAGE.

BY T. IRWIN.

Eastward, moonlit peaks are glancing
O'er the dusk with silvery eyes;
Westward, tracks of Summer forest
Deepen down the crimson skies;

Pilgrims pass the bridge whose crescent
 Darkens o'er the gleaming frith,
And the noon heat camps its vapor
 O'er the bronzèd moorland's width —
 Toll, bell of sunset, toll
 Over listening land and river;
 Sing, Memory, to my soul,
 Of Spirits lost, but loved for ever!

Toward the norland distance yonder
 Listening, praying, forth I go;
Starry stream and solemn mountain
 Lure me, shining in their snow;
There, within a silent valley,
 Full of the cold planet's light,
Lies the grave to which my fancy,
 Dreaming, wanders through the night —
 Toll, bell of sunset, toll
 Over silent land and river;
 Sing, Memory, to my soul,
 Of Spirits lost, but loved for ever.

Onward, where awhile the Summer
 Slumbers round in twilight blooms —
Waters showering from the summits,
 Forests full of topaz glooms;
Moon and sea beneath me rising,
 O'er me star and cottage nest —
Sadness in the eastern evening,
 Music in the golden west —
 Toll, bell of sunset, toll
 Down the gorgeous glooming river;
 Sing, Memory, to my soul,
 Of Spirits lost, but loved for ever.

Wheresoe'er the world I've wandered —
 Realm of life, or place of tombs;
Through the Mediterranean splendors,
 Through the dumb Egyptian glooms;
Radiant spirits round me hover,
 Watch my rest, or with me stray,
While our hearts, in mournful anthems
 Mingling, close the lonely day —
 Toll, bell of evening, toll
 O'er the starry, trembling river;
 Sing, Memory, to my soul,
 Of Spirits lost, but loved for ever.

Oft I hear their charmed voices
 Lingering round some mountain height;

Utterance rich as planet music
Swooning through the magic night.
Oft great brows of meteor beauty,
O'er the star-dim seas appear;
Oft in moonlit towns a silence
Falling tells me they are near —
Toll, bell of darkness, toll,
Fate-like, down the ghostly river;
Sing, Memory, to my soul,
Of Spirits lost, but loved for ever.

Upward, where the moulder'd castle
Guards the quick, unquiet fords,
All its moated depth of waters,
Glossed with beams, like blades of swords;
Now the lowland's dark expansure
Widens from the mountain crest;
And a low star lights the valley,
Where my pilgrim heart would rest —
Toll, bell of silence, toll
Down the silver-rippled river;
Sing, Memory, to my soul,
Of Spirits lost, but loved for ever.

By this well that bubbles sprayless,
Shall I rest upon my way:
Earth is broadening in shadow —
Heaven in brightness, while I pray.
"Blessed spirits, rise above me,
When the death-dark round me flows,
Like a crescent in the sunshine,
Beaconing where the glory goes."
Toll, bell of Heaven, toll
Down the sapphire radiant river.
God, waft my trembling soul
Where rest the Spirits loved for ever!

THE POET AND HIS SON.

BY J. FRAZER.

Come forth, my son, into the fields —
What is there in the crowd
Of hearts, or scenes, the city yields,
To make young spirits proud?

Girt by mankind, we dream a God
 May in the skies abide;
But O! he must be all a clod,
Who feels not on the fragrant sod,
 God walketh by his side!

Could I withdraw thee from the cold,
 The mean, the base, the stern,
And selfish craft that young and old
 From grasping crowds must learn;
How gladly to some rural nook
 Would I transplant thy mind;
From nature's brow and Sage's book,
To learn that highest lore — to look
 With love upon mankind!

Field, forest, glen, rock, hill, and stream,
 Green robe and snowy shroud —
The calm, the storm, the lightning gleam,
 The sea, the sky, the cloud, —
Are volumes the Eternal One
 Hath sent us from above,
For every heart to study on,
And learn to suffer, seek, or shun,
 In charity and love.

The weak may there be taught to cope,
 The mighty to beware;
The Fond to doubt, the slave to hope,
 The Tyrant to despair —
Changing and changeless, that which dies,
 And that no death can mar,
Silent and sounding, wild and wise,
Before each mood of passion rise
 A Beacon, or a Bar.

My son, to these rich volumes oft
 From throngs and streets retire;
So shall thy spirit soar aloft
 From low and base desire.
And when thy country, chained or free,
 From city and green sod
Arrays the people's majesty,
Thy soul, in truth and wisdom, be
 A soul that spoke with God.

THE BRIDAL IN PARADISE.

BY D. P. STARKEY.

It was a night of glorious light, magnificent with stars,
Which flashed along the firmament in their triumphal cars;
The overarching dome of heaven was blazing far and wide,
For Adam, sinless and sublime, that day had wed his bride.

Within a garden the pair slept, enfolded arm in arm,
Their pulses thrilling as they welled from life's young fountains warm;
Soft went their sighings to and fro, and round each breath there fluttered
Ten thousand words of love, half-winged, and struggling to be uttered.

And one was powerful in sleep, with brow intently wrought —
A solemn calm, as though a spell had fixed some mighty thought:
His length of limb lay still as stone, for the moon's broad beam to carve;
Yet not in marble death — but all electric with life's nerve.

For there was strength and sternness in the slumber of that form —
A something fearful and august, like a pause amidst a storm;
Misdoubting spirits hover'd near, nor could their gaze forbear —
They almost felt that they must kneel before God's image there.

The other lay all loveliness, defencelessly reposing
Within the arm that twined her round; and her sweet lips, unclosing,
Poured murmurs, half in prayer, half dream, yet more of song than word,
As the breath of innocence swept by, and the fresh-strung feelings stirred.

Each lustrous eye, in love's eclipse, was shrouded o'er with fringe,
Which lay like shade, and lent her cheek the glow of contrast's tinge;
And the marble carving of her brow shone white 'twixt tress and tress,
Like Thought's pure temple, reared amidst a fragrant wilderness.

There, all unconscious, yet intense, glowed human feeling first;
Each heart that beat, each breast that swelled, creation's self had nursed: —
All, all was new — the pressed herb heaved beneath the breathing pair,
And long sprays reached all trembling down to touch what seemed so fair: —

Hush, hush, earth, air! — glide softly, streams! — steal gently, waves, to shore! —
Back, echoes, to your inmost grots! — repress, O winds, your roar!
Nature with finger on her lip, looked breathlessly around,
Lest one of all her new-fledged brood should break the trance profound.

The shadows plunged amidst the woods, and down in caverns lay,
Which wild beasts haunt, before a tread was printed in their clay; —
And orbs unnamed upon the breasts of glancing streams were caught,
Unnamed as they, and rolling down thro' sands of gold unsought.

Thro' many a glade the maiden moon pursued the midnight hours —
In many a lawn the enamoured dew fell back amidst its flowers;
The forests whispered on their hills and the mighty mountains rose
Like silent altars under heaven, in eloquent repose.

And the pebbly brook told o'er and o'er its wanderings from its source,
And questioned every stone it met of its yet untravelled course;
And as it murmured through the dell, it listened — for it heard
An answer from the rock, how soft! responding word for word.

And palms and cedars rose to heaven, with graceful tendrils hung,
Festooned from lowly plants which grew their loftier lords among:
And the rugged oak allowed the vine to seize it, unreproved;
And the moss had clasp'd its own gray stone, that nought might be unloved.

One silvery link of harmony stretched betwixt heaven and earth,
Too ravishing for sense to say from which it had its birth: —
A nightingale's lone note arose — but trembled in the ether,
So slender was the thread that hung silence and song together.

And the lion and the leopard lay beside the kid and lamb,
And the wolf sought not to tear its prey from the fostering of its dam;
The fawn and the great stag-hound slept, for their fleetness they had tried,
And, tired with the unbloody chase, now slumbered side by side.

O, wherefore was that trance not death? Why did the morning break?
Why, why must they who slept in peace, to sin and sorrow wake?
Too long, or far too short that sleep — for on the morrow, Death
Will breathe the lying hope of life, and blast them with his breath!

"Peace, dreamer! — Slumber on, blest pair! ye needs must sin — and die.
To him that disobeyeth — DEATH is Nature's sole reply.
Ye die — but for your life, behold! a God shall leave the skies,
To murmur o'er earth's sepulchres the magic word — ARISE!"

THE SOLDIER BOY.

BY DR. WILLIAM MAGINN.

[To the readers of English literature, it is almost unnecessary to do more than mention the name of Dr. Maginn, to make them acquainted with his history and his fame. He was born in Cork in 1794, the son of a schoolmaster; and on his father's death undertook the management of the establishment at the age of twenty. In this position he continued till 1817, when he became a contributor to *Blackwood*, which had been started that year under the editorial management of Professor Wilson. Maginn was a constant contributor till 1828. He wrote without labor and without limit. His thoughts gushed forth in exuberant abundance, clothed in rich and varied phraseology. He was the first Irishman who disclaimed the low, disgusting caricatures which had been written and published in London as the songs of Ireland. He repudiated the paternity of the "Murtagh Delany" and "Larry M'Fig" school of ballads, which were at one time so popular on the English stage, but which are now regarded as Irish songs only by the vulgar and illiterate. Irishmen were then introduced to English society, as the drunken helots and gladiators of old were introduced to disgust and amuse their masters; and much of English dislike and many of its prejudices may be traced to this source. Maginn married in 1823, and then went to London to seek his fortune. His engagements were soon numerous, and the opinion entertained of his abilities may be estimated from the fact that John Murray, the publisher, placed Lord Byron's letters and papers in his hands for a biography of the poet, shortly after his lordship's death. Fortunately for the memory of Byron, this work fell ultimately into the more congenial hands of Moore. In consequence of some disagreement with Blackwood, Maginn established *Frazer's Magazine* in 1830, and became its editor. His writings are scattered over the broad field of English periodical literature for thirty years. Selections from his articles were published previously to his death under the title of "Magazine Miscellanies;" his "Homeric Ballads" have been published since that sad event, which occurred in 1841.]

I GIVE my soldier-boy a blade,
In fair Damascus fashioned well;
Who first the glittering falchion swayed,
Who first beneath its fury fell,
I know not, but I hope to know
That for no mean or hireling trade,
To guard no feeling base or low,
I give my soldier-boy a blade.

Cool, calm, and clear, the lucid flood
In which its tempering work was done,
As calm, as clear, as cool of mood,
Be thou whene'er it sees the sun:

For country's claim, at honor's call,
 For outraged friend, insulted maid,
At mercy's voice to bid it fall,
 I give my soldier-boy a blade.

The eye which marked its peerless edge,
 The hand that weighed its balanced poise,
Anvil and pincers, forge and wedge,
 Are gone with all their flame and noise —
And still the gleaming sword remains;
 So, when in dust I low am laid,
Remember by those heart-felt strains,
 I gave my soldier-boy a blade.

THE HEART'S RESTING PLACE.

BY T. D. M'GEE.

Twice have I sailed the Atlantic o'er,
 Twice dwelt an exile in the west;
Twice did kind nature's skill restore
 The quiet of my troubled breast —
As moss upon a rifted tree,
 So time its gentle cloaking did,
But though the wound no eye could see,
 Deep in my heart the barb was hid.

I felt a weight where'er I went —
 I felt a void within my brain;
My day hopes and my dreams were blent,
 With sable threads of mental pain;
My eye delighted not to look
 On forest old or rapids grand;
The stranger's joy I scarce could brook,
 My heart was in my own dear land.

Where'er I turned, some emblem still
 Roused consciousness upon my track;
Some hill was like an Irish hill,
 Some wild bird's whistle called me back;
A sea-bound ship bore off my peace,
 Between its white, cold wings of woe;
O, if I had but wings like these,
 Where my peace went I too would go.

LEONIDAS.

BY REV. GEORGE CROLY.

Shout for the mighty men,
Who died along this shore —
Who died within this mountain's glen!
For never nobler chieftain's head
Was laid on Valor's crimson bed,
Nor ever prouder gore
Sprang forth, than theirs who won the day
Upon thy strand, Thermopylæ!

Shout for the mighty men,
Who on the Persian tents,
Like lions from their midnight den
Bounding on the slumbering deer,
Rush'd — a storm of sword and spear; —
Like the roused elements,
Let loose from an immortal hand,
To chasten or to crush a land!

But there are none to hear;
Greece is a hopeless slave.
Leonidas! no hand is near
To lift thy fiery falchion now;
No warrior makes the warrior's vow
Upon thy sea-wash'd grave.
The voice that should be rais'd by men,
Must now be given by wave and glen.

And it is given! — the surge —
The tree — the rock — the sand —
On Freedom's kneeling spirit urge,
In sounds that speak but to the free,
The memory of thine and thee!
The vision of thy band
Still gleams within the glorious dell,
Where their gore hallow'd, as it fell!

And is thy grandeur done?
Mother of men like these!
Has not thy outcry gone,
Where Justice has an ear to hear? —
Be holy! God shall guide thy spear;
Till in thy crimson'd seas
Are plunged the chain and cimeter;
Greece shall be a new-born Star!

THE SISTER OF CHARITY.*

BY GERALD GRIFFIN.

She once was a lady of honor and wealth,
Bright glow'd on her features the roses of health;
Her vesture was blended of silk and of gold,
And her motion shook perfume from every fold:
Joy revell'd around her — love shone at her side,
And gay was her smile, as the glance of a bride;
And light was her step in the mirth-sounding hall,
When she heard of the daughters of Vincent de Paul.

She felt, in her spirit, the summons of grace,
That call'd her to live for the suffering race;
And heedless of pleasure, of comfort, of home,
Rose quickly like Mary, and answered, "I come."
She put from her person the trappings of pride,
And pass'd from her home, with the joy of a bride,
Nor wept at the threshold, as onwards she moved —
For her heart was on fire in the cause it approved.

Lost ever to fashion — to vanity lost,
That beauty that once was the song and the toast —
No more in the ball room that figure we meet,
But gliding at dusk to the wretch's retreat.
Forgot in the halls is that high-sounding name,
For the Sister of Charity blushes at fame;
Forgot are the claims of her riches and birth,
For she barters for heaven the glory of earth.

Those feet, that to music could gracefully move,
Now bear her alone on the mission of love;
Those hands that once dangled the perfume and gem
Are tending the helpless, or lifted for them;
That voice that once echo'd the song of the vain,
Now whispers relief to the bosom of pain;
And the hair that was shining with diamond and pearl,
Is wet with the tears of the penitent girl.

Her down-bed a pallet — her trinkets a bead,
Her lustre — one taper that serves her to read;
Her sculpture — the crucifix nail'd by her bed;
Her paintings one print of the thorn-crowned head;
Her cushion — the pavement that wearies her knees;
Her music the psalm, or the sigh of disease;

* Griffin's sister entered this pious order, which circumstance probably suggested the poem.

The delicate lady lives mortified there,
And the feast is forsaken for fasting and prayer.

Yet not to the service of heart and of mind,
Are the cares of that heaven-minded virgin confined.
Like him whom she loves, to the mansions of grief
She hastes with the tidings of joy and relief.
She strengthens the weary — she comforts the weak,
And soft is her voice in the ear of the sick;
Where want and affliction on mortals attend,
The Sister of Charity *there* is a friend.

Unshrinking where pestilence scatters his breath,
Like an angel she moves, 'mid the vapor of death;
Where rings the loud musket, and flashes the sword,
Unfearing she walks, for she follows the Lord.
How sweetly she bends o'er each plague-tainted face
With looks that are lighted with holiest grace;
How kindly she dresses each suffering limb,
For she sees in the wounded the image of Him.

Behold her, ye worldly! behold her, ye vain!
Who shrink from the pathway of virtue and pain;
Who yield up to pleasure your nights and your days,
Forgetful of service, forgetful of praise.
Ye lazy philosophers — self-seeking men, —
Ye fireside philanthropists, great at the pen,
How stands in the balance your eloquence weighed
With the life and the deeds of that high-born maid?

THE PRETTY GIRL OF LOCH DAN.

BY SAMUEL FERGUSON, M. R. I. A.

The shades of eve had crossed the glen
That frowns o'er infant Avonmore;
When, nigh Loch Dan, two weary men,
We stopped before a cottage door.
"God save all here," my comrade cries,
And rattles on the raised latch-pin;
"God save you kindly," quick replies
A clear sweet voice, and asks us in.

We enter; from the wheel she starts,
A rosy girl with soft black eyes;
Her fluttering court'sy takes our hearts,
Her blushing grace and pleased surprise.

Poor Mary, she was quite alone,
For, all the way to Glenmalure,
Her mother had that morning gone
And left the house in charge with her.

But neither household cares, nor yet
The shame that startled virgins feel,
Could make the generous girl forget
Her wonted hospitable zeal.
She brought us in a beechen bowl,
Sweet milk, that smacked of mountain thyme,
Oat cake, and such a yellow roll
Of butter — it gilds all my rhyme!

And while we ate the grateful food,
(With weary limbs on bench reclined,)
Considerate and discreet, she stood
Apart, and listened to the wind.
Kind wishes both our souls engaged,
From breast to breast spontaneous ran
The mutual thought — we stood and pledged, —
THE MODEST ROSE ABOVE LOCH DAN.

"The milk we drink is not more pure,
Sweet Mary —, bless those budding charms!
Than your own generous heart, I'm sure,
Nor whiter than the breast it warms!"
She turned and gazed, unused to hear
Such language in that homely glen;
But, Mary, you have nought to fear,
Though smiled on by two stranger men.

Not for a crown would I alarm
Your virgin pride by word or sign;
Nor need a painful blush disarm
My friend of thoughts as pure as mine.
Her simple heart could not but feel
The words we spoke were free from guile;
She stooped, she blushed, she fixed her wheel, —
'Tis all in vain — she can't but smile!

Just like sweet April's dawn appears
Her modest face — I see it yet —
And though I lived a hundred years
Methinks I never could forget
The pleasure, that, despite her heart,
Fills all her downcast eyes with light,
The lips reluctantly apart,
The white teeth struggling into sight;

The dimples eddying o'er her cheek, —
The rosy cheek that won't be still! —
O! who could blame what flatterers speak,
Did smiles like this reward their skill?
For such another smile, I vow,
Though loudly beats the midnight rain,
I'd take the mountain-side e'en now,
And walk to Luggelaw again!

THE BANNER OF THE COVENANTERS.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

[At the Marischal College at Aberdeen, among other valuable curiosities, they show one of the banners formerly belonging to the Covenanters; it is of white silk, with the motto, "Spe Expecto," in red letters; and underneath, the English inscription, "For Religion, King, and Kingdoms." The banner is much torn, but otherwise in good preservation.]

Here, where the rain-drops may not fall, the sunshine doth not play,
Where the unfelt and distant breeze in whispers dies away;
Here, where the stranger paces slow along the silent halls,
Why mutely art thou hanging thus against the massive walls?
Thou, that hast seen blood shed for thee — that midst the battle-tide
Hast faintly lit the soldier's eye with triumph ere he died;
Bright banner, which hath witness'd oft the struggles of the free,
Emblem of proud and holy hope, is this a place for *thee*?

Wake! wake aloft, thou Banner! let every snowy fold
Float on our wild, unconquer'd hills, as in the days of old;
Hang out, and give again to Death a glory and a charm,
Where Heaven's pure dew may freshen thee, and Heaven's pure sunshine warm.
Wake, wave aloft! I hear the silk low rustling on the breeze,
Which whistles through the lofty fir, and bends the birchen trees;
I hear the tread of warriors arm'd to conquer or to die;
Their bed or bier the heathery hill, their canopy the sky.

What, what is life or death to them? *they* only feel and know
Freedom is to be struggled for, with an unworthy foe —
Their homes — their hearths — the all for which their fathers, too, have fought,
And liberty to breathe the prayers their cradled lips were taught.
On, on they rush — like mountain streams resistlessly they sweep —
On! those who live are heroes now — and martyrs those who sleep!
While still the snow-white banner waves above the field of strife,
With a proud triumph, as it were a thing of soul and life.

They stand — they bleed — they fall! they make one brief and
breathless pause,
And gaze with fading eyes upon the standard of their cause; —
Again they brave the strife of death, again each weary limb
Faintly obeys the warrior soul, tho' earth's best hopes grow dim; —
The mountain-rills are red with blood, the pure and quiet sky
Rings with the shouts of those who win, the groans of those who die;
Taken — retaken — raised again, but soil'd with clay and gore,
Heavily, on the wild free breeze, that Banner floats once more.

I hear the wail of women now: the dreadful day is done:
God's creatures wait to strive and slay until to-morrow's sun:
I hear the heavy breathing of the weary ones who sleep,
The death-sob and the dying word, "the voice of them that weep;"
The half-choked grief of those who, while they stifle back their
breath,
Scarce know if what they watch be hush'd in slumber or in death;
While mournfully, as if it knew and felt for their despair,
The moon-lit Banner flaps and falls upon the midnight air.

Morning! the glad and glorious light! the waking of God's earth,
Which rouses men to stain with gore the soil that gave them birth.
In the still sunshine sleeps the hill, the stream, the distant town;
In the still sunshine — clogg'd and stiff — the battle-flag hangs down.
Peace is in Heaven, and Heaven's good gifts, but war is amongst
men —
Red blood is pouring on the hill, wild shouts are in the glen;
'Tis past — they sink, they bleed, they fly — that faint, enfeebled
host,
Right is not might — the Banner-flag, the victory, are lost!

Heaven's dew hath drunk the crimson drops which on the heather
lay,
The rills that were so red with gore, go sparkling on their way;
The limbs that fought, the hearts that swell'd, are crumbled into
dust,
The souls which strove are gone to meet the spirits of the just;
But that frail silken flag, for which, and under which, they fought,
(And which e'en *now* retains its power upon the soul of thought,)
Survives — a tatter'd, senseless thing — to meet the curious eye,
And wake a momentary dream of hopes and days gone by.

A momentary dream! O! not for *one* poor transient hour,
Not for a brief and hurried day that flag exerts its power;
Full flashing on our dormant souls the firm conviction comes,
That what our fathers did for *theirs*, we could for *our* homes.
We, *too*, could brave the giant arm that seeks to chain each word,
And rule what form of prayer alone shall by our God be heard:
We, too, in triumph or defeat, could drain our hearts' best veins,
While the good old cause of Liberty for Church and State remains!

THE GRAVE OF MAC CAURA.

BY MRS. DOWNING,

AUTHOR OF "SCRAPS FROM THE MOUNTAINS."

[At Callan, a pass on an unfrequented road leading from Glanerought (the vale of the Roughty) to Bantry, the country people point out a flat stone by the pathway, which they name as the burial-place of Daniel Mac Carthy, who fell there in an engagement with the Fitzgeralds in 1261. The stone still preserves the traces of characters which are, however, illegible. From the scanty records of the period, it would appear that this battle was no inconsiderable one. The Geraldines were defeated, and their leader, Thomas Fitzgerald, and his son, eighteen barons, fifteen knights, and many others of his adherents, slain. But the honor and advantage of victory were dearly purchased by the exulting natives, owing to the death of their brave and noble chieftain.]

And this is thy grave, MacCaura,
Here by the pathway lone,
Where the thorn blossoms are bending
Over thy mouldered stone.
Alas! for the sons of glory;
O! thou of the darkened brow,
And the eagle plume, and the belted clans,
Is it here thou art sleeping now?

O! wild is the spot, MacCaura,
In which they have laid thee low —
The field where thy people triumphed
Over a slaughtered foe;
And loud was the banshee's wailing,
And deep was the clansmen's sorrow,
When with bloody hands and burning tears
They buried thee here, MacCaura.

And now thy dwelling is lonely —
King of the rushing horde;
And now thy battles are over —
Chief of the shining sword.
And the rolling thunder echoes
O'er torrent and mountain free,
But alas! and alas! MacCaura,
It will not awaken thee.

Farewell to thy grave, MacCaura,
Where the slanting sunbeams shine,
And the brier and waving fern
Over thy slumbers twine;
Thou whose gathering summons
Could waken the sleeping glen;
MacCaura! alas for thee and thine,
'Twill never be heard again.

THE BRIDAL OF THE YEAR.

BY D. F. M'CARTHY.

Yes! the Summer is returning,
Warmer, brighter beams are burning;
Golden mornings, purple evenings,
Come to glad the world once more.
Nature from her long sojourning,
In the Winter-House of Mourning,
With the light of hope outpeeping,
From those eyes that late were weeping,
Cometh dancing o'er the waters
To our distant shore.
On the boughs the birds are singing,
Never idle,
For the bridal,
Goes the frolic breeze a-ringing
All the green bells on the branches,
Which the soul of man doth hear;
Music-shaken,
It doth waken,
Half in hope and half in fear,
And dons its festal garments for the Bridal of the Year!

For the year is sempiternal,
Never wintry, never vernal,
Still the same through all the changes
That our wondering eyes behold.
Spring is but his time of wooing —
Summer but the sweet renewing
Of the vows he utters yearly,
Ever fondly and sincerely,
To the young Bride that he weddeth,
When to heaven departs the old,
For it is her fate to perish,
Having brought him,
In the Autumn,
Children for his heart to cherish.
Summer, like a human mother,
Dies in bringing forth her young;
Sorrow blinds him,
Winter finds him
Childless, too, their graves among,
Till May returns once more, and bridal hymns are sung.

Thrice the great Betrothèd naming,
Thrice the mystic banns proclaiming,

February, March, and April,
Spread the tidings far and wide;
Thrice the questioned each new-comer,
"Know ye, why the sweet-faced Summer,
With her rich imperial dower,
Golden fruit and diamond flower,
And her pearly rain-drop trinkets,
Should not be the green Earth's Bride?"
All things vocal spoke elated
(Nor the voiceless
Did rejoice less) —
"Be the marriage consummated!"
All the many murmuring voices
Of the music-breathing Spring,
Young birds twittering,
Streamlets glittering,
Insects on transparent wing —
All hailed the Summer nuptials of their King!

Now the rosy east gives warning,
'Tis the wished-for nuptial morning.
Sweetest truant from Elysium,
Golden morning of the May!
All the guests are in their places —
Lilies with pale, high-bred faces —
Hawthorns in white wedding favors,
Scented with celestial savors —
Daisies, like sweet country maidens,
Wear white scolloped frills to-day;
'Neath her hat of straw the Peasant
Primrose sitteth,
Nor permitteth
Any of her kindred present,
'Specially the milk-sweet cowslip,
E'er to leave the tranquil shade:
By the hedges,
Or the edges
Of some stream or grassy glade,
They look upon the scene half wistful, half afraid.

Other guests, too, are invited,
From the alleys dimly lighted,
From the pestilential vapors
Of the overpeopled town —
From the fever and the panic
Comes the hard-worked, swarth mechanic —
Comes his young wife, pallor-stricken
At the cares that round her thicken —
Comes the boy whose brow is wrinkled,

Ere his chin is clothed in down —
And the foolish pleasure-seekers,
Nightly thinking
They are drinking
Life and joy from poisoned beakers,
Shudder at their midnight madness,
And the raving revel scorn:
All are treading
To the wedding
In the freshness of the morn,
And feel, perchance too late, the bliss of being born.

And the Student leaves his poring,
And his venturous exploring
In the gold and gem-enfolding
Waters of the ancient lore —
Seeking in its buried treasures,
Means for life's most common pleasures;
Neither vicious nor ambitious —
Simple wants and simple wishes.
Ah! he finds the ancient learning
But the Spartan's iron ore;
Without value in an era
Far more golden
Than the olden —
When the beautiful chimera —
Love — hath almost wholly faded
Even from the dreams of men.
From his prison
Newly risen —
From his book-enchanted den —
The stronger magic of the morning drives him forth again.

And the Artist, too — the Gifted —
He whose soul is Heavenward lifted —
Till it drinketh inspiration
At the fountain of the skies;
He, within whose fond embraces
Start to life the marble graces;
Or, with God-like power presiding,
With the potent pencil gilding,
O'er the void chaotic canvas,
Bids the fair creations rise!
And the quickened mass obeying
Heaves its mountains;
From its fountains
Sends the gentle streams a-straying
Through the vales like Love's first feelings
Stealing o'er a maiden's heart;

The Creator —
Imitator —
From his easel forth doth start,
And from God's glorious Nature learns anew his Art!

But who is this with tresses flowing,
Flashing eyes and forehead glowing,
From whose lips the thunder-music
Pealeth o'er the listening lands?
'Tis the first and last of preachers —
First and last of priestly teachers;
First and last of those appointed
In the ranks of the anointed;
With their songs like swords to sever
Tyranny and Falsehood's bands!
'Tis the Poet — sum and total
Of the others,
With his brothers,
In his rich robes sacerdotal,
Singing from his golden psalter.
Comes he now to wed the twain —
Truth and Beauty —
Rest and Duty —
Hope, and Fear, and Joy, and Pain,
Unite for weal or woe beneath the Poet's chain!

And the shapes that follow after,
Some in tears and some in laughter,
Are they not the fairy phantoms
In his glorious visions seen?
Nymphs from shady forests wending,
Goddesses from heaven descending;
Three of Jove's divinest daughters,
Nine from Aganippe's waters;
And the passion-immolated,
Too fond-hearted Tyrian Queen,
Various shapes of one idea,
Memory-haunting,
Heart-enchanting,
Cythna, Genevieve, and Nea;
Rosalind and all her sisters,
Born by Avon's sacred stream,
All the blooming
Shapes illuming
"The Eternal Pilgrim's" dream,
Follow the Poet's steps beneath the morning beam.

But the Bride — the Bride is coming!
Birds are singing, bees are humming;

Silent lakes amid the mountains
Look but cannot speak their mirth;
Streams go bounding in their gladness,
With a Bacchanalian madness;
Trees bow down their heads in wonder,
Clouds of purple part asunder,
As the Maiden of the Morning
Leads the blushing Bride to Earth!
Bright as are the planets seven—
With her glances
She advances,
For her azure eyes are Heaven!
And her robes are sun-beams woven,
And her beauteous bridesmaids are
Hopes and Wishes—
Dreams delicious—
Joys from some serener star,
And Heavenly-hued Illusions gleaming from afar!

Now the mystic rite is over—
Blessings on the loved and lover!
Strike the tabors, clash the cymbals,
Let the note of joy resound!
With the rosy apple blossom,
Blushing like a maiden's bosom;
With the cream-white clusters pearly
Of the pear-tree budding early;
With all treasures from the meadows
Strew the consecrated ground;
Let the guests with vows fraternal
Pledge each other,
Sister, brother,
With the wine of Hope—the vernal
Vine-juice of Man's better nature—
Vintage of Man's trustful heart.
Perseverance
And Forbearance,
Love and Labor, Song and Art,
Be this the cheerful creed wherewith the world may start.

But whither have the twain departed?
The United—the One-hearted—
Whither from the bridal banquet
Have the Bride and Bridegroom flown?
Ah! their steps have led them quickly
Where the young leaves cluster thickly;
Blossomed boughs rain fragrance o'er them,
Greener grows the grass before them,
As they wander through the island,
Fond, delighted, and alone!

At their coming streams grow brighter,
Skies grow clearer,
Mountains nearer,
And the blue waves dancing lighter
From the far-off mighty ocean
Frolic on the glistening sand,
Jubilations —
Gratulations —
Breathe around, as hand in hand,
They roam by Sutton's sea-washed shore, or soft Shanganah's strand.

LOVE'S WARNING.

BY EDWARD KENEALY.

A FAIR lady once, with her young lover walked,
Gillyflower, gentle rosemary;
Through a garden, and sweetly they laughed and they talked,
While the dews fell over the mulberry tree.

She gave him a rose — while he sighed for a kiss,
Gillyflower, gentle rosemary;
Quoth he, as he took it, "I kiss thee in this,"
While the dews fall over the mulberry tree.

She gave him a lily less white than her breast,
Gillyflower, gentle rosemary;
Quoth he, "'Twill remind me of one I love best;"
While the dews fall over the mulberry tree.

She gave him a two faces under a hood,
Gillyflower, gentle rosemary;
"How blest you could make me," quoth he, "if you would,"
While the dews fall over the mulberry tree.

She saw a forget-me-not flower in the grass,
Gillyflower, gentle rosemary;
Ah! why did the lady that little flower pass?
While the dews fell over the mulberry tree.

The young lover saw that she passed it, and sigh'd,
Gillyflower, gentle rosemary;
They say his heart broke, and he certainly died,
While the dews fell over the mulberry tree.

Now all you fair ladies, take warning by this,
Gillyflower, gentle rosemary;
And never refuse your young lovers a kiss,
While the dews fall over the mulberry tree.

WILLY GILLILAND.

AN ULSTER BALLAD.

BY SAMUEL FERGUSON, M. R. I. A.

Up in the mountain solitudes, and in a rebel ring,
He has worshipped God upon the hill, in spite of church and king;
And sealed his treason with his blood on Bothwell bridge he hath;
So he must fly his fathers' land, or he must die the death;
For comely Claverhouse has come along with grim Dalzell,
And his smoking rooftree testifies they've done their errand well.

In vain to fly his enemies he fled his native land;
Hot persecution waited him upon the Carrick strand;
His name was on the Carrick cross, a price was on his head,
A fortune to the man that brings him in, alive or dead!
And so on moor and mountain, from the Laggan to the Bann,
From house to house, and hill to hill, he lurked an outlawed man.

At last, when in false company he might no longer bide,
He stayed his houseless wanderings upon the Collon side,
There in a cave all under ground he laired his heathy den,
Ah, many a gentleman was fain to earth like hill fox then.
With hound and fishing-rod he lived on hill and stream by day,
At night, betwixt his fleet greyhound and his bonny mare he lay.

It was a summer evening, and, mellowing and still,
Glenwhirry to the setting sun lay bare from hill to hill;
For all that valley pastoral held neither house nor tree,
But spread abroad and open all, a full fair sight to see,
From Slemish foot to Collon top lay one unbroken green;
Save where in many a silver coil the river glanced between.

And on the river's grassy bank, even from the morning gray,
He at the angler's pleasant sport had spent the summer day:
Ah! many a time and oft I've spent the summer day from dawn,
And wondered, when the sunset came, where time and care had gone,
Along the reaches curling fresh, the wimpling pools and streams,
Where he that day his cares forgot in these delightful dreams.

His blithe work done, upon a bank the outlaw rested now,
And laid the basket from his back, the bonnet from his brow,
And there, his hand upon the Book, his knee upon the sod,
He filled the lonely valley with the gladsome word of God;
And for a persecuted kirk, and for her martyrs dear,
And against a godless church and king he spoke up loud and clear.

And now, upon his homeward way he crossed the Collon high,
And over bush and bank and brae he sent abroad his eye,
But all was darkening peacefully in gray and purple haze,
The thrush was silent in the banks, the lark upon the braes —
When suddenly shot up a blaze — from the cave's mouth it came;
And troopers' steeds and troopers' caps are glancing in the same!

He couched among the heather, and he saw them, as he lay,
With three long yells at parting, ride lightly east away;
Then down with heavy heart he came, to sorry cheer came he,
For ashes black were crackling where the green whins used to be,
And stretched among the prickly coomb his heart's blood smoking round,
From slender nose to breast-bone cleft, lay dead his good greyhound!

"They've slain my dog, the Philistines! they've ta'en my bonny mare!" —
He plunged into the smoky hole; no bonny beast was there —
He groped beneath his burning bed, (it burned him to the bone,)
Where his good weapon used to be, but broadsword there was none;
He reeled out of the stifling den, and sat down on a stone,
And in the shadows of the night 'twas thus he made his moan —

"I am a houseless outcast; I have neither bed nor board,
Nor living thing to look upon, nor comfort save the Lord:
Yet was the good Elijah once in worse extremity;
Who succored him in his distress, He now will succor me;
He now will succor me, I know; and, by His holy name,
I'll make the doers of this deed right dearly rue the same!

"My bonny mare! I've ridden you when Claver'se rode behind,
And from the thumbscrew and the boot you bore me like the wind;
And, while I have the life you saved, on your sleek flank, I swear,
Episcopalian rowel shall never ruffle hair!
Though sword to wield they've left me none — yet Wallace wight, I wis,
Good battle did on Irvine side wi' waur weapon than this." —

His fishing-rod with both his hands he griped it as he spoke,
And, where the butt and top were spliced, in pieces twain he broke;
The limber top he cast away, with all its gear abroad,
But, grasping the tough hickory butt, with spike of iron shod,
He ground the sharp spear to a point; then pulled his bonnet down,
And, meditating black revenge, set forth for Carrick town.

The sun shines bright on Carrick wall and Carrick Castle gray,
And up thine aisle, Saint Nicholas, has ta'en his morning way;
And to the North-Gate sentinel displayeth far and near
Sea, hill, and tower, and all thereon, in dewy freshness clear,

Save where, behind a ruined wall, himself alone to view,
Is peering from the ivy green a bonnet of the blue.

The sun shines red on Carrick wall and Carrick Castle old,
And all the western buttresses have changed their gray for gold;
And from thy shrine, Saint Nicholas! the pilgrim of the sky
Hath gone in rich farewell, as fits such royal votary;
But, as his last red glance he takes down past black Slieve-a-true,
He leaveth where he found it first, the bonnet of the blue.

Again he makes the turrets gray stand out before the hill,
Constant as their foundation rock, there is the bonnet still!
And now the gates are opened, and forth in gallant show
Prick jeering grooms and burghers blithe, and troopers in a row;
But one has little care for jest, so hard bestead is he
To ride the outlaw's bonny mare, for this at last is she!

Down comes her master with a roar, her rider with a groan,
The iron and the hickory are through and through him gone!
He lies a corpse; and where he sat the outlaw sits again,
And once more to his bonny mare he gives the spur and rein;
Then some with sword and some with gun, they ride and run amain;
But sword and gun, and whip and spur, that day they plied in vain!

Ah! little thought Willy Gilliland, when he on Skerry side
Drew bridle first, and wiped his brow after that weary ride,
That where he lay like hunted brute, a caverned outlaw lone,
Broad lands and yeoman tenantry should yet be there his own;
Yet so it was; and still from him descendants not a few
Draw birth and lands, and, let me trust, draw love of Freedom too.

1829.

MOLLY MULDOON.

Molly Muldoon was an Irish Girl,
And as fine a one
As you'd look upon
In the cot of a peasant or hall of an earl.
Her teeth were white, though not of pearl, —
And dark was her hair, but it did not curl;
Yet few who gazed on her teeth and her hair,
But owned that a power o' beauty was there.
Now many a hearty and rattling gòrsoon
Whose fancy had charmed his heart into tune,
Would dare to approach fair Molly Muldoon,
But for *that* in her eye
Which made most of them shy
And look quite ashamed, though they couldn't tell why —

Her eyes were large, dark blue, and clear,
And *heart* and *mind* seemed in them blended.
If *intellect* sent you one look severe
Love instantly leapt in the next to mend it —
Hers was the eye to check the rude,
And hers the eye to stir emotion,
To keep the sense and soul subdued,
And calm desire into devotion.

There was Jemmy O'Hare,
As fine a boy as you'd see in a fair,
And wherever Molly was he was there.
His face was round and his build was square,
And he sported as rare
And tight a pair
Of legs, to be sure, as are found any where.
And Jemmy would wear
His *caubeen* and hair
With such a peculiar and rollicking air,
That I'd venture to swear
Not a girl in Kildare
Nor Victoria's self, if she chanced to be there,
Could resist his wild way — called "Devil may care."
Not a boy in the parish could match him for fun,
Nor wrestle, nor leap, nor hurl, nor run
With Jemmy — No gorsoon could equal him — None.
At wake or at wedding, at feast or at fight,
At throwing the sledge with such dext'rous sleight, —
He was the envy of men, and the women's delight.

Now Molly Muldoon liked Jemmy O'Hare,
And in troth Jemmy loved in his heart Miss Muldoon.
I believe in my conscience a purtier pair
Never danced in a tent at a pattern in June, —
To a bagpipe or fiddle
On the rough cabin door
That is placed in the middle —
Ye may talk as ye will,
There's a grace in the limbs of the peasantry there
With which People of Quality couldn't compare.
And Molly and Jemmy were counted the two
That would keep up the longest, and go the best through
All the jigs and the reels
That have occupied heels
Since the days of the Murtaghs and Brian Boru.

It was on a long bright sunny day
They sat on a green knoll side by side,

But neither just then had much to say;
Their hearts were so full that they only tried
To do any thing foolish just to hide,
What both of them felt, but what Molly denied.
They pluck'd the speckled daisies that grew
Close by their arms, — then tore them too;
And the bright little leaves that they broke from the stalk
They threw at each other for want of talk;
While the heart-lit look and the sunny smile,
Reflected pure souls without art or guile,
And every time Molly sighed or smiled,
Jem felt himself grow as soft as a child;
And he fancied the sky never looked so bright,
The grass so green, the daisies so white:
Every thing looked so gay in his sight
That gladly he'd linger to watch them till night —
And Molly herself thought each little bird
Whose warbling notes her calm soul stirred,
Sang only his lay but by her to be heard.

An Irish courtship's short and sweet,
It's sometimes foolish and indiscreet;
But who is wise when his young heart's heat
Whips the pulse to a galloping beat —
Ties up his judgment neck and feet,
And makes him the slave of a blind conceit?
Sneer not therefore, at the loves of the poor,
Though their manners be rude their affections are pure;
They look not by art, and they love not by rule,
For their souls are not tempered in fashion's cold school.
O! give me the love that endures no control
But the delicate instinct that springs from the soul,
As the mountain stream gushes its freshness and force,
Yet obedient, wherever it flows, to its source.
Yes, give me the love that but nature has taught,
By rank unallured and by riches unbought;
Whose very simplicity keeps it secure —
The love that illumines the hearts of the poor.

All blushful was Molly, or shy at least
As one week before Lent
Jem procured her consent
To go the next Sunday and spake to the priest.
Shrove-Tuesday was named for the wedding to be,
And it dawned as bright as they'd wish to see.
And Jemmy was up at the day's first peep,
For the livelong night no wink could he sleep.
A bran new coat, with a bright big button
He took from a chest and carefully put on —

And brogues as well *lampblacked* as ever went foot on
Were greased with the fat of *a quare sort of mutton!*
Then a tidier *gorsoon* couldn't be seen
Treading the Emerald Sod so green —
Light was his step and bright was his eye
As he walked through the *slobbery* streets of Athy.
And each girl he passed bid "God bless him" and sighed,
While she wished in her heart that herself was the bride.

Hush! here's the Priest — let not the least
Whisper be heard till the father has ceased.
"Come bridegroom and bride,
That the knot may be tied
Which no power upon earth can hereafter divide."
Up rose the bride and the bridegroom too,
And a passage was made for them both to walk through;
And his Rev'rence stood with a sanctified face,
Which spread its infection around the place.
The bridesmaid bustled and whispered the bride,
Who felt so confused that she almost cried,
But at last bore up and walked forward, where
The Father was standing with solemn air;
The bridegroom was following after with pride,
When his piercing eye something awful espied!
He stopped and sighed,
Looked round and tried
To tell what he saw, but his tongue denied:
With a spring and a roar
He jumped to the door,
AND THE BRIDE LAID HER EYES ON THE BRIDEGROOM NO MORE!

Some years sped on,
Yet heard no one,
Of Jemmy O'Hare, or where he had gone.
But since the night of that widow'd feast,
The strength of poor Molly had ever decreas'd;
Till, at length, from earth's sorrow her soul releas'd,
Fled up to be ranked with the saints at least.
And the morning poor Molly to live had ceased,
Just five years after the widow'd feast,
An American letter was brought to the priest,
Telling of Jemmy O'Hare deceas'd!
Who, ere his death,
With his latest breath,
To a spiritual father unburdened his breast,
And the cause of his sudden departure confest, —
"O! Father!" says he, "I've not long to live,
So I'll freely confess, and hope you'll forgive —

That same Molly Muldoon, sure I loved her indeed;
Ay, as well as the Creed
That was never forsaken by one of my breed;
But I couldn't have married her after I saw"—
"Saw what!" cried the Father, desirous to hear—
And the chair that he sat in unconsciously rocking—
"Not in her 'karàcter,' yer Rev'rince a flaw"—
The sick man here dropped a significant tear,
And died as he whispered in the clergyman's ear—
"But I saw, God forgive her, A HOLE IN HER STOCKING!"

THE MORAL.

Lady readers, love may be
Fixed in hearts immovably,
May be strong and may be pure;
Faith may lean on faith secure,
Knowing adverse fate's endeavor
Makes that faith more firm than ever:
But the purest love and strongest,
Love that has endured the longest,
Braving cross, and blight, and trial,
Fortune's bar, or pride's denial,
Would — no matter what its trust —
Be uprooted by DISGUST: —
Yes, the love that might for years
Spring in suffering, grow in tears,
Parents' frigid counsel mocking,
Might be — where's the use in talking? —
Upset by a BROKEN STOCKING?

MAY.

BY W. D. GALLAGHER.

WOULD that thou couldst last for aye,
Merry, ever-merry May!
Made of sun-gleams, shade and showers,
Bursting buds, and breathing flowers;
Dripping-lock'd, and rosy vested,
Violet-slipper'd, — rainbow-crested;
Girdled with the eglantine,
Festoon'd with the dewy vine:
Merry, ever-merry May,
Would that thou couldst last for aye!

Out beneath thy morning sky
Dian's bow still hangs on high;
And in the blue depths afar
Glimmers here and there a star.
Diamonds robe the bending grass,
Glistening, early flowers among —
Monad's world and fairy's glass, —
Bathing-fount for wandering sprite —
By mysterious fingers hung,
In the lone and quiet night.
Now the freshening breezes pass —
Gathering, as they steal along,
Rich perfume and matin song;
And quickly to destruction hurl'd,
Is fairy's diamond glass, and Monad's dew-drop world.

Lo! yon cloud, which hung but now
Black upon the mountain's brow,
Threatening the green earth with storm;
See! it heaves its giant form,
And ever changing shape and hue,
Each time presenting something new,
Moves slowly up, and spreading rolls away
Towards the rich purple streaks that usher in the day;
Brightening, as it onward goes,
Until its very centre glows
With the warm cheering light, the coming sun bestows;
As the passing Christian's soul,
Nearing the celestial goal,
Brighter and brighter grows, till GOD illumes the whole.

Out beneath thy evening sky
Not a breeze that wanders by
But hath swept the green earth's bosom, —
Rifling the rich grape-vine blossom,
Dallying with the simplest flower
In mossy nook and rosy bower;
To the perfumed green-house straying,
And with rich exotics playing;
Then, unsated, sweeping over
Banks of thyme, and fields of clover!

Out beneath the evening sky,
Groups of children caper by,
Crown'd with flowers, and rush along
With joyous laugh, and shout, and song
Flashing eye and radiant cheek
Spirits all unsunn'd bespeak.

They are in life's May-month hours,
And those wild bursts of joy, what are they but life's flowers?

Out beneath the noontide sky,
Earth how beautiful! how clear
Of clouds or mist the atmosphere!
What a glory greets the eye!
What a calm or quiet stir,
Steals o'er Nature's worshipper —
Silent, yet so eloquent,
That we feel 'tis heaven sent!
Waking thoughts that long have slumber'd,
Passion-dimm'd and earth-encumber'd —
Bearing sense and soul away,
To revel in the perfect day
Which waits us, where we shall for aye
Discard this darksome dust — this prison-house of clay!

THE BATTLE OF BUSACO.

BY SIR A. DE VERE.

[Sir Aubrey De Vere was born in the year 1786, and after a life well spent in the performance of his duty as a good landlord and an active country gentleman, died at his seat, Curragh Chase, county of Limerick, in 1846. He was distinguished for his literary attainments, and for his high poetic genius. He was the author of several dramatic works, in which he depicts the tragic passions with power and truthfulness; his poems and songs are instinct with grace and feeling. Among his works are "Mary Tudor," "The Lamentation of Ireland," &c., "The Duke of Mercia," "Julian the Apostate," "The Search after Proserpine," and some minor poems.

The Battle of Busaco was fought between the combined British and Portuguese armies and the French, on the 27th September, 1810. The former were commanded by Wellington, Hill, Crawfurd and Picton, and numbered fifty thousand men; the latter by Massena, Ney (Duke of Elchingen), and Regnier, and were sixty thousand strong. Wellington had been retreating before the superior forces of Massena, who boasted that he would drive the English leopards into the sea. The British General having now obtained the most favorable position of the Sierra, determined to check Massena's further pursuit. Preparations were immediately made, and the forces were disposed in proper order of battle. At day-dawn, and whilst the mist and gray clouds were rolling away, Ney's division advanced straight up the hill against Crawfurd's, and in spite of all opposition gained the crest of the Ridge, — but were immediately repulsed by a furious and deadly bayonet-charge made by the 88th and 45th regiments. In the struggle both parties mingled together, and fought hand to hand, down the mountain-side, amidst the greatest clamor and confusion, — the dead and dying strewing the way to the bottom of the valley. After a short time the French reformed their ranks, and under Loison again ascended with wonderful alacrity, in defiance of musketry and artillery, to the very crest of the hollow, scooped out of the Ridge, in which the British were intrenched; their order was never disturbed nor their speed diminished till their victorious cries were heard within a few yards of the summit. In this emergency Colonel Wallace, who was without orders, turned to his men and addressed to them a few stirring words, — telling them to reserve their fire till they could press upon the enemy to the muzzle. In an instant the wild and terrific shout of

the Connaught Rangers startled the French Column, and two thousand bayonets went bristling over the brow of the hill. In twenty minutes, the murderous conflict was decided, and the heroes of Marengo and Austerlitz reeled before the thunder-shout of *Fuugh a ballagh!* The ballad describes the French as a "recreant train," and says that they fled unresistingly. Such was not the fact. General Napier, who can extol the gallantry of an enemy, as brave men only can, says of this battle, — that after the most astonishing efforts of valor, the French were repulsed in the manner to be expected from the strength of the ground and the efficiency of the soldiers opposed to them. And that on the British side musketry and artillery were brought into full and deadly activity, whilst the French sought to gain the day by daring resolution, rather than by fire. About 4,000 of the French were slain, and 1,300 British and Portuguese.]

THE shadows lie broad on yon mountainous heath,
And deep sinks the gloom in the valleys beneath;
Black clouds veil the sky, and the night-breeze blows chill
From the wild matted woods round the base of the hill.
But the wind dies away as the morning is near,
And the gathering of foemen sounds sharp on the ear;
For the morrow's first sun must behold their array
As they march to the Battle, and challenge the fray!

The dawn kindles fast; as an inflowing tide
The bright beams dilate o'er a wilderness wide;
Like isles of the air beams each pinnacled height,
With its feet wrapped in clouds, and its head crown'd with light;
While darkness still broods o'er the dingles below,
And Mondego's fierce currents in solitude flow.
There's a tremulous gleam through the vapory air,
Where the tower-crown'd ridge of Busaco stands bare.

And the long level ray of the morning illumes
A bright throng of bayonets, banners, and plumes!
But the silence of nature, the calm of the hour
Is preserved by that resolute host in their power.
How softly the heath-scented gale breathes around!
How sweet grows from distance the waterfall's sound,
As its deep tone unites with the dove's matin song,
And the melody floats on the breezes along!

O! breezes of Heaven, how soon must ye swell
With the thunders of battle, and combatants' yell!
Pure torrents! how soon must ye burst on the plain,
All crimson'd with slaughter — all choked with the slain!
Hark! hark! 'twas the dreadful artillery's roar!
And Mondego, reëchoing, shouts from his shore!
O'er the smoke proudly hover the eagles of France!
Thro' the sulphurous gloom the invaders advance! —

Hark again! 'twas the drum — 'twas the trumpets' fierce clang,
And the madd'ning huzzas of the vanguard that rang.

See, they scale the steep rocks — see, the summit is won,
And as thousands are crush'd, bolder thousands rush on.
Vain — vain every toil, for the Britons are there,
And the Red Cross triumphantly floats on the air;
And the brave sons of Erin are there in their might,
While invincible Wellington marshals the fight!

There, foremost he stands, where the thickest balls fly,
And Victory follows the glance of his eye! —
Spur, Elchingen, spur! — push thy charger ahead
Though he trample alike both the dying and dead;
For thy panic-struck bands fly the bayonets' shock,
As some wild torrent headlong leaps forth from a rock —
Spur, Elchingen, spur, o'er the dying and slain,
And curb the wild rout of yon recreant train.

For all scatter'd like sparks from a down-trodden fire,
Unresisting they fly, unavailing expire!
O, vain every effort! — who dreameth to bind
The surges of ocean, or limit the wind?
Still they fly, but the death-shout resounds in their ear;
And the tramp of the foemen grows near and more near;
For Britain now bursts on the fugitive throng,
And sweeps like an avalanche, resistless along!

'Tis sunset — and now, from the bright edge of heaven,
Yon orb shoots aloft the last glories of even;
And the glowing clouds float o'er the bright crimson sky,
Like standards of Vict'ry unfurl'd on high!
O'er far Caramula the deep blood-red stain,
As if risen from earth, streams from heaven again;
And Estrella seems dyed to her snowiest peak,
Like the deepening flush of a mild maiden's cheek.

'Tis sunset — the sounds of the fight die away;
The conflict expires with the waning of day;
The fugitives rush through the dark ilex shade,
And fling from their grasp the encumbering blade —
Yet hark! still arise from the path of the foe
New records of vengeance — new wailings of woe;
The villages blaze, and beneath the red gleam
Swell the shouts of the spoiler — the victims' wild scream.

The foe, like the drag of a fast ebbing tide,
Is fiercest at parting, and none may abide!
The tempest is past — but, what murmurs are these,
That fitfully pass on the swell of the breeze? —
'Twas the last sob of pain — the last struggle of death,
And the sad stifled moan of the soldier's last breath.

THE WAR NOTE.

BY T. D. M'GEE.

GATHER together the nations! proclaim the war to all:
Armor and sword are girding in palace, and tower, and hall,
The Kings of the earth are donning their feudal mail again,
Gather together the nations! arouse and arm THE MEN.

Who cometh from the icy north? 'Tis Russia's mighty Czar;
With giant hand he pointeth to a never-setting star.
The Cossack springs on his charger — the Tartar leaves his den!
Ho! herald souls of Europe, arouse and arm THE MEN.

What does the Frank at Rome, with the Russian at the Rhine?
And Albion, pallid as her cliffs, shows neither soul nor sign;
See how pale Bomba trembles in his foul Sicilian fen.
Ho! wardens of the world's strongholds, arouse and arm THE MEN.

The future circleth nearer on its gray portentous wings,
Pale are the cheeks of Princes, and sore afraid are Kings!
Once faced by the furious nations, they'll flee in fear, and then,
By the right divine of the fittest, we shall have the reign of MEN!

O, THE SIGHT ENTRANCING.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

O, THE sight entrancing,
When morning's beam is glancing
O'er files array'd
With helm and blade,
And plumes, in the gay wind dancing!
When hearts are all high beating,
And the trumpet's voice repeating
That song whose breath
May lead to death,
But never to retreating.
O, the sight entrancing,
When morning's beam is glancing
O'er files array'd
With helm and blade,
And plumes in the gay wind dancing.

Yet, 'tis not helm or feather —
For ask yon despot, whether

His plumed bands
Could bring such hands
And hearts as ours together.
Leave pomps to those who need 'em —
Give man but heart and freedom,
And proud he braves
The gaudiest slaves
That crawl where monarchs lead 'em.
The sword may pierce the beaver,
Stone walls in time may sever,
'Tis mind alone,
Worth steel and stone,
That keeps men free for ever.
O, that sight entrancing,
When the morning's beam is glancing,
O'er files array'd
With helm and blade,
And in Freedom's cause advancing!

THE HERMIT.

BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

"Turn, gentle hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way,
To where yon taper cheers the vale
With hospitable ray;

"For here, forlorn and lost, I tread
With fainting steps and slow —
Where wilds, immeasurably spread,
Seem lengthening as I go."

"Forbear, my son," the hermit cries,
"To tempt the dangerous gloom;
For yonder faithless phantom flies
To lure thee to thy doom.

"Here, to the houseless child of want
My door is open still;
And, though my portion is but scant,
I give it with good will.

"Then turn, to-night, and freely share
Whate'er my cell bestows —
My rushy couch and frugal fare,
My blessing and repose.

"No flocks that range the valley free
To slaughter I condemn —
Taught by that power that pities me,
I learn to pity them.

"But, from the mountain's grassy side
A guiltless feast I bring —
A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied,
And water from the spring.

"Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego;
All earth-born cares are wrong:
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

Soft as the dew from heaven descends,
His gentle accents fell;
The modest stranger slowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far, in a wilderness obscure,
The lonely mansion lay;
A refuge to the neighboring poor,
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Requir'd a master's care;
The wicket, opening with a latch,
Receiv'd the harmless pair.

And now, when busy crowds retire
To take their evening rest,
The hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his pensive guest;

And spread his vegetable store,
And gayly press'd and smil'd;
And, skill'd in legendary lore,
The lingering hours beguil'd.

Around in sympathetic mirth,
Its tricks the kitten tries —
The cricket chirrups in the hearth,
The crackling fagot flies;

But, nothing could a charm impart
To soothe the stranger's woe —
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the hermit spied —
With answering care oppress'd;
"And whence, unhappy youth," he cried,
"The sorrows of thy breast?

"From better habitations spurn'd,
Reluctant dost thou rove?
Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
Or unregarded love?

"Alas! the joys that fortune brings
Are trifling, and decay —
And those who prize the paltry things
More trifling still than they;

"And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep —
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
But leaves the wretch to weep?

"And love is still an emptier sound —
The modern fair-one's jest;
On earth unseen, or only found
To warm the turtle's nest.

"For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush —
And spurn the sex," he said;
But while he spoke, a rising blush
His lovelorn guest betray'd:

Surpris'd, he sees new beauties rise,
Swift mantling to the view —
Like colors o'er the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms:
The lovely stranger stands confess'd,
A maid in all her charms.

"And, ah! forgive a stranger rude,
A wretch forlorn," she cried —
"Whose feet unhallowed thus intrude
Where heaven and you reside;

"But let a maid thy pity share,
Whom love has taught to stray —
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
Companion of her way.

"My father liv'd beside the Tyne —
A wealthy lord was he;
And all his wealth was mark'd as mine;
He had but only me.

"To win me from his tender arms
Unnumber'd suitors came;
Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
And felt or feigned a flame.

"Each hour, a mercenary crowd
With richest proffers strove;
Among the rest young Edwin bow'd —
But never talk'd of love.

"In humble, simplest habit clad,
No wealth nor power had he;
Wisdom and worth were all he had —
But these were all to me.

"And when, beside me in the dale,
He carol'd lays of love,
His breath lent fragrance to the gale,
And music to the grove.

"The blossoms opening to the day,
The dews of heaven refin'd,
Could nought of purity display
To emulate his mind;

"The dew, the blossom on the tree,
With charms inconstant shine:
Their charms were his; but, woe to me,
Their constancy was mine.

"For still I tried each fickle art,
Importunate and vain;
And while his passion touched my heart,
I triumph'd in his pain.

"Till, quite dejected with my scorn,
He left me to my pride;
And sought a solitude forlorn,
In secret, where he died.

"But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
And well my life shall pay;
I'll seek the solitude he sought,
And stretch me where he lay.

"And there, forlorn, despairing, hid —
I'll lay me down and die;
'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
And so for him will I."

"Forbid it, Heaven!" the hermit cried,
And clasp'd her to his breast:
The wondering fair-one turned to chide —
'Twas Edwin's self that press'd.

"Turn, Angelina! ever dear —
My charmer, turn to see
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
Restor'd to love and thee.

"Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And every care resign;
And shall we never, never part,
My life — my all that's mine!

"No; never from this hour to part,
We'll live and love so true:
The sigh that rends thy constant heart
Shall break thy Edwin's too."

THE SIEGE OF HENSBURGH.

BY DR. JOHN RYAN.

["When the Emperor Conrad the Third had besieged Guelphus, Duke of Bavaria, in the city of Hensburgh, the women, finding that the town could not possibly hold out long, petitioned the Emperor that they might depart out of it with as much as each of them could carry. The Emperor, knowing that they could not convey away many of their effects, granted them their petition; when the women, to his great surprise, came out of the place, with every one her husband on her back. The Emperor was so much moved at the sight, that he burst into tears, and, after having very much extolled the women for their conjugal affection, he gave the men to their wives, and received the Duke into his favor." — *Spectator*, Vol. vii., No. 499.]

Brave news! brave news! the Emperor
Hath girded on his sword,
And swears by the rood, in angry mood,
And eke by his knightly word,
That humbled Hensburgh's towers shall be,
With all her boasted chivalry.

The brazen clarion's battle note
Hath sounded through the land;

And brave squire and knight, in their armor dight,
Ay, many a gallant band,
Have heard the summons far and near,
And come with falchion and with spear.

"Ho! to the rebel city, ho!
Let vengeance lead the way!"
And anon the sheen of their spears was seen,
As they rushed upon the prey.
Beneath where Hensburgh's turrets frown'd
Great Conrad chose his vantage-ground.

Far stretching o'er the fertile plain
His snow-white tents were spread;
And the sweet night air, as it linger'd there,
Caught the watchful sentry's tread.
Then o'er the city's battlement
The tell-tale breeze its echo sent.

Day after day the leaguer sat
Before that city's wall,
And yet, day by day, the proud Guelph cried "Nay,"
To the herald's warning call;
Heedless from morn to eventide,
How many a famish'd mother died!

Weak childhood and the aged man,
Wept — sorely wept for bread;
And pale Hunger seem'd, as his wild eye gleam'd
On the yet unburied dead,
As if he longed, alas! to share
The night-dog's cold, unhallow'd fare.

No longer Hensburgh's banner floats;
Hush'd is her battle-cry,
For a victor waits at her shatter'd gates,
And her sons are doom'd to die.
But Hensburgh's daughters yet shall prove
The saviours of the homes they love!

All glory to the Emperor,
The merciful and brave;
Sound, clarions, sound, tell the news around,
And ye drooping banners wave!
Hensburgh's fair daughters, ye are free;
Go forth, with all your "*braverie!*"

"Bid them go forth," the Emperor cried,
"Far from the scene of strife,

Whether matron staid, or the blushing maid,
Or the daughter, or the wife;
For ere yon sun hath left the sky,
Each man within shall surely die.

"Bid them go forth," the Emperor said,
"We wage not war with *them;*
Bid them all go free, with their '*braveris,*'
And each richly valued gem;
Let each upon her person bear
That which she deems her *chiefest* care."

The city's gates are open'd wide;
The leaguer stands amazed;
'Twas a glorious deed, and shall have its meed,
And by minstrel shall be praised,
For each had left her jewell'd tire,
To bear a husband, or a sire.

With faltering step each laden'd one
At Conrad's feet appears;
In amaze he stood, but his thirst for blood
Was quench'd by his falling tears;
The victor wept aloud to see
Devoted woman's constancy.

All glory to the Emperor, —
All glory and renown!
He hath sheath'd his sword, and his royal word
Hath gone forth to save the town;
For woman's love is mightier far
Than all the strategies of war.

ST. KEVIN TO HIS SISTER.

BY R. D. WILLIAMS.

Sweet sister Eva, my dark soul is weary
Pursuing phantoms, still in doubt and tears,
With bitter pain, thro' deserts foul and dreary,
Entrapp'd in ambush and transfixed with spears.
Sister, to thee I come in humble sorrow,
To know the future and deplore the past.
Gaze thro' my spirit — say, shall mercy's morrow,
Thro' grief's dark billow, shine on me at last?

The more I strive to virtue's high dominion,
With faltering footstep but unshaken will,

With sullied robe and sorely wounded pinion,
I fall down wailing from the sacred hill.
My soul was once a pictured constellation,
Dream-peopled ever with seraphic throngs,
I knew no joy like tears of adoration,
I loved no music but celestial songs.

My heart is silent and mine eyes grow moister,
All sweet emotions overflow my soul,
When thro' the woods that shrine the lonely cloister
The vesper bells in holy sadness toll.
Splendor of God! how fair and Christ-like shining,
The soul arrayed in virtue's beamy robe,
Such heaven's pure queen, the stars her brows entwining,
Sun-clad and gliding on the lunar globe.

I see afar the lofty crystal mountain,
In rainbows veil'd, whence gush the springs of life,
And thirst to quaff them, but no sacred fountain
Revives my heart that faints in ceaseless strife.
O, could I burst the heavy chains that bind me,
As soars a golden eagle to the sun,
No cloud should stay, nor brightest lightning blind me,
Till pois'd 'mid heaven my starry home were won.

But vain, in vain, for ever upward soaring,
The shining gates a fearful darkness bars,
Thro' which, with tears, I see the blest adoring,
Among the splendent temples of the stars,
By Glendalough, one summer eve I slumbered,
Night's holy standard o'er the lake unfurl'd,
And swift as thought, as angel shields unnumber'd,
Flash'd forth the armies of the starry world;

And from mine eyes the film of earth was riven,
On ev'ry globe I saw an em'rald throne.
And one to each victorious soul was given:
But ah! I wept — in vain I sought my own.
Sweet sister Eva, child of song and vision,
Harp of the cloister, songstress of the shrine,
Read thou my dream, thy voice be fate's decision,
To hear thee humbly, and obey, be mine.

And if thy lips command me forth for ever,
Beyond the burning portals of the dawn,
Fear not; our God shall aid my weak endeavor,
And fix my will like oaks on Derrybawn,*

* Derrybawn, the hill of white oaks, overhangs Glendalough, and still abounds with the forest-tree, from which it takes its name.

And as with ease creative sculpture fashions
The soft, yet fire-resisting Brocka stone,*
My heart, unscath'd by earth's consuming passions,
Shall melt to grace's plastic hand alone.

THE FORSAKEN GOBLET.

BY B. SIMMONS.

TAKE away that fair goblet — at least for to-night,
Till my heart is less heavy, my fancy more bright;
In the land of the Stranger I pine when I see
That memento of joys that have perish'd to me.

Of the looks I last pledged o'er its luminous brim,
All are distant, and some of the brightest are dim,
And this moment the gleams of its silver appear
Like the flash of the plate on dead Revelry's bier.

And back from the bier, as I sit in the gloom
In which Spring's sickly twilight envelops the room,
Stalks that long-buried Bacchant, and circles my board
With the shadows of all I have loved and deplored.

Again at the banquet we sit, but how mute!
With the grape in the chalice, the hand on the lute,
The lips of the lovely apart, — but in vain
May the thirsting heart pant for their musical rain.

Take away that fair wine-cup! — I've none with me now,
To laugh back the ruby that reddens its flow —
It was moulded for Hope's happy meetings with mirth,
Not for passion's pale hermit alone at his hearth.

KITTY NEIL.

BY JOHN FRANCIS WALLER, LL. D.

"AH, sweet Kitty Neil! rise up from your wheel;
Your neat little foot will be weary from spinning;
Come trip down with me to the sycamore-tree —
Half the parish is there, and the dance is beginning.

* From the Brocka mountain is quarried Actinolite, containing garnets and asbestos, to which latter constituent it is indebted for a great power of resisting fire.

The sun is gone down, but the full harvest moon
 Shines sweetly and cool on the dew-whitened valley,
While all the air rings with the soft, loving things
 Each little bird sings in the green shaded alley."

With a blush and a smile, Kitty rose up the while,
 Her eye in the glass, as she bound her hair, glancing,
'Tis hard to refuse when a young lover sues,
 So she couldn't but choose to — go off to the dancing.
And now on the green the glad groups are seen,
 Each gay-hearted lad with the lass of his choosing;
And Pat, without fail, leads out sweet Kitty Neil —
 Somehow, when he asked, she ne'er thought of refusing.

Now Felix Magee puts his pipe to his knee,
 And, with flourish so free, sets each couple in motion;
With a cheer and a bound, the lads patter the ground —
 The maids move around just like swans on the ocean.
Cheeks bright as the rose — feet light as the doe's —
 Now coyly retiring, now boldly advancing;
Search the world all round, from the sky to the ground,
 No such sight can be found as an Irish lass dancing!

Sweet Kate! who could view your bright eyes of deep blue
 Beaming humidly through their dark lashes so mildly —
Your fair-turned arm, heaving breast, rounded form —
 Nor feel his heart warm, and his pulses throb wildly?
Poor Pat feels his heart, as he gazes, depart,
 Subdued by the smart of such painful yet sweet love;
The sight leaves his eye as he cries, with a sigh,
 "Dance light, for my heart it lies under your feet, love!"

THE SACK OF MAGDEBURGH.

BY DR. WILLIAM MAGINN.

[The sack of this ill-fated city occurred during the Thirty Years' War. The partisans of the Reformation formed a union as early as 1608; and the Catholics in opposition established a league in 1609. Here were the elements of an inevitable contest, and in 1618 the struggle commenced. For 30 years, Europe was the battle-field of religious factions, and Germany was reduced to a wilderness. Fire and sword desolated it from end to end. The only result was the improvement of the art of war, by the genius of Gustavus Adolphus, and the terrible warning it affords to those who stir up the religious animosities of a nation. — The defence of Magdeburgh was confided to Christian William of Brandenburg, and the gallant Colonel Falkenberg, who was sent by Gustavus Adolphus to its support. The investing army of the League was commanded by Tilly, a stern soldier, whose boast was that he never tasted wine, never lost his chastity, nor ever suffered defeat. Gustavus, however, conquered him ultimately; but he had no occasion to

retract his boast, for he fell with his defeat. At the sack of Magdeburgh, Tilly was before the city from March, 1631, and was about to raise the siege, in expectation of Gustavus to its assistance, but he was over-ruled by the fiery Pappenheim, who proposed an immediate attack. Preparations were made forthwith, and the storming commenced. In about six weeks the city fell, notwithstanding the bravery of the garrison, and it is estimated that upwards of 25,000 persons perished.]

When the breach was open laid, bold we mounted to the attack;
Five times the assault was made, — four times were we beaten back.
Many a gallant comrade fell, in the desperate melee there;
Sped their spirits ill or well, — know I not nor do I care.

But the fifth time, up we strode o'er the dying and the dead;
Hot the western sunbeam glowed, sinking in a blaze of red.
Redder in the gory way, our deep-plashing footsteps sank,
As the cry of "Slay, slay, slay!" echoed fierce from rank to rank.

And we slew, and slew, and slew — slew them with unpitying sword:
Negligently could we do the commanding of the Lord?
Fled the coward — fought the brave, — wailed the mother, wept the child,
But not one escaped the glaive, man who frowned, or babe who smiled.

There were thrice ten thousand men, when the morning sun arose;
Lived not thrice three hundred when sunk that sun at evening close.
Then we spread the wasting flame, fanned to fury by the wind;
Of the city, but the name — nothing more is left behind!

Hall and palace, dome and tower, lowly shed and soaring spire,
Fell in that victorious hour which consigned the town to fire.
All that rose at craftsman's call — to its pristine dust had gone,
For, inside the shattered wall, left we never stone on stone —

For it burnt not till it gave all it had to yield of spoil;
Should not brave soldadoes have some rewarding for their toil?
What the villain sons of trade, had amass'd by years of care,
Prostrate at our bidding laid, by one moment won, was there.

Then, within the burning town, 'mid the steaming heaps of dead,
Cheered by sounds of hostile moan, did we the joyous banquet spread.
Laughing loud and quaffing long, with our glorious labors o'er;
To the sky our jocund song, told *the city was no more!*

SUMMER LONGINGS.

BY D. F. M'CARTHY.

Ah! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May —
Waiting for the pleasant rambles,
Where the fragrant hawthorn brambles,
With the woodbine alternating,
Scent the dewy way.
Ah! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May.

Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May —
Longing to escape from study,
To the young face fair and ruddy,
And the thousand charms belonging
To the summer's day.
Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May.

Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May —
Sighing for their sure returning,
When the summer beams are burning,
Hopes and flowers that dead or dying
All the winter lay.
Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May.

Ah! my heart is pained with throbbing,
Throbbing for the May —
Throbbing for the sea-side billows,
Or the water-wooing willows;
Where in laughing and in sobbing
Glide the streams away.
Ah! my heart, my heart is throbbing,
Throbbing for the May.

Waiting sad, dejected, weary,
Waiting for the May.
Spring goes by with wasted warnings,
Moonlit evenings, sunbright mornings;
Summer comes, yet dark and dreary
Life still ebbs away:
Man is ever weary, weary,
Waiting for the May!

LAMENT FOR DÆDALUS.

BY JOHN STERLING.

[The subject of this poem was a celebrated sculptor of Greece, who lived, as we are told, three generations before the Trojan war. Mankind is indebted to him, it appears, for the discovery of several of the mechanical powers. Dædalus was the most ingenious artist of his time, having made statues to which he communicated the power of motion, like animated beings. They were of two kinds, one sort having a spring which stopped them when one pleased; while the others, having no such contrivance, went along to the end of their line, and could not be stopped. Plato and Socrates used these different statues in illustration of some of their theories. With regard to *opinion*, they taught that so far as it was human, it was founded only on probabilities; but that when God enlightened men, that which was opinion before, now became science. They compared opinion to those statues which could not be stopped in consequence of its instability and constant change; but when it is restrained and fixed by reasoning drawn from sources which Divine Light discovers to us, then opinion becomes science, like those statues of Dædalus which had the governing spring added to them. — This lament is taken from an unassuming little volume of "Poems," published by our author in 1840, and contains some genuine poetry. Most of the pieces appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*, under the signature of "Archæus."]

Wail for Dædalus, all that is fairest!
All that is tuneful in air or wave!
Shapes whose beauty is truest and rarest,
Haunt with your lamps and spells his grave!

Statues, bend your heads in sorrow,
Ye that glance 'mid ruins old,
That know not a past, nor expect a morrow
On many a moonlight Grecian wold!

By sculptured cave and darken'd river
Thee, Dædalus, oft the nymphs recall;
The leaves with a sound of winter quiver,
Murmur thy name, and withering fall.

Yet are thy visions in soul the grandest
Of all that crowd on the tear-dimm'd eye,
Though, Dædalus, thou no more commandest
New stars to that ever-widening sky.

Ever thy phantoms arise before us,
Our loftier brothers, but one in blood;
By bed and table they lord it o'er us
With looks of beauty and words of good.

They tell us and show us of man victorious
O'er all that's aimless, blind, and base;
Their presence has made our nature glorious,
And given our night an illumined face.

Thy toil has won them a godlike quiet;
Thou hast wrought their path to a lovely sphere;
Their eyes to calm rebuke our riot,
And shape us a home of refuge here.

For Dædalus breathed in them his spirit;
In them their sire his beauty sees:
We too, a younger brood, inherit
The gifts and blessings bestow'd on these.

But, ah! their wise and bounteous seeming
Recalls the more that the sage is gone;
Weeping we wake from deceitful dreaming,
And find our voiceless chamber lone.

Dædalus, thou from the twilight fleest,
Which thou with visions hast made so bright;
And when no more those shapes thou seest,
Wanting thine eye they lose their light.

Ev'n in the noblest of man's creations,
Those fresh worlds round those old of ours,
When the seer is gone, the orphan'd nations
Know but the tombs of perish'd Powers.

Wail for Dædalus, Earth and Ocean!
Stars and Sun, lament for him!
Ages, quake in strange commotion!
All ye realms of life, be dim!

Wail for Dædalus, awful voices,
From earth's deep centre mankind appall;
Seldom ye sound, and then Death rejoices,
For he knows that then the mightiest fall.

COLUMBUS.

BY G. H. SUPPLE.

Palm mariners, mute craftsmen, O! speed your strange task well,
Fit your slender carvels for the shoreless western swell —
Fit your slender carvels to follow yon stately stranger,
To seek new worlds thro' wilderness of waves and trackless danger;
To brave unknown, sea-monsters' wrath and sea-maids' fatal wile,
To seek Cathay, forsooth, and rich Cipango's distant isle.
And who this man, in speech and gesture simple as a child —
But stern betimes as suits sea-roamer, planner of such day-dreams wild?

The morning is breaking on Palos bay,
On its town, and wharf, and ramparts gray,
On three barks at their moorings that gallantly ride,
With the towers of Castile on their flags of pride;
But where are their crews, our lost kinsmen, who shall
Embark before noon in each doomed caraval?
There's wringing of hands and wailing and woe,
As the gathering crowds to the churches go —

As the seamen enter, and onward press
Where the friars are standing to shrive and confess;
And as they come out, redoubles the rout
Along the streets and shore —
For maidens are there with dishevelled hair
And matrons with sobbing sore;
But for Alonzo Pinzon's hand,
Never that day had they left the land.

But hush! what deep stillness creeps over the crowd —
What stranger is this striding stately and proud?
Erect is his figure — his gray hairs bare,
And his bronzed cheek channelled by thought or care.
They open before him, but as he passes
One yell bursts forth from the spell-bound masses:
One long, long yell of hate and rage,
With curses from manhood, and childhood, and age.

Ha! how they curse him — his bronzed cheek flushes,
And haughtiest scorn to his proud eye rushes —
They curse him, but still that rabble yell
Grew faint on each lip, where his stern glance fell.
One moment only his passion grows,
One moment only his broad brow glows;
One moment only they stand defied
By his heart of flame and lip of pride!

Onward he passed, nor heard nor heeded
The shouts that still each shout succeeded —
Away, away, in thought he flies
To far off regions and tropic skies,
To realms more gorgeous in gems and gold
Than Marco Polo ever told,
To unbroken oceans and virgin isles —
And musing his gray eye lights and smiles.

A thousand trumpets ring within old Barcelona's walls —
A thousand gallant nobles throng in Barcelona's halls,
The old grandees of Arragon, the knights of proud Castile,
Soft Andalusia's beauty, and rough Biscay's manhood leal,

All met to gaze on him who wrought a pathway for mankind,
Thro' seas as broad, to worlds as rich as his triumphant mind;
And king and queen will grace, forsooth, the mariner's array —
The lonely seaman scoffed and scorned in Palos town that day.

He comes, he comes, the gates swing wide, and through the streets advance
His cavalcade in proud parade, with plume and pennoned lance,
And natives of those new-found worlds and treasures all untold —
And in the midst the Admiral, his charger trapped with gold;
And all are wild with joy, and blithe the gladsome clarion's swell,
And dames and princes press to greet, and loud the myriads yell —
They cheer — that mob — they wildly cheer — Columbus checks his rein,
And bends him to the beauteous dames and Cavaliers of Spain,
And bends him to the people too, but thoughtful is his smile,
And mid their cheers, as calm his glance, as mid their rage erewhile.

THE HOMEWARD BOUND.

BY T. D. M'GEE.

PALER and thinner the morning moon grew,
Colder and sterner the rising wind blew —
The pole-star had set in a forest of cloud,
And the icicles crackled on spar and on shroud,
When a voice from below we heard feebly cry,
"Let me see — let me see — my own land ere I die."

"Ah, dear sailor, say, have we sighted Cape Clear?
Can you see any sign? Is the morning light near?
You are young, my brave boy; thanks, thanks, for your hand,
Help me up, till I get a last glimpse of the land —
Thank God, 'tis the sun that now reddens the sky,
I shall see — I shall see — my own land ere I die.

"Let me lean on your strength, I am feeble and old,
And one half of my heart is already stone cold;
Forty years work a change! when I first crossed this sea
There were few on the deck that could grapple with me.
But my youth and my prime in Ohio went by,
And I'm come back to see the old spot ere I die."

'Twas a feeble old man, and he stood on the deck,
His arm round a kindly young mariner's neck,
His ghastly gaze fixed on the tints of the east,
As a starveling might stare at the noise of a feast —

The morn quickly rose and revealed to his eye
The land he had prayed to behold, and then die!

Green, green was the shore, though the year was near done —
High and haughty the capes the white surf dash'd upon —
A gray ruined Convent was down by the strand,
And the sheep fed afar, on the hills of the land!
"God be with you, dear Ireland," he gasped with a sigh,
"I have lived to behold you — I'm ready to die."

He sunk by the hour, and his pulse 'gan to fail,
As we swept by the headland of storied Kinsale —
Off Ardigna bay, it came slower and slower,
And his corpse was clay cold as we sighted Tramore.
At Passage we waked him, and now he doth lie,
In the lap of the land, he beheld but to die.

MAN'S MISSION.

BY SPERANZA (MRS. W. R. WILDE).

Human lives are silent teaching —
Be they earnest, mild, and true —
Noble deeds are noblest preaching
From the consecrated few.
Poet-Priests their anthems singing,
Hero-swords on corselet ringing,
When Truth's banner is unfurled;
Youthful preachers, genius-gifted,
Pouring forth their souls uplifted,
Till their preaching stirs the world.

Each must work as God has given
Hero hand or poet soul —
Work is duty while we live in
This weird world of sin and dole.
Gentle spirits, lowly kneeling,
Lift their white hands up, appealing
To the throne of Heaven's King —
Stronger natures, culminating,
In great actions incarnating,
What another can but sing.

Pure and meek-eyed as an angel,
We must strive — must agonize;
We must preach the saint's evangel
Ere we claim the saintly prize —

Work for all — for work is holy —
We fulfil our mission solely
 When, like Heaven's arch above,
Blend our souls in one emblazon,
And the social diapason
 Sounds the perfect chord of love.

Life is combat, life is striving,
 Such our destiny below —
Like a scythéd chariot driving
 Through an onward pressing foe.
Deepest sorrow, scorn, and trial
Will but teach us self-denial;
 Like the Alchemists of old,
Pass the ore through cleansing fire
If our spirits would aspire
 To be God's refined gold.

We are struggling in the morning
 With the spirit of the night,
But we trample on its scorning —
 Lo! the eastern sky is bright.
We must watch. The day is breaking;
Soon, like Memnon's statue waking
 With the sunrise into sound,
We shall raise our voice to Heaven,
Chant a hymn for conquest given,
 Seize the palm, nor heed the wound.

We must bend our thoughts to earnest,
 Would we strike the Idols down;
With a purpose of the sternest
 Take the Cross, and wait the Crown.
Sufferings human life can hallow,
Sufferings lead to God's Valhalla —
 Meekly bear, but nobly try,
Like a man with soft tears flowing,
Like a God with conquest glowing,
 So to love, and work, and die!

SIR BANNERET OF THE TRICOLOR.

BY JOHN CASHEL-HOEY.

Whet my sabre, my cuirass bind,
Sling my carabine fair behind,
Loose my bannerol broad and free,
For I am a knight of high degree —

Of a famous Order, whose lists were old
When Venice blazoned the Book of Gold;
Whose Free Companions had won renown,
Ere Brutus stabbed the Cæsar down.
A Banneret of the Tricolor!
Banneret knight of the Tricolor!
Lady's graces and trophies in store
To the Banneret of the Tricolor!

Not mine to be dubbed by a royal blade,
Nor won my spurs in a baron's raid —
O! I knelt for the knightly accolade
At the back of a Paris barricade;
I kept the vigils our laws ordain
While the bombs fell fast round the Madeleine,
And swore my vows at Ventura's knee
To fight to the death for Libertie.
Life and death for the Tricolor!
Banneret true of the Tricolor!
Freedom's vassal forevermore
Is the Banneret of the Tricolor!

In Berlin streets there are broad platoons,
Down Berlin streets ride the fierce dragoons,
In Berlin streets there are dripping blades,
And the cry is, "Up with the barricades!"
Who heads the charge through the Konigstrasse,
Who points the grape where the Yagers pass,
Whose gallop splashes the gutters of gore?
'Tis the Banneret of the Tricolor!
The Eagles under the Tricolor!
Black and Red on the Tricolor!
Through showers of bullets and streams of gore,
Rides the Banneret of the Tricolor!

The day that we charged by Guyon's side!
After the Ban the Serezans ride,
And many a league we could track their trail,
By smoking roof-tree and woman's wail —
Christ! how we galloped their lances down,
And battered their files in Mannswerth town,
Till the Austrian bugles brayed retreat
As I clove a Croat from crown to seat.
Charging for Hungary's Tricolor,
The ancient Magyar Tricolor,
'Twill wave from the walls of Pesth once more;
God guard Kossuth and the Tricolor!

Dear Di Lana! a day shall be
For Freedom's smile over Sicily;

From Etna's top to Messina's shore
The tyrant's frown shall be death no more.
We'll toss old Bomba the crater down;
Thy statue 'll stand in Palermo town,
As when you sprang forth, sword in hand,
Like Joan of Arc, for native land.
O Ensign fair of the Tricolor!
The Lilies yield to the Tricolor!
We'll trample their bloom on the Golden Shore,
And spread the glorious Tricolor.

And thou, old natal Isle! again
I hear the tramp of thine armed men;
And see once more the day shall come
For the bristling pike and the rolling drum;
See through the battle's lurid haze
The Orange and Green on thy banner blaze,
And the Blue gleam high over files of steel,
Where the scarlet squadrons backward reel!
On with the glorious Tricolor!
Fight to the grave for the Tricolor!
Shroud in death and pennon before
Sir Banneret of the Tricolor!

SHADOWS FROM LIFE.

BY SPERANZA (MRS. W. R. WILDE).

VAIN the love that looketh upward; we may worship, may adore—
From the heart's o'erflowing chalice all the tide of feeling pour—
Dash our souls against the barriers that divide us from the shrine—
Fling the incense—pour libations — ay, of Life's own ruddy wine;
But the angel we gaze up to, calm as form of pictured saint,
From its golden mists of glory bendeth never to our plaint;
Heedeth not if crushed the temple where the altar incense burned,
For the doom runs through the ages: — Love was never yet returned.

Thus it was he loved a Lady: never priest in Ispahàn
So adored when mount and ocean morn's flashing radiance span;
Never sun-god in its glory, marching stately from the East,
Crimson-rob'd and cloud-attended, heeded less the praying priest,
Than the lady that pale lover, while her lonely path she took,
O'er the spirit's glittering summits, with her proud and queenly look;
Like the Roman Sibyl bearing in her hands the mystic scroll,
And her large eyes looking onward where the future ages roll.

So, in lone and lofty beauty, she stood high above the world,
Never heeding, dashing neathward, how Life's stormy billows curled;
As a pine upon the mountain, warring tempests raging round,
As an island peak of ocean, with the starry midnight crowned.
How could she who trod the pathway of the spirit's dazzling zones,
Stoop to listen, bending earthward, to a lover's murmuring tones? —
While her ear was gathering music from Creation's golden chords,
List the human tears low falling, with the pleading human words?

And could he who tracked the eagle, borne on thro' cloud and light,
With her glorious regnant beauty filling soul and sense and sight,
Stoop to gaze on me, half-blasted by fierce Passion's fiery skies,
Only Love, the love of woman, burning strangely in my eyes?
O! I've watched his glance dilating, as it rested where afar
Rose her lofty brow, as riseth the pale glory of a star;
Heard the world's praise hymning round her, saw his cheek of flushing pride,
Whilst, writhing in heart-agony, I calmly sat beside.

No rays of genius crowning, such as brows like hers enroll,
No flashing thoughts, like North-lights, rushing up my darkened soul;
Waking but his earnest feelings with perchance my graver words,
While her spirit, like a tempest, swept the range of Passion's chords.
O, Woman! calmest sufferer! what deep agony oft lies
In thy low, false-hearted laughter, glancing bright through tearless eyes;
And how little deemed he truly that the calmest eyes he met
Were but Joy's funereal torches, on Life's ruined altar set.

How could I light up his nature, with no glory in my own?
Soul like his, that throbbed and glittered in the radiance of her throne.
Bitter came the words of plaining: — Why should fate to me deny
All the beauty of the mortal, all the soul to deify?
What had she done then for Heaven, so that Heaven should confer
Every gift to make man prostrate at her feet as worshipper?
Raised her high enough to scorn him — ay, to trample in disdain
On the heart flung down before her — heart that I had died to gain!

Trod his love down calmly, queenly, like a mantle 'neath her feet,
While with lordly spirit-monarchs she moved proudly to her seat,
Grand as eagle in the zenith, with the noonday radiance crowned —
Lone and icy as an Alp-peak, with the circling glaciers round.
But an echo of all beauty through her fine-toned spirit rang,
As a golden harp reëchoes to each passing music clang,
Till in thrilling, clear vibrations rang her poet-words in air,
Summoning souls to lofty duties, as an *Angelus* to prayer.

O! she flung abroad her fancies free as waves dash off the foam,
As the palm-tree flings its branches on the blue of Heaven's dome,
With a genius-shadow darkening in the stillness of her eyes —
With her rainbow-spirit arching half the circle of the skies;
Like a dark-browed Miriam chanting songs of triumph on the foe,
As the rushing waters bore them to the Hades halls below,
Till up the startled ether, down the far horizon's rim,
The swords of men clashed music to her lofty prophet-hymn.

But no beauty thrilled my nature, noon or night or sunset skies;
For the only heaven I gazed on was the heaven of his eyes;
I'd have bartered freedom, justice, people's rights, or native land,
All the island homes of ocean, for one pressure of his hand;
Trembling, weak, a coward spirit, only wishing low to lie,
As a flower beneath his footstep, breathe my life out, and so die.
Yet he liked me — ay, he liked me — 'twas the phrase, O saints above!
Cold and cruel sounds this *liking* from the lips of one we *love* —

— They said that he was dying; could I longer silence keeping,
Only pour forth my deep passion in my chamber lonely weeping!
I reck'd not if 'twere womanly, cold convention little heeding,
But in mine his hand enfolding, said, with tearful raised eyes pleading;
— "She hath left you, left you lonely, sorrow's harvest death may reap,
I say not — love me, let me only watch here by you — and weep?"
Then he said, his pale brow raising, with a faint, unquiet smile,
And with saddest eyes upgazing upon mine for all the while:

"Sweetest friend, this sorrow-blighted, faded form, and seared heart,
To death, I fear, are plighted, yet 'twere bitter now to part —
For the chords of life are shaken by a sympathy so true,
And they tremble in vibration with a pleasure strange and new;
Still, no love-dream may be cherished, ah, the time of love is o'er,
Youthful heart, by passion blighted, can be kindled never more —
But if sympathy thou darest with a heart so wrecked as mine,
I will give thee back the rarest kindred souls can intertwine."

And bending coldly, gently, on my brow he placed his lips,
I, trembling in the shadow of that faint and brief eclipse,
Said: — "Tell me, tell me, truly, do you love her then so well?"
And the hot tears, all unruly, through my twined fingers fell —
And down I sank unheeding so of maidenhood or wrong;
And told him, weeping, pleading, how I'd loved him, loved him long;
Seen my hopes all faded, perished, spread around in pale dismay,
Wept their pallid corses over — I alone like Niobe!

Thank God no cruel scorn dimm'd his starry eyes divine,
Softly tender, earnest gazing down the tearful depths of mine —
But with warmest splendors resting on the paleness of his cheek,
As the roseate tinted sunset on a snowy Alpine peak,
He laid his head on my shoulder, murmuring lover-like and low,
While his breathing softly trembled on my pale lips lying so: —
"Such deep and tender loving hath recall'd me from the grave —
And this heart with soft approving bids you keep the life you gave;

"Woman's soothing grief to lighten hath a mystic healing power,
And their sympathy can brighten man's darkest destined hour.
Let the holy words be spoken that bind soul to soul for life —
Let me place the symbol token on this hand — my wedded wife!"
O! never yet did angel breathe forth such words of bliss,
Never mortal heard evangel of a joy like unto this;
In my gladness smiling, weeping, knelt I down before him there,
Blessing God with wild words leaping from my full heart's inward prayer.

And a glory, ruddy, golden, streamed down on me from high —
As with lifted hands enfolden gazed I up into the sky —
Ever brighter, streaming downward, till my pained eyes ached with light,
And I turned from gazing sunward back to earth's more calm delight.
But — was it spell, or was it charm? — when I turned me to the room —
Fading seem'd the loved one's form, half in light and half in gloom;
Throbb'd my brain in wild confusion, slowly died his words in air,
All around me seemed illusion, save that streaming golden glare.

On my fevered eyelids aching, madly press'd my hands I keep —
Then arose, like one awaking from a strange and magic sleep,
Round I gazed in wild amazement, for the glorious light that shone
Was morn streaming through my casement, but it streamed on me alone!
The last cold words he had written lay there beside my bed,
The last flowers he had given lay beside them, faded, dead;
Life's lonely desolation was true for aye I deem,
But, joy's blessed revelation, that — that — was but a dream!

ARABY'S DAUGHTER.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

FAREWELL — farewell to thee, Araby's daughter!
(Thus warbled a Peri beneath the dark sea,)
No pearl ever lay under Oman's green water
More pure in its shell than thy Spirit in thee.

O! fair as the sea-flower close to thee growing,
How light was thy heart till Love's witchery came,
Like the wind of the South * o'er a summer lute blowing,
And hush'd all its music, and wither'd its frame!

But long, upon Araby's green sunny highlands,
Shall maids and their lovers remember the doom
Of her who lies sleeping among the Pearl Islands,
With nought but the sea-star † to light up her tomb.

And still, when the merry date-season is burning,‡
And calls to the palm-groves the young and the old,
The happiest there, from their pastime returning,
At sunset will weep when thy story is told.

The young village-maid, when with flowers she dresses
Her dark flowing hair for some festival day,
Will think of thy fate till, neglecting her tresses,
She mournfully turns from the mirror away.

Nor shall Iran, belov'd of her Hero! forget thee —
Though tyrants watch over her tears as they start,
Close, close by the side of that Hero she'll set thee,
Embalm'd in the innermost shrine of her heart.

Farewell — be it ours to embellish thy pillow
With every thing beauteous that grows in the deep;
Each flower of the rock and each gem of the billow
Shall sweeten thy bed and illumine thy sleep.

Around thee shall glisten the loveliest amber
That ever the sorrowing sea-bird has wept; §

* "This wind (the Samoor) so softens the strings of lutes, that they can never be tuned while it lasts." — *Stephen's Persia.*

† "One of the greatest curiosities found in the Persian Gulf is a fish which the English call Star-fish. It is circular, and at night very luminous, resembling the full moon surrounded by rays." — *Mirza Abu Taleb.*

‡ For a description of the merriment of the date-time, of their work, their dances, and their return home from the palm-groves at the end of autumn with the fruits, see *Kempfer Amœnitat. Exot.*

§ Some naturalists have imagined that amber is a concretion of the tears of birds. — See *Trevoux, Chambers.*

With many a shell, in whose hollow-wreathed chamber
We, Peris of Ocean, by moonlight have slept.

We'll dive where the gardens of coral lie darkling,
And plant all the rosiest stems at thy head;
We'll seek where the sands of the Caspian are sparkling,*
And gather their gold to strew over thy bed.

Farewell — farewell — until Pity's sweet fountain
Is lost in the hearts of the fair and the brave,
They'll weep for the Chieftain who died on that mountain,
They'll weep for the Maiden who sleeps in this wave.

THE DREAMER ON THE CLIFF.

BY JOHN STERLING.

[John Sterling was second son of Captain Edward Sterling—the "Thunderer" of the *Times*, born in Waterford in 1773, and who died in 1847. The Captain was a pensioner of the English government to the extent of £200 a-year, which he inherited from his father who had been Clerk of the Irish House of Commons. John was born in 1806 and died in 1844. He gave promise of great ability, and would probably have realized it had his life been prolonged. He has been fortunate enough to find two eminent biographers in Archdeacon Hare and Thomas Carlyle; the former of whom has also edited his writings.]

Once more, thou darkly rolling main,
I bid thy lonely strength adieu;
And sorrowing leave thee once again,
Familiar long, yet ever new!

And while, thou changeless, boundless sea,
I quit thy solitary shore,
I sigh to turn away from thee,
And think I ne'er may greet thee more.

Thy many voices which are one,
The varying garbs that robe thy might,
Thy dazzling hues at set of sun,
Thy deeper loveliness by night.

The shades that flit with every breeze
Along thy hoar and aged brow, —
What has the universe like these?
Or what so strong, so fair as thou?

* "The bay Kieselare, which is otherwise called the Golden Bay, the sand whereof shines as fire."—*Struy.*

And when yon radiant friend of earth
 Has bridged the waters with her rays,
Pure as those beams of heavenly birth,
 That round a seraph's footsteps blaze.

While lightest clouds at times o'ercast
 The splendor gushing from the spheres,
Like softening thoughts of sorrow past,
 That fill the eyes of joy with tears.

The soul, methinks, in hours like these,
 Might pant to flee its earthly doom,
And freed from dust to mount the breeze,
 An eagle soaring from the tomb.

Or mixed in stainless air to roam
 Where'er thy billows know the wind, —
To make all climes my spirit's home,
 And leave the woes of all behind.

Or wandering into worlds that beam
 Like lamps of hope to human eyes,
Wake 'mid delights we now but dream,
 And breathe the rapture of the skies.

But vain the thought ; my feet are bound
 To this dim planet, — clay to clay, —
Condemned to tread one thorny round,
 And chained with links that ne'er decay.

Yet while thy ceaseless current flows,
 Thou mighty main, and shrinks again,
Methinks thy rolling floods disclose,
 A refuge safe, at least from men.

Within thy gently heaving breast,
 That hides no passions dark and wild,
My weary soul might sink to rest,
 As in its mother's arms a child.

Forget the world's eternal jars,
 In murmurous caverns cool and dim,
And long, o'ertoiled with angry wars,
 Hear but thy billow's distant hymn!

THE FOUR TRAVELLERS.

BY FRANCES BROWN.

[Frances Brown was born in Stranorlar, county Donegal, in 1816. She was afflicted with small-pox when about a year and a half old, by which she lost her sight. At the age of seven years she began to educate herself, by asking of all her friends about her the meanings of words and things. From hearing her brothers and sisters repeat their daily tasks in grammar and spelling, she learnt the same lessons, and invariably knew them before the others. Her memory was so retentive, that to induce her friends to read for her the more thoughtful books for which they had no taste, she used to relate stories of her own composition,—or do the household work which was allotted to them. The sight of the visible world having been shut against her, her clear natural intellect devised a mode by which she learned to see into the world of thought. The greater portion of her poems appeared in the "Athenæum,"—from the editor of which she has experienced kindness and encouragement.]

Four travellers sat one winter's night
 At my father's board so free;
And he asked them why they left their land,
 And why they crossed the sea?

One said for bread, and one for gold,
 And one for a cause of strife;
And one he came for a lost love's sake,
 To lead a stranger's life.

They dwelt among our hamlets long,
 They learned each mountain way;
They shared our sports in the woodlands green,
 And by the crags so gay—

And they were brave by flood and fell,
 And they were blithe in hall;
But he that led the stranger's life,
 Was blithest of them all.

Some said the grief of his youth had passed,
 Some said his love grew cold;
But nought I know if this were so,
 For the tale was never told.

His mates they found both homes and friends,
 Their heads and hearts to rest;
We saw their flocks and fields increase,
 But we loved *him* still the best.

Now he that came to seek for bread,
 Is lord of my father's land;

And he that fled so far from strife,
Hath a goodly household band.

And he that sought the gold alone,
Hath wedded my sister fair;
And the oaks are green and the pastures wide,
By their pleasant homesteads there.

But when they meet by the winter fire,
Or beneath the bright woodbine;
Their talk is yet of a whelming stream
And a brave life given for mine;

For a grave by our mountain river side,
Grows green this many a year —
Where the flower of the four sleeps evermore,
And I am a stranger here.

THE WOMAN OF THREE COWS.

(FROM THE IRISH.)

BY JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

[This ballad, which is of homely cast, was intended as a rebuke to the saucy pride of a woman in humble life, who assumed airs of consequence from being the possessor of three cows. Its author's name is unknown, but its age can be determined, from the language, as belonging to the early part of the seventeenth century. That it was formerly very popular in Munster, may be concluded from the fact, that the phrase, — Easy, O, woman of the three cows! has become a saying in that province, on any occasion upon which it is desirable to lower the pretensions of a boastful or consequential person.]

O, WOMAN of Three Cows, agragh! don't let your tongue thus rattle!
O, don't be saucy, don't be stiff, because you may have cattle.
I have seen — and, here's my hand to you, I only say what's true —
A many a one with twice your stock not half so proud as you.

Good luck to you, don't scorn the poor, and don't be their despiser,
For worldly wealth soon melts away, and cheats the very miser,
And Death soon strips the proudest wreath from haughty human brows;
Then don't be stiff, and don't be proud, good Woman of Three Cows!

See where Momonia's heroes lie, proud Owen Moore's descendants,
'Tis they that won the glorious name, and had the grand attendants!
If *they* were forced to bow to Fate, as every mortal bows,
Can *you* be proud, can *you* be stiff, my Woman of Three Cows!

The brave sons of the Lord of Clare, they left the land to mourning;
Mo vrone! * for they were banished, with no hope of their returning —
Who knows in what abodes of want those youths were driven to house?
Yet *you* can give yourself these airs, O, Woman of Three Cows!

O, think of Donnell of the Ships, the Chief whom nothing daunted —
See how he fell in distant Spain, unchronicled, unchanted!
He sleeps, the great O'Sullivan, where thunder cannot rouse —
Then ask yourself, should *you* be proud, good Woman of Three Cows!

O'Ruark, Maguire, those souls of fire, whose names are shrined in story —
Think how their high achievements once made Erin's greatest glory —
Yet now their bones lie mouldering under weeds and cypress boughs,
And so, for all your pride, will yours, O, Woman of Three Cows!

Th' O'Carrolls also, famed when fame was only for the boldest,
Rest in forgotten sepulchres with Erin's best and oldest;
Yet who so great as they of yore in battle or carouse?
Just think of that, and hide your head, good Woman of Three Cows!

Your neighbor's poor, and you it seems are big with vain ideas,
Because, forsooth, you've got three cows, one more, I see, than *she* has;
That tongue of yours wags more at times than Charity allows,
But if you're strong, be merciful, great Woman of Three Cows!

THE SUMMING UP.

Now, there you go! You still, of course, keep up your scornful bearing,
And I'm too poor to hinder you; but, by the cloak I'm wearing,
If I had but four cows myself, even tho' you were my spouse,
I'd thwack you well to cure your pride, my Woman of Three Cows!

THE LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

O! DON'T be beguilin' my heart with your wilin',
You've tried that same thrick far too often before,
And by this blessed minnit an' day that is in it,
I'll take right good care that you'll try it no more!

* My grief.

You thought that so slyly you walked with O'Reilly,
By man and by mortal unheard and unseen,
While your hand he kept squeezin', and *you* looked so pleasin',
Last Saturday night in your father's *boreen*.

His thricks and his schamin' has set you a dhramin';
That any one blessed with their eyesight may see,
You're not the same crature you once war by nature,
And they that are thraitors won't do, faith, for me!
Tho' it *is* most distressin' to think that a blessin'
Was just about fallin' down plump on the scene,
When a cunning *culloger*, as black as an ogre,
Upsets all your hopes in a dirty *boreen*.

And 'tis most ungrateful, unkind, and unfaithful,
When you very well know how I gave the go-by,
Both to pride and to pleasure, temptation and treasure,
To dress all my looks by the light of your eye.
O! 'tis Mary Mullally, that lives in the valley —
'Tis *she* that would say how ill-used I have been,
And she's not the deludher to smile and to soother,
And then walk away to her father's *boreen*.

I send you your garter, for now I'm a martyr,
And keepsakes and *jims* are the least of my care,
So when things are exchangin', since you took to rangin'
I'll trouble you, too, for the lock of my hair.
I know by its shakin', my heart is a-breakin',
You'll make me a corpse when I'd make you a queen,
But as sure as I'm livin', it's you I'll be givin'
A terrible fright, when I haunt the boreen!

THE POET'S PROPHECY.

BY GERALD GRIFFIN.

In the time of my boyhood I had a strange feeling,
That I was to die in the noon of my day;
Not quietly into the silent grave stealing,
But torn, like a blasted oak, sudden away.

That, even in the hour when enjoyment was keenest,
My lamp should quench suddenly hissing in gloom,
That even when mine honors were freshest and greenest,
A blight should rush over and scatter their bloom.

It might be a fancy — it might be the glooming
Of dark visions taking the semblance of truth,

And it might be the shade of the storm that is coming,
Cast thus in its morn through the sunshine of youth.

But be it a dream or a mystic revealing,
The bodement has haunted me year after year,
And whenever my bosom with rapture was filling,
I paused for the footfall of fate at mine ear.

With this feeling upon me all feverish and glowing,
I rushed up the rugged way panting to Fame,
I snatched at my laurels while yet they were growing,
And won for my guerdon the half of a name.

My triumphs I viewed from the least to the brightest,
As gay flowers pluck'd from the fingers of Death,
And whenever Joy's garments flowed richest and lightest,
I looked for the skeleton lurking beneath.

O, friend of my heart! if that doom should fall on me,
And thou shouldst live on to remember my love —
Come oft to the tomb when the turf lies upon me,
And list to the even wind mourning above.

Lie down by that bank where the river is creeping
All fearfully under the still autumn tree,
When each leaf in the sunset is silently weeping,
And sigh for departed days — thinking of me.

But when, o'er the minstrel, thou'rt lonelily sighing,
Forgive, if his failings should flash on thy brain,
Remember the heart that beneath thee is lying
Can never awake to offend thee again.

Remember how freely that heart that to others,
Was dark as the tempest-dawn frowning above,
Burst open to thine with the zeal of a brother's,
And showed all its hues in the light of thy love.

THE SISTER OF MERCY.

BY REV. DR. PATRICK MURRAY.

We live in our lonely cells,
We live in our cloisters gray,
And the warning chime of the convent bells
Tolls our silent life away.

The loud world's busy hum
 Murmuring evermore,
Breaks on our dim old walls,
 As waves break on the shore.
Like the voices we used to hear
 Long ago in childhood's prime,
Are the ties of a long dead world,
 The thoughts of a long past time.

They tell of life's sparkling sea,
 Of its dancing billows where
The voyager's laugh rings merrily,
 From a heart as light as air.
But they tell not of the storms
 That swell its angry waves,
The sunken rocks, the hideous forms
 That lie in the ocean caves;
The wrecks that toss in the gale,
 The lost that are buried beneath,
The struggle, the gasp, the drowning wail,
That follow so oft the sunbright sail,
 O'er the pitiless realms of death.

They number us with the dead,
 With our hearts so cold and dry;
For us the sky is a roof of lead,
 And earth is like the sky.
But the sinless soul hath wings to soar
 Above these prison bars
To a glorious home of its own,
 Beyond the golden stars.
The light of this seeming, dying life,
 Faded out from the eye of clay,
Glows in the franchised spirit,
 Never to feel or fear decay.

They speak of a mother's delight,
 They tell of wedded bliss,
They paint a world so warm and bright,
 And say that world is this.
But the true world we sometimes see,
 Life in its house of withering bones,
Life on its couch of agony,
 As it heaves and weeps and groans;
The father's broken heart,
 The mother's about to break,
The crushing blow, the stinging smart,
O wedded love, we've seen what thou art,
 And not what dreamers make!

We live in our lonely cells,
 We live in our cloisters gray,
And sweet as the chime of the convent bells,
 Glides our life with God away.
In the roar of a maddened world,
 In battling passions' thrill,
Martha's work and Mary's part
 Our endless portion still.
Could you but a moment share
 The bliss, like that above,
Of a life of silent prayer,
 A life of working love;

The glory of earth would seem
 Black as the trodden leaf,
False as the dream of a dream,
 As the flash of the lightning brief.
All must pass away,
 And wither and die and rot;
But the love of God abides and burns
 In the heart that deserts him not.
Then leave us here to pray,
 Then leave us here to love,
Our prayer will be that you may rise
 With us to God above!

THE RETURNING JANIZARY.

BY FRANCES BROWN.

There came a youth at dawn of day
From the Golden Gate of the proud Serai: —
He came with no gifts of warrior pride
But the gleam of the good sword by his side,
 And an arm that well could wield;
But he came with a form of matchless mould —
Like that by the Delphian shrine of old —
And an eye in whose depth of brightness shone
The light by the Grecian sunset thrown
 On the dying Spartan's shield; —
For the days of his boyhood's bonds were o'er,
And he stood as a free-born Greek once more!

They brought him robes of the richest dyes,
And a shield like the moon in autumn skies,
A steed that grew by the Prophet's tomb,
And a helmet crown'd with a heron's plume,

And the world's strong tempter, Gold;
And they said — "Since thou turnest from the towers
Of honor's path and pleasure's bowers,
Go forth in the Spahi's conquering march —
And gold and glory requite thy search,
Till a warrior's death unfold
For thee the gates of Paradise,
And thy welcome beam'd by the Houris' eyes." —

"And where will the yearning memories sleep,
That have fill'd mine exiled years
With a voice of winds in the forest free,
With the sound of the old Ægean sea,
Through echoing grove and green defile,
On the shores of that unforgotten Isle
Which still the light of my mother's smile
To her wanderer's memory wears —
And the voices ever sounding back
From my country's old triumphal track?
The faith that clings with a deathless hold
To the freedom and the fame of old,
Will they rest in a stranger's banner-shade,
Though a conquering flag it be?
Will they joy with its myriad hosts to tread
On a land that once was free?
Take back your gifts," the wanderer said —
"And leave at last to me
That far land's love — for ye cannot part
His country from the Exile's heart!"

They said — "Thine Isle is a land of slaves;
It gives no galley to the waves —
No cry with the battle's onset blent —
No banner broad on its breezes sent —
No name to the lists of fame;
Thy home still stands by its winding shore,
But thy place by the hearth is known no more;
The evening fire on that hearth shines on,
But the light of thy mother's smile is gone —
For a stranger bears her name —
And, bright though her smile and glance may be,
They're not like those that grew dim for thee." —

"I know that my country's fame hath found
No rest by her storied streams —
For cold is the chain for ages borne,
And deep is the track its weight hath worn!
The serf hath stood, in his fetters bound,

On hills that were Freedom's battle-ground;
And my name is a long-forgotten sound
 In the home of my thousand dreams; —
For change hath passed o'er each household face,
And my mother's heart hath a resting place
Where the years of her weary watch are past
For the step that so vainly comes at last.
But far there shines through the shadowy green
 Of the laurels bending there,
One beckoning light — 'tis the glancing sheen
 Of a Grecian maiden's hair;
Alas, for the clouds that rose between
 My gaze and one so fair!
Alas! for many a morning ray
That passed from life's misty hills away!"

So spake the Greek, but the tempter said —
 "Why seek'st thou the flowers of summer fled? —
The years that have made thy kindred strange
Have they not breathed with the breath of change
 On thine early chosen too?
They have bound the wealth of that flowing hair —
They have crossed the brow with a shade of care;
For thy young and thy glad of heart hath grown
A matron, saddened in glance and tone —
 From whose undreaming view
Life's early lights have fallen — and thou
Art a long forgotten vision now."

There rose a cloud in his clear dark eye,
 Like the mist of coming tears —
Yet it passed in silence, and there came
No after-voice from that perished dream:
But he said — "Is it so, my land! Thou hast
No gift for thy wanderer but the past,
And a dream of a gathering trumpet's blast,
 And a charge of Grecian spears!
That bright dream's promise ne'er may be —
But the earth hath banners broad and free;
There are gallant barks on the western wave —
And fields where a Greek may find a grave:
With a fearless arm, with a stainless brand,
 With a young brow I depart
To seek the hosts of some Christian land —
But I go with an Exile's heart. —
Yet, oft when the stranger's fight is done,
And their shouts arise for the battle won,
This heart will dream what its joy might be
Were it won but for Greece and Liberty!"

THE FISHERMAN'S WIFE.

BY J. S. KNOWLES.

She listens — "'Tis the wind!" she cries:
The moon, that rose so full and bright,
Is now o'ercast; she looks — she sighs;
She fears 'twill be a stormy night.

Not long was Anna wed; her mate,
A fisherman, was out at sea;
The night is dark, the hour is late,
The wind is high, and where is he?

"O, who would love, O, who would wed
A wandering fisherman, to be
A wretched lonely wife, and dread
Each breath that blows when he's at sea!"

Not long was Anna wed; one pledge
Of tender love her bosom bore: —
The storm comes down, the billows rage;
His father is not yet on shore.

"O, who would think her portion blest,
A wandering seaman's wife to be,
To hug the infant to her breast,
Whose father's on a stormy sea!"

The thunder bursts; the lightning falls;
The casement rattles with the rain;
And as the gusty tempest bawls,
The little cottage quakes again.

She does not speak, she does not sigh,
She gazes on her infant dear;
A smile lights up the cherub's eye,
And dims the mother's with a tear.

"O, who would be a seaman's wife?
O, who would bear a seaman's child!
To tremble for her husband's life;
To weep because her infant smiled!"

Ne'er hadst thou borne a seaman's boy,
Ne'er had thy husband left the shore,
Thou ne'er hadst felt the frantic joy
To see thy Robin at the door;

To press his weather-beaten cheek,
To kiss it dry and warm again —
To weep the joy thou couldst not speak;
A pleasure's in the depth of pain!

Thy cheerful fire, thy plain repast,
Thy little couch of love, I ween,
Were ten times sweeter than the last —
And not a cloud that night was seen.

O happy pair! the pains you know,
Still hand in hand with pleasure come;
For often does the tempest blow,
And Robin still is safe at home.

THE SUIT OF THE MINSTREL.

BY B. SIMMONS.

What a dream of delight! while young Victor was wooing
Proud Constance, sole heiress of Bernard of Bonn —
In that tenderest of times, when the vintage is viewing
Its deep shadow's glow, where the Rhine rushes on.

Superb as a cloud in the sunset, that maiden
With her eyes of broad blackness and luminous cheek —
Heard the tale, low and sweet, like a breeze odor-laden,
That fever'd the frail lip of Victor to speak.

Fond haunter of moon-brightened hills! — the sweet merit
Of his country's wild Magi — the minstrels of old —
Had filled with an early enchantment his spirit,
Till it mastered the Art they melodiously told.

Long unheard in his heart lay the gift unawaking,
Till Constance rose suddenly bright on his way;
Then the songs of his soul sounded out, like the shaking
Of those chords that salute, in the Desert, the day.

And the lone poet's praise, to that lady so peerless,
Grew essential, as dew to the lily's hot life —
And she won him to mix with the festive and fearless
In the joust or the revel's magnificent strife.

The enthusiast yielded, and far from the mountains
Whose blue shadows' softness grew up in his soul,
He came — 'mid the crowd thronging luxury's fountains,
The wealth of his wasted existence to roll.

Of the gallants her steps' fairy music attending,
Was Victor for ever in fervency first;
With his harp's inspiration immortally blending
The visions his daring idolatry nurst.

And her triumph to Constance fresh glory was bringing,
From her eyes more victoriously darted the day,
As Time, through her life's cloudless atmosphere winging,
At her feet saw that youth, with his lyre and his lay.

She would linger — would listen — her full heart's expressions
To that slave in one glance's dark volley convey'd;
And she loved him to sing of the lofty concessions
That high-born maidens to minstrels have made.

Yet, guarded in guile, from her lips ruby-burning,
The *one* word so watch'd for by love never fell:
Poor Minstrel, no passion thy passion returning,
Shall ever the clouds closing o'er thee dispel!

(O! as bud in the blight be the lip of the woman,
Who, to wing the dull moments in indolence past,
Can foster with flattery cold and inhuman
Some heart's noble hopes but to break it at last!)

'Twas when Victor was loudest, by lance and lute vaunting
His mistress unmatch'd from the Rhine to the Rhone —
While his lode-star of life was her aspect enchanting —
That she wedded her kinsman, Count Hugh of Cologne.

Fly now to the haunts of thy boyhood — thou dreamer!
This truth like the hunter's keen shaft in thy brain —
That trampled and mock'd by one idolized schemer,
Thou, at least, hast no fierier hell-cup to drain!

His darkness came down with no softening gradation,
On the noon of his life it was instantly night —
'Twas the thunderbolt killing with swift desolation,
In its greenness and glory, the pine of the height.

Yet think not that Constance triumphantly wended
In bliss as in beauty her heartless career —
The voice of that wrong'd uncomplaining One, blended
With the breeze, was at midnight a curse to her ear.

When proudly before her the banquet was blazing,
And nobles pledged high to her beauty — her eyes
Ever saw, as through clouds, by a lonely hearth gazing,
A pale wither'd man, like a spectre, to rise.

In Cologne's banner'd aisles, Countess Constance is sleeping,
And leagues far away by a blue river's side,
Over Victor's green turf silent Evening is weeping —
May their souls, at the Judgment, not sever as wide!

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

BY REV. C. WOLFE.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot,
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclos'd his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we bound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on —
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring:
And we heard by the distant and random gun —
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone —
But we left him alone with his glory!

THE FORGING OF THE ANCHOR.

BY SAMUEL FERGUSON, M. R. I. A.

COME, see the Dolphin's anchor forged — 'tis at a white heat now:
The bellows ceased, the flames decreased — tho' on the forge's brow
The little flames still fitfully play through the sable mound,
And fitfully you still may see the grim smiths ranking round,
All clad in leathern panoply, their broad hands only bare —
Some rest upon their sledges here, some work the windlass there.
The windlass strains the tackle chains, the black mound heaves below,
And red and deep a hundred veins burst out at every throe:
It rises, roars, rends all outright — O, Vulcan, what a glow!
'Tis blinding white, 'tis blasting bright — the high sun shines not so!

The high sun sees not on the earth, such fiery fearful show;
The roof-ribs swarth, the candent hearth, the ruddy lurid row
Of smiths that stand, an ardent band, like men before the foe.
As, quivering through his fleece of flame, the sailing monster, slow
Sinks on the anvil — all about the faces fiery grow.
"Hurrah!" they shout, "leap out — leap out;" bang, bang the sledges go:
Hurrah! the jetted lightnings are hissing high and low —
A hailing fount of fire is struck at every squashing blow,
The leathern mail rebounds the hail, the rattling cinders strow
The ground around: at every bound the sweltering fountains flow,
And thick and loud the swinking crowd at every stroke pant "ho!"

Leap out, leap out, my masters; leap out and lay on load!
Let's forge a goodly anchor — a bower thick and broad;
For a heart of oak is hanging on every blow, I bode,
And I see the good ship riding, all in a perilous road —
The low reef roaring on her lee — the roll of ocean pour'd,
From stem to stern, sea after sea; the mainmast by the board;
The bulwarks down, the rudder gone, the boats stove at the chains!
But courage still, brave mariners — the bower yet remains,
And not an inch to flinch he deigns, save when ye pitch sky high;
Then moves his head, as tho' he said, "Fear nothing — here am I!"

Swing in your strokes in order, let foot and hand keep time;
Your blows make music sweeter far than any steeple's chime.
But while you sling your sledges, sing — and let the burden be,
The anchor is the anvil king, and royal craftsmen we!
Strike in, strike in — the sparks begin to dull their rustling red;
Our hammers ring with sharper din, our work will soon be sped.

Our anchor soon must change his bed of fiery rich array,
For a hammock at the roaring bows, on an oozy couch of clay;
Our anchor soon must change the lay of merry craftsmen here,
For the yeo-heave-o', and the heave-away, and the singing seaman's cheer;

When, weighing slow, at eve they go — far, far from love and home;
And sobbing sweethearts, in a row, wail o'er the ocean foam,
In livid and obdurate gloom he darkens down at last;
A shapely one he is, and strong, as e'er from cat was cast.
O trusted and trustworthy guard, if thou hadst life like me,
What pleasures would thy toils reward beneath the deep green sea!
O deep Sea-diver, who might then behold such sights as thou?
The hoary-monster's palaces! methinks what joy 'twere now
To go plumb plunging down amid the assembly of the whales,
And feel the churn'd sea round me boil beneath their scourging tails!

Then deep in tangle-woods to fight the fierce sea unicorn,
And send him foiled and bellowing back, for all his ivory horn!
To leave the subtle sworder-fish of bony blade forlorn;
And for the ghastly-grinning shark to laugh his jaws to scorn;
To leap down on the kraken's back, where 'mid Norwegian isles
He lies, a lubber anchorage for sudden shallow'd miles;
Till snorting, like an under-sea volcano, off he rolls;
Meanwhile to swing, a-buffeting the far astonished shoals
Of his back-browsing ocean-calves; or, haply, in a cove,
Shell-strown, and consecrate of old to some Undinè's love;

To find the long-haired mermaidens; or, hard by icy lands,
To wrestle with the Sea-serpent, upon cerulean sands.
O broad-armed Fisher of the deep, whose sports can equal thine?
The Dolphin weighs a thousand tons, that tugs thy cable line;
And night by night, 'tis thy delight, thy glory day by day,
Through sable sea and breaker white, the giant game to play —
But shamer of our little sports! forgive the name I gave —
A fisher's joy is to destroy — thine office is to save.
O lodger in the sea-kings' halls, couldst thou but understand
Whose be the white bones by thy side, or who that dripping band,
Slow swaying in the heaving wave, that round about thee bend,
With sounds like breakers in a dream blessing their ancient friend.

O, couldst thou know what heroes glide with larger steps round thee,
Thine iron side would swell with pride; thou'dst leap within the sea!
Give honor to their memories who left the pleasant strand,
To shed their blood so freely for the love of Father-land —

Who left their chance of quiet age and grassy churchyard grave,
So freely, for a restless bed amid the tossing wave;
O, though our anchor may not be all I have fondly sung,
Honor him for their memory, whose bones he goes among!

BOYHOOD'S YEARS.

BY THE REV. CHARLES MEEHAN.

Ah! why should I recall them — the gay, the joyous years,
Ere hope was cross'd or pleasure dimm'd by sorrow and by tears?
Or why should mem'ry love to trace youth's glad and sunlit way,
When those who made its charms so sweet are gather'd to decay?
The summer's sun shall come again to brighten hill and bower —
The teeming earth its fragrance bring beneath the balmy shower —
But all in vain will mem'ry strive, in vain we shed our tears —
They're gone away and can't return — the friends of boyhood's years!

Ah! why then wake my sorrow, and bid me now count o'er
The vanished friends so dearly prized — the days to come no more —
The happy days of infancy, when no guile our bosoms knew,
Nor reck'd we of the pleasures that with each moment flew?
'Tis all in vain to weep for them — the past a dream appears;
And where are they — the lov'd, the young, the friends of boyhood's years?

Go seek them in the cold churchyard — they long have stol'n to rest;
But do not weep, for their young cheeks by woe were ne'er oppress'd;
Life's sun for them in splendor set — no cloud came o'er the ray
That lit them from this gloomy world upon their joyous way.
No tears about their graves be shed — but sweetest flowers be flung,
The fittest off'ring thou canst make to hearts that perish young —
To hearts this world has never torn with racking hopes and fears;
For bless'd are they who pass away in boyhood's happy years!

THE LABORER.

BY W. D. GALLAGHER.

[This writer has been for many years engaged in literary pursuits in America, having edited in succession several Journals and Periodicals in that country. He now resides in Cincinnati, where he conducts a daily paper. It is gratifying to know that the Irish people who have chosen America as their home should have such lessons of manhood and self-denial taught them by one of their own countrymen, and in such direct and vigorous language.]

STAND up — erect! Thou hast the form,
And likeness of thy God! — who more?
A soul as dauntless 'mid the storm
Of daily life — a heart as warm
And pure as breast e'er wore.

What then? Thou art as true a man
As moves the human mass among;
As much a part of the great plan
That with creation's dawn began,
As any of the throng.

Who is thine enemy? the high
In station, or in wealth the chief?
The great, who coldly pass thee by,
With proud step and averted eye?
Nay! nurse not such belief.

If true unto thyself thou wast,
What were the proud one's scorn to thee?
A feather, which thou mightest cast
Aside as idly as the blast
The light leaf from the tree.

No: — uncurb'd passions, low desires,
Absence of noble self-respect, —
Death, in the breast's consuming fires,
To that high nature which aspires
For ever, till thus check'd, —

These are thine enemies — thy worst;
They chain thee to thy lowly lot;
Thy labor and thy life accurs'd.
O, stand erect, and from them burst,
And longer suffer not!

Thou art thyself thine enemy!
The great! — what better they than thou?

As theirs, is not thy will as free?
Has God with equal favors thee
Neglected to endow?

True; wealth thou hast not — 'tis but dust!
Nor place, — uncertain as the wind!
But that thou hast, which, with thy crust
And water, may despise the lust
Of both, — a noble mind!

With this, and passions under ban,
True faith, and holy trust in God,
Thou art the peer of any man.
Look up, then; that thy little span
Of life may well be trod!

THE LIFE OF THE SEA.

BY B. SIMMONS.

["A very intelligent young lady, born and bred in the Orkney islands, who lately came to spend a season in this neighborhood, told me nothing in the mainland scenery had so much disappointed her as woods and trees. She found them so dead and lifeless, that she never could help pining after the eternal motion and variety of the ocean. And so back she has gone; and I believe nothing will ever tempt her from the wind-swept Orcades again." — SIR WALTER SCOTT. *Lockhart's Life*, Vol. ii. — Although it is of a female this striking anecdote is related, it has been thought more suitable to give the amplified expression of the sentiment in the stanzas a masculine application.]

THESE grassy vales are warm and deep,
Where apple-orchards wave and glow;
Upon soft uplands whitening sheep
Drift in long wreaths. — Below,
Sun-fronting beds of garden-thyme, alive
With the small humming merchants of the hive,
And cottage homes in every shady nook
Where willows dip and kiss the dimples of the brook.

But all too close against my face
My thick breath feels these crowding trees,
They crush me in their green embrace —
I miss the Life of Seas;
The wild free life that round the flinty shores
Of my bleak isles expanded Ocean pours —
So free, so far, that, in the lull of even,
Nought but the rising moon stands on your path to heaven.

I miss the madd'ning Life of Seas,
When the red, angry sunset dies,
And to the storm-lash'd Orcades
Resound the seaman's cries:
'Mid thick'ning night and fresh'ning gale, upon
The stretch'd ear bursts Despair's appealing gun,
O'er the low Reef that on the lee-beam raves
With its down-crashing hills of wild, devouring waves.

These inland love-bowers sweetly bloom,
White with the hawthorn's summer snows;
Along soft turf a purple gloom
The elm at sunset throws:
There the fond lover, listening for the sweet
Half soundless coming of his Maiden's feet,
Thrills if the linnet's rustling pinions pass,
Or some light leaf is blown rippling along the grass.

But Love his pain as sweetly tells
Beneath some cavern beetling hoar,
Where silver sands and rosy shells
Pave the smooth glistening shore —
When all the winds are low, and to thy tender
Accents, the wavelets, stealing in, make slender
And tinkling cadence, wafting, every one,
A golden smile to thee from the fast-sinking sun.

Calm through the heavenly sea on high
Comes out each white and quiet star —
So calm up ocean's floating sky
Come, one by one, afar,
White quiet sails from the grim icy coasts
That hear the battles of the Whaling hosts,
Whose homeward crews with feet and flutes in tune,
And spirits roughly blithe, make music to the moon.

Or if (like some) thou'st loved in vain,
Or madly wooed the already Won,
—— Go when the Passion and the Pain
Their havoc have begun,
And dare the Thunder rolling up behind
The Deep, to match that hurricane of mind:
Or to the sea-winds, raging on thy pale
Grief-wasted cheek, pour forth as bitter-keen a tale.

For in that sleepless, tumbling tide —
When most thy fever'd spirits reel,
Sick with desires unsatisfied,
— Dwell life and balm to heal.

Raise thy free sail, and seek o'er ocean's breast
— It boots not what — those rose-clouds in the West,
And deem that thus thy spirit freed shall be,
Ploughing the stars through seas of blue Eternity.

This mainland life I could not live,
Nor die beneath a rookery's leaves, —
But I my parting breath would give
Where chainless Ocean heaves;
In some gray turret, where my fading sight
Could see the Lighthouse flame into the night,
Emblem of guidance and of hope, to save;
Type of the Rescuer bright who walked the howling wave.

Nor, dead, amid the charnel's breath
Shall rise the tomb with lies befool'd,
But, like the Greek who faced in death
The sea in life he ruled,
High on some peak, wave-girded, will I sleep,
My dirge sung ever by the choral deep;
There, sullen mourner! oft at midnight lone
Shall my familiar friend, the Thunder, come to groan.

Soft Vales and sunny Hills, farewell!
Long shall the friendship of your bowers
Be sweet to me as is the smell
Of their strange lovely flowers;
And each kind face, like every pleasant star
Be bright to me though ever bright afar:
True as the sea-bird's wing, I seek my home
And its glad Life, once more, by boundless Ocean's foam!

THE SISTER OF CHARITY.

BY R. D. WILLIAMS.

Sister of Charity, gentle and dutiful,
Loving as seraphim, tender, and mild,
In humbleness strong and in purity beautiful,
In spirit heroic, in manners a child,
Ever thy love like an angel reposes,
With hovering wings o'er the sufferer here,
Till the arrows of death are half-hidden in roses,
And hope-speaking prophecy smiles on the bier.

When life, like a vapor, is slowly retiring,
As clouds in the dawning to heav'n uprolled,
Thy prayer, like a herald, precedes him expiring,
And the cross on thy bosom his last looks behold;

And O! as the Spouse to thy words of love listens,
What hundredfold blessings descend on thee then —
Thus the flower-absorbed dew in the bright iris glistens,
And returns to the lilies more richly again.

Sister of Charity, child of the holiest,
O, for thy living soul, ardent as pure —
Mother of orphans and friend of the lowliest —
Stay of the wretched, the guilty, the poor;
The embrace of the Godhead so plainly enfolds thee,
Sanctity's halo so shrines thee around,
Daring the eye that unshrinking beholds thee,
Nor droops in thy presence abashed to the ground.

Dim is the fire of the sunniest blushes,
Burning the breast of the maidenly rose
To the exquisite bloom that thy pale beauty flushes,
When the incense ascends and the sanctuary glows;
And the music, that seems heaven's language, is pealing —
Adoration has bowed him in silence and sighs,
And man, intermingled with angels, is feeling
The passionless rapture that comes from the skies.

O, that this heart, whose unspeakable treasure
Of love hath been wasted so vainly on clay,
Like thine, unallured by the phantom of pleasure,
Could rend every earthly affection away.
And yet, in thy presence, the billows subsiding
Obey the strong effort of reason and will,
And my soul, in her pristine tranquillity gliding,
Is calm as when God bade the ocean be still.

Thy soothing, how gentle! thy pity, how tender!
Choir-music thy voice is — thy step angel grace,
And thy union with deity shrines in a splendor
Subdued, but unearthly, thy spiritual face.
When the frail chains are broken, a captive that bound thee
Afar from thy home is the prison of clay,
Bride of the Lamb, and earth's shadows around thee
Disperse in the blaze of eternity's day.

Still mindful, as now, of the sufferer's story,
Arresting the thunders of wrath ere they roll,
Intervene as a cloud between us and his glory,
And shield from His lightnings the shuddering soul.
As mild as the moonbeam in autumn descending
That lightning, extinguished by mercy, shall fall,
While he hears with the wail of a penitent blending
Thy prayer, Holy Daughter of Vincent de Paul.

HENRICH HUDSON.

BY T. D. M'GEE.

[The narrative of the following stanzas is contained more briefly in two pages of Bancroft's History of the "Colonization of America," vol. ii. The main facts — the open boat, the seven sick seamen, and the fidelity of one of the crew named Philip Staaffe, are literally as stated in the Poem.]

THE slayer *Death* is every where, and many a mask hath he,
Many and awful are the shapes in which he sways the sea;
Sometimes within a rocky aisle he lights his candle dim,
And sits half-sheeted in the foam, chanting a funeral hymn;
Full often 'mid the roar of winds we hear his awful cry
Guiding the lightning to its prey through the beclouded sky;
Sometimes he hides 'neath tropic waves, and as the ship sails o'er
He holds her fast to the fiery sun, till the crew can breathe no more.

There is no land so far away but he meeteth mankind there —
He liveth at the icy pole with the Berg and the shaggy Bear,
He smileth from the Southron capes like a May-Queen in her flowers,
He falleth o'er the Indian seas, dissolved in summer showers;
But of all the sea-shapes he hath worn, may mariners never know
Such fate as Henrich Hudson found, in the labyrinths of snow —
The cold North Seas' Columbus, whose bones lie far, interred
Under those frigid waters where no song was ever heard.

'Twas when he sail'd from Amsterdam, in the adventurous quest
Of an ice-shored strait, thro' which to reach the far and fabled West;
His dastard crew — their thin blood chilled beneath the arctic sky —
Combined against him in the night, his hands and feet they tie,
And bind him in a helmless boat on that dread sea to sail —
Ah, me! an oarless shadowy skiff, as a schoolboy's vessel frail.
Seven sick men and his only son, his comrades were to be,
But ere they left the Crescent's side, the chief spoke dauntlessly: —

"Ho, Mutineers! I ask no act of kindness at your hands —
My fate I feel must steer me to Death's still-silent lands;
But there is one man in my ship who sailed with me of yore
By many a bay and headland of the New-World's eastern shore:
From India's heats to Greenland's snows he dared to follow me,
And is HE turned the traitor too, is he in league with ye?"
Uprose a voice from the mutineers, "Not I, my chief, not I —
I'll take my old place by your side, tho' all be sure to die."

Before his chief could bid him back, he is standing at his side: —
The cable's cut — away they drift, over the midnight tide.
No word from any lip came forth, their strain'd eyes steadily glare
At the vacant gloom, where late the ship had left them to despair.

On the dark waters long was seen a line of foamy light—
It passed, like the hem of an angel's robe, away from their eager sight.
Then each man grasped his fellow's hand, some sighed but nothing speak,
While on thro' pallid gloom their boat drifts moaningly and weak.

Seven sick men, dying, in a skiff five hundred leagues from shore!
O! never was such a crew afloat on this world's waves before;
Seven stricken forms, seven sinking hearts of seven short-breathing men,
Drifting over the Sharks' abodes, along to the white Bear's den.
O! 'twas not there they could be nurs'd in homeliness and ease,
One short day heard seven bodies sink, whose souls God rest in peace!
The one who first expir'd had most to note the foam he made,
And no one prayed to be the last, tho' each the blow delay'd.

Three still remain. 'My son, my son, hold up your head, my son,
Alas! alas! my faithful mate, I fear his life is gone.'
So spoke the trembling father — two cold hands in his breast
Breathing upon his dead boy's face, all too soft to break his rest.
The roar of battle could not wake that sleeper from his sleep:
The trusty sailor softly lets him down to the yawning deep;
The fated father hid his face whilst this was being done,
Still murmuring mournfully and low 'my son, my only son.'

Another night; uncheerily beneath that heartless sky,
The iceberg sheds its livid light upon them passing by,
And each beholds the other's face all spectre-like and wan,
And even in that dread solitude man feared the eye of man!
Afar they hear the beating surge sound from the banks of frost,
Many a hoar cape round about looms like a giant ghost,
And fast or slow as they float on, they hear the Bears on shore,
Trooping down to the icy strand watching them evermore.

The morning dawns, unto their eyes the light hath lost its cheer,
Nor distant sail, nor drifting spar, within their ken appear.
Embayed in ice the coffin-like boat sleeps on the waveless tide,
Where rays of deathly cold cold light converge from every side.
Slow crept the blood into their hearts, each manly pulse stood still,
Huge haggard Bears kept watch above on every dazzling hill.
Anon the doomed men were entranced, by the potent frigid air,
And they dream, as drowning men have dreamt, of fields far off and fair.

What phantoms filled each cheated brain, no mortal ever knew;
What ancient storms they weather'd o'er, what seas explor'd anew:
What vast designs for future days — what home-hope, or what fear —
There was no one 'mid the ice-lands to chronicle or to hear.

So still they sat, the weird-faced Seals bethought them they were dead,
And each raised from the waters up his cautious wizard head,
Then circled round th' arrested boat, like vampires round a grave,
Till frighted at their own resolve — they plunged beneath the wave.

Evening closed round the moveless boat, still sat entranc'd the twain,
When lo! the ice unlocks its arms, the tide pours in amain!
Away upon the streaming brine the feeble skiff is borne,
The shaggy monsters howl behind their farewells all forlorn.
The crashing ice, the current's roar, broke Hudson's fairy spell,
But never more shall this world wake his comrade tried so well!
His brave heart's blood is chill'd for aye, yet shall its truth be told,
When the memories of kings are worn from marble and from gold.

Onward, onward, the helpless chief — the dead man for his mate!
The Shark far down in ocean's depth feels the passing of that freight,
And bounding from his dread abyss, he snuffs the upper air,
Then follows on the path it took, like lion from his lair.
O! God, it was a fearful voyage and fearful companie,
Nor wonder that the stout sea-chief quivered from brow to knee.
O! who would blame his manly heart, if e'en *it* quaked for fear,
While whirled along on such a sea, with such attendant near!

The Shark hath found a readier prey, and turned him from the chase;
The boat hath *made* another bay — a drearier pausing place. —
O'er arching piles of blue-veined ice admitted to its still,
White, fathomless waters, palsied like the doom'd man's fetter'd will.
Powerless he sat — that chief escaped so oft by sea and land —
Death breathing o'er him — all so weak he could not lift a hand.
Even his bloodless lips refused a last short prayer to speak,
But angels listen at the heart when the voice of man is weak.

His heart and eye were suppliant turned to the ocean's Lord on high,
The Borealis lustres were gathering in the sky;
From South and North, from East and West, they clustered o'er the spot
Where breathed his last the gallant chief whose grave man seeth not;
They marked him die with steadfast gaze, as tho' in heaven there were
A passion to behold how he the fearful fate would bear;
They watched him through the livelong night — these couriers of the sky,
Then fled to tell the listening stars how 'twas they saw him die.

He sleepeth where old winter's realm no genial air invades,
His spirit burneth bright in heaven among the glorious shades
Whose God-like doom on earth it was creation to unfold,
Spanning this mighty orb of ours as through the spheres it rolled.
His name is written on the deep * the rivers † as they run
Will bear it timeward o'er the world, telling what he hath done;
The story of his voyage to Death, amid the arctic frosts,
Will be told by mourning Mariners on earth's most distant coasts.

THE HUSBANDMAN.

BY JOHN STERLING.

Earth, of man the bounteous mother,
Feeds him still with corn and wine;
He who best would aid a brother,
Shares with him these gifts divine.
Many a power within her bosom
Noiseless, hidden, works beneath;
Hence are seed and leaf and blossom,
Golden ear and clustered wreath.

These to swell with strength and beauty,
Is the royal task of man;
Man's a king, his throne is Duty,
Since his work on earth began.
Bud and harvest, bloom and vintage,
These, like man, are fruits of earth;
Stamped in clay, a heavenly mintage,
All from dust receive their birth.

Barn and mill and wine-vat's treasures,
Earthly goods for earthly lives,
These are Nature's ancient pleasures,
These her child from her derives.
What the dream but vain rebelling,
If from earth we sought to flee?
'Tis our stored and ample dwelling,
'Tis from it the skies we see.

Wind and frost, and hour and season,
Land and water, sun and shade,
Work with these as bids thy reason,
For they work thy toil to aid.

* Hudson's Bay. † The River Hudson.

Sow thy seed and reap in gladness!
Man himself is all a seed;
Hope and hardship, joy and sadness
Slow the plant to ripeness lead.

KING JAMES THE SECOND.

BY THE HON. G. S. SMYTHE.

A STORM at night upon the seas, it is a fearful sight,
The roaring wind, the rolling surge, the lightning's ghastly light,
Now ye be daring mariners who trim yon slender bark,
For never yet were waves so wild, or night so drear and dark.

We joy the night is drear and dark; no mariners are we —
We joy for storm and tempest, and the terrors of the sea.
Our God, He is a jealous God — His wrath it should be shown,
When Kings are of their birthright spoiled — His children of their own.

Yet countless was the concourse, and mighty was the throng
When last through London rode King James, her citizens among;
And oft, and loud, and long they cheered, for their hearts were in each cheer,
And soft it fell, His People's praise, upon their Prince's ear.

Then outspake gallant Claverhouse, and his soul thrilled wild and high,
And he showed the King his subjects, and he prayed him not to fly.
O never yet was Captain so dauntless as Dundee —
He was sworn to chase the Hollander back to his Zuyder-Zee!

But the King has straightway answered him; no blood it shall be shed,
Enough, I ween, of blood has been upon an old man's head:
So power, and pomp, and man's esteem, he left and lost them all
Rather than that, he better loved, one English life should fall!

Then, we the few who follow Him, we will His lesson take,
And try to count all loss a gain, — when lost for Mercy's sake.
Yet, who with Powis would not mourn, — that he no more shall know —
His fair red castle on the hill, and the princely lands below?

King James has gone to cheer him — upon the wave-washed stern,
While to the last dim line of cliffs his own looks sadly turn. —

Yet, though his heart be heavy, — it is stout and stanch as when
He earned in his bold boyhood the praises of Turenne.

A moment back, and here he stood — but not a word we said,
But we thought of ancient Lear, with the tempest overhead!
Discrowned, betrayed, abandoned — but nought could break his will,
Not Mary, his false Regan — nor Anne, his Goneril!

"God help me, my own children, *mine* have forsaken *me*" —
That touching word, it has been heard, and God his help shall be;
Not here, for earth, he asks not that; — O who would ask that boon
Who knows men's ways, their fleeting praise, and fame that fades
as soon?

What is it, Life? a little strife, where victories are vain,
Where those who conquer do not win, nor those receive who gain.
But He — O great shall be His glory, where Kings in glory are,
The son of Charles the Martyr, the grandson of Navarre!

THE MOTHER'S HEART.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

When first thou camest, gentle, shy, and fond,
My eldest-born, first hope, and dearest treasure,
My heart received thee with a joy beyond
All that it yet had felt of earthly pleasure;
Nor thought that *any* love again might be
So deep and strong as that I felt for thee.

Faithful and fond, with sense beyond thy years,
And natural piety that lean'd to heaven;
Wrung by a harsh word suddenly to tears,
Yet patient of rebuke when justly given:
Obedient, — easy to be reconciled;
And meekly cheerful, — such wert thou, my child!

Not willingly to be left; still by my side
Haunting my walks, while summer-day was dying;
Nor leaving in thy turn; but pleased to glide
Through the dark room where I was sadly lying,
Or by the couch of pain, a sitter meek,
Watch the dim eye, and kiss the feverish cheek.

O! boy, of such as thou are oftenest made
Earth's fragile idols; like a tender flower,

No strength in all thy freshness, — prone to fade, —
And bending weakly to the thunder-shower;
Still, round the loved, thy heart found force to bind,
And clung, like woodbine shaken in the wind!

Then THOU, my merry love; — bold in thy glee,
Under the bough, or by the firelight dancing,
With thy sweet temper, and thy spirit free,
Didst come, as restless as a bird's wing glancing,
Full of a wild and irrepressible mirth,
Like a young sunbeam to the gladden'd earth!

Thine was the shout! the song! the burst of joy!
Which sweet from childhood's rosy lip resoundeth;
Thine was the eager spirit nought could cloy,
And the glad heart from which all grief reboundeth;
And many a mirthful jest and mock reply,
Lurked in the laughter of thy dark blue eye!

And thine was many an art to win and bless,
The cold and stern to joy and fondness warming;
The coaxing smile; — the frequent soft caress; —
The earnest tearful prayer all wrath disarming!
Again my heart a new affection found,
But thought that love with *thee* had reached its bound.

At length THOU camest; thou, the last and least;
Nicknamed "the Emperor," by thy laughing brothers,
Because a haughty spirit swell'd thy breast,
And thou didst seek to rule and sway the others;
Mingling with every playful infant wile
A mimic majesty that made us smile: —

And O! most like a regal child wert thou!
An eye of resolute and successful scheming;
Fair shoulders — curling lip — and dauntless brow —
Fit for the world's strife, not for Poet's dreaming:
And proud the lifting of thy stately head,
And the firm bearing of thy conscious tread.

Different from both! Yet each succeeding claim,
I, that all other love had been forswearing,
Forthwith admitted, equal and the same;
Nor injured either by this love's comparing;
Nor stole a fraction for the newer call, —
But in the mother's heart found room for ALL!

LOUIS XV.

BY JOHN STERLING.

THE King with all the kingly train had left his Pompadour behind,
And forth he rode in Senart's wood the royal beasts of chase to find.
That day by chance the Monarch mused, and turning suddenly away,
He struck alone into a path that far from crowds and courtiers lay.

He saw the pale green shadows play upon the brown untrodden earth;
He saw the birds around him flit as if he were of peasant birth;
He saw the trees that know no king but him who bears a woodland axe;
He thought not, but he looked about like one who still in thinking lacks.

Then close to him a footstep fell, and glad of human sound was he,
For truth to say he found himself but melancholy companie;
But that which he would ne'er have guessed, before him now most plainly came;
The man upon his weary back a coffin bore of rudest frame.

"Why, who art thou?" exclaimed the King, "and what is that I see thee bear?"
"I am a laborer in the wood, and 'tis a coffin for Pierre.
Close by the royal hunting lodge you may have often seen him toil;
But he will never work again, and I for him must dig the soil."

The laborer ne'er had seen the King, and this he thought was but a man,
Who made at first a moment's pause and then anew his talk began;
"I think I do remember now, — he had a dark and glancing eye,
And I have seen his sturdy arm with wondrous strokes the pick-axe ply.

"Pray tell me, friend, what accident can thus have killèd our good Pierre?"
"O! nothing more than usual, sir, he died of living upon air.
'Twas hunger killed the poor good man, who long on empty hopes relied;
He could not pay *Gabelle* and tax and feed his children, so he died."

The man stopped short, and then went on — "It is, you know, a common story,
Our children's food is eaten up by courtiers, mistresses, and glory."
The king looked hard upon the man, and afterwards the coffin eyed,
Then spurred to ask of Pompadour, how came it that the peasants died?

SPIRIT COMPANY.

BY T. IRWIN.

Up cheerful as the morn I rise,
Though foreign airs around me blow,
For well I deem that Spirit eyes
Look into mine where'er I go:
So, in the viny window nook,
With southern sunlight round, I sit
And read aloud from some old book,
Old music lines of poet wit,
That those I love around may hear me,
And melt in sweet mute laughter near me.

With them I stroll all day along
The fresh blue bay and sunny shore,
And hear the brown old fisher's song,
Above his nets hummed o'er and o'er;
And wander up the evening cliffs,
Askirted by the shadowy limes;
And as I watch the fading skiffs,
I whisper oft of loved old times,
That those I love around may hear me,
And smile with gentle memories near me.

And when the golden sunset dips
Beneath the garden's walnut trees,
In vintage gay I bathe my lips,
Till the white star floats up the seas;
Then as upon the hill o'erhead,
The quiet shepherd pens his fold,
I sit among the stilly Dead,
And sing the songs they loved of old,
And hear their echoes grown divine,
Come back through this waked heart of mine.

But when o'er hill and ocean soon
Falls the deep midnight blue and rare,
And tolling bell and rounded moon
Awake the trancèd time of prayer —
Through starry casement lone I gaze
Up on the heavenly path they've trod,
And murmur o'er their love and praise,
With lowly knees before our God;
And hear — as though beyond the sea,
The loved Old Voices pray for me.

THE MOTHER OF THE KINGS.

BY B. SIMMONS.

["I immediately followed Mademoiselle Rose into the chamber, and was introduced to the mother of Napoleon. Madam Letitia was at that time *eighty-three* years of age, and never did I see a person so advanced in life with a brow and countenance so beaming with expression and undiminished intelligence; the quietness and brilliancy of her large sparkling eye was most remarkable. She was laid on a snow-white bed in one corner of the room; to which she told me she had been confined for three years, having as long as that ago had the misfortune to break her leg. The room was completely hung round with pictures, large, full-length portraits of her family, which covered every portion of the wall. All those of her sons who had attained to the regal dignity were represented in their royal robes; Napoleon, I believe, in the gorgeous apparel he wore at his coronation. * * * * She then, seeing us looking earnestly at the magnificent picture of Napoleon, which was hung close to the side of her bed, asked, if we did not admire it, gazing herself at it proudly and fondly, and saying, in French, 'That resembles the Emperor much; yes, how like him it is!' I could not help feeling that she must exist as it were in a world of dreams, in a world of her own, or rather of memory's creation, with all these splendid shadows around her, that silently but eloquently spoke of the days departed." — *Lady Emeline Stuart Wortley's Visit to Madam Lætitia, Mother of Napoleon, in "The Keepsake" for* 1837.]

It was the noon of a Roman day that lit with mellow gloom,
Through marble-shafted windows deep, a grandly solemn room,
Where, shadowed o'er with canopy and pillowed upon down,
An aged woman lay unwatched — like perishing renown.

No crowned one she; though, in the pale and venerable grace
Of her worn cheek and lofty brow, might observation trace —
And in her dark eye's flash — a fire and energy to give
Life unto sons, whose sceptre-swords should vanquish all that live.

Strange looked that lady old, reclined upon her lonely bed
In that vast chamber, echoing not to page or maiden's tread;
And stranger still the gorgeous forms, in portrait, that glanced round
From the high walls, with cold bright looks more eloquent than sound.

They were her children. Never yet, since, with the primal beam,
Fair painting brought on rainbow wings its own immortal dream,
Did one fond mother give such race beneath its smile to glow,
As they who now back on her brow their pictured glories throw.

Her daughters there — the beautiful! — look'd down in dazzling sheen;
One lovelier than the Queen of Love — one crown'd an earthly queen!
Her sons — the proud — the Paladins! with diadem and plume,
Each leaning on his sceptred arm, made empire of that room!

But right before her couch's foot, one mightiest picture blazed —
One august form, to which her eyes incessantly were raised; —

A monarch's, too! — and, monarch-like, the artist's hand had bound him
With jewell'd belt, imperial sword, and ermin'd purple round him.

One well might deem from the white flags that o'er him flashed and rolled,
Where the puissant lily laughed and waved its bannered gold,
And from the Lombard's iron crown beneath his hand which lay,
That Charlemagne had burst death's reign and leaped again to day!

How gleamed that awful countenance, magnificently stern!
In its dark smile and smiting look, what destiny we learn! —
The laurel simply wreathes that brow, while nations watch its nod,
As though he scoff'd all pomp below the thunderbolts of God.

Such was the scene — the noontide hour — which, after many a year
Had swept above the memory of his meteor-like career —
Saw the mother of the mightiest — NAPOLEON'S MOTHER — lie
With the living dead around her, with the past before her eye!

She saw her son — of whom the Seer in Patmos bare record —
Who broke one seal — one vial poured — wild angel of the Lord!
She saw him shadow earth beneath the terrors of his face,
And *lived* and knew that the hoarse sea-mew wailed o'er his burial-place.

Yet was she not forgotten: — from every land and wave,
The noble and free-hearted all, the graceful and the brave
Tassed not her halls unnoticed, but, lingering, claimed to pay
The tribute of their chastened hearts to glory in decay.

And England's gentle Daughter, in that deserted hour,
Though greatness was thy handmaiden, and genius was thy dower,
Thou didst not scorn to come in youth and beauty to assuage,
Albeit for one bright moment brief, that woman's lonely age.

"I am alone!" she still exclaimed — and haply thou didst say,
How much our human sympathies were with her far away;
How much *one* spirit mourn'd with hers, let this wild strain impart,
Offered in homage, Lady, to thy good and gifted heart.

THE ANGLO-SAXON RACE.

BY. M. HALPIN.

ASSYRIA! first of all the lands
That ruled with universal sway,

Thy Babylon with mortal hands
Was formed — thy pendent gardens gay —
Thy squares and palaces of gold
Were builded by a race of men
Profound of thought, of heavenly mould,
That ruled for ages; but what then?
They were not of the Saxon race —
The parents grand of civilization;
What noble deeds doth history trace
Outside the Anglo-Saxon nation?

Th' Assyrian fell — his empire pass'd
Away in darkness evermore,
Like noon without a cloud o'ercast,
Whose eve is rent by thunder's roar:
The Persian conquered; Cyrus reigned —
From ruin beauty sprung again —
He spread his laws and arts, and gained
From all submission; but what then?
He was not of the Saxon race —
The parents grand of civilization;
What noble deed doth history trace
Outside the Anglo-Saxon nation?

And lo! the hardy, daring Greek,
With art and science in his hand —
Philip's great son went forth to seek
New conquests in the Persian's land;
And triumphed over the then known earth —
Ay, wept for more. O! every pen
Delights to trace the Grecian's birth
And life and genius: but what then?
He was not of the Saxon race —
The parents grand of civilization;
What noble deed doth history trace
Outside the Anglo-Saxon nation?

Greece fell! just like an o'er-ripe fruit;
And haughty Rome upsprung in place,
And mightier grew; and set her foot
Upon the neck of every race.
The earth has never, never seen
In peace or war such matchless men —
Yes, e'en in form, in height and mien,
Seemed more than mortal; but what then?
They were not of the Saxon race —
The parents grand of civilization;
What noble deed doth history trace
Outside the Anglo-Saxon nation?

The Goth and Vandal in their might,
Poured down from Danube's regal stream,
And swept o'er Rome, like plague's dark blight;
Her history since? — a troubled dream.
Then Charlemagne uprose; his sword
Submission gained from royal men,
Till Europe's fearful feudal horde
Lay prostrate 'neath him; but what then?
He was not of the Saxon race —
The parents grand of civilization;
What noble deed doth history trace
Outside the Anglo-Saxon nation?

The Spaniard and the Portuguese —
The ocean kings whose standards waved
In haughty pride upon the seas,
Despite of dangers nobly braved.
The new world's wealth was theirs alone,
Whom unknown seas could never pen,
Spain's pride and glory then outshone
All other nations; but what then?
They were not of the Saxon race —
The parents grand of civilization;
What noble deed doth history trace
Outside the Anglo-Saxon nation?

And Gaul — "the merry land" of Gaul —
Hurled back united Europe's horde,
And played in frantic zeal with all
The "Rights of Kings." Napoleon's word
Made monarchs; potent was his sway,
O'er angry, proud, discordant men,
His mind was like a brilliant ray
Of light, all scorching; but what then?
He was not of the Saxon race —
The parents grand of civilization;
What noble deed doth history trace
Outside the Anglo-Saxon nation?

Great men have sprung from every land —
From every creed, and race, and clime:
The earth brings forth her hero band
Impartial as to place or time.
Confucius and Columbus bold,
George Washington * and Zenghis Kan;

* In name and likeness Washington was a Norman. His tall, Herculean frame, large hands, long face and nose, proclaim him to have been a Norman of the purest stamp.

Brave Tell and Brian Boru of old,
And many others; but what then?
They were not of the Saxon race —
The parents grand of civilization;
What noble deed doth history trace
Outside the Anglo-Saxon nation?

MY VIOLON.

BY T. IRWIN.

Within my little lonely room
Where many a crimson evening shines,
I cheer away the falling gloom
With songs beneath the casement vines:
Sweet memories haunt the lingering day
That hovers o'er each golden sun —
Each time I play
Brings back a ray —
Sing to me, sing, old violon.

Old friends, your homes in sunset shine,
The trees around them softly sigh,
While o'er the rolling distant brine
You sail from home and poverty;
I see your faces sad and wan
Turned where the day
Sets wild and gray —
Sing of them, sing, old violon.

Old books, companions of my youth,
And friends of age still brightening earth,
How oft we've mused above your truth,
How often smiled upon your mirth!
Your date recalls the happy years
And all who blessed them past and gone —
Their smile appears
'Mid falling tears —
Sing to them, sing, old violon!

Companionless amid the days
I wander in the autumn blast,
Through fields and trees, and well-known ways,
The silent scenery of the past.
Like friends the distant mountains smile

O'erflowed by the departing sun —
A little while,
A little while,
Sing to them yet, old violon.

A pale autumnal cloud of white
Stands in the cold east all day long,
And in the silent sky to-night
Under the full moon hears my song.
My fancy whispers mournfully
'Tis some dear spirit beloved and gone,
Come back to see
Old earth and me —
Sing to her, sing, old violon.

Ah! soon, old friend, thy aged strings
To stranger fingers shall resound;
But, when to thy rich murmurings
The joyous dancers beat the ground,
Through the gay window with the moon
I'll look ere mirth and dance be done,
And list thy tune,
Though soon, too soon
Death wafts me from my violon.

THE CATHOLIC CAVALIER.

1641.

BY THE HON. G. S. SMYTHE.

The Holy Church be praised! The King at length hath raised
The standard of his sires, in all kinglihood, on high!
Now shall this glorious day, for that one hope repay
The sorrows which have dimmed the brightness of his eye.

It was twelve years ago, when solemnly and slow,
There passed down to the Houses the royal cavalcade.
And the King therein did ride, with the great Duke at his side;
And loving words, like brothers, they to each other said.

It was but yesterday, — he rode down the array, —
'Midst pike, and axe, and partisan, and many a gleaming sword,
And sad, and suffering, — He looked withal a King, —
Like one who only lived to do His duty to the Lord.

By God's good help, I ween, that wan and mournful mien,
Shall harden heart, and strengthen arm, and steel us in the strife,

Nor for that wan look alone, shall the Roundhead host atone,
Cry Villiers — and strike home! — we will have life for life!

A hundred years of wrong shall make our vengeance strong!
A hundred years of outrage, and blasphemy, and broil;
Since the spirit of Unrest, sent forth on her behest
The Apostate and the Puritan, to do their work of Spoil!

Since the Tyrant's wanton bride trod the Truth down in her pride,
And God, for England's sins, gave power to a Lie, —
And through the land the light of Falsehood burned all bright,
As each churl thought to see the dayspring dawn on high.

And furiously and fast, like the rushing of the blast,
There rose the clang of voices midst strife, and storm, and din,
Yet — through that angry tone the Church prayed on alone —
As a mother pleads the more, for her children when they sin.

She calls you round her son — her own anointed One —
Her standard is the Cross, — O! lift it forth on high.
Her wrongs shall be our might — Her blessing is our right —
Her hopes our own best hope — Her saints our battle cry!

They are coming — they are here, each loyal Cavalier,
Newcastle, Lindsay, Digby, the Hotspur of the cause;
They are coming with the sword, to rally round their Lord,
For the Treasons and the Plots 'gainst His kingdoms and His laws.

They are coming, they are here, each loyal Cavalier —
Great Strafford's blood hath summoned them, — and Laud's unseemly chains;
O blessed be that thought, — that England would have brought
Back to the mourning Churches where Unity remains!

They are coming, they are here, each loyal Cavalier,
No Stanley ever shamed the George upon his breast;
Montrose shall rally forth the clansmen of the North,
The Seymour and the Somerset, their liegemen in the West.

Ho Roundheads, ye that pray, and cant like Pym and Say
Of the sin of Sport and Maying — the crime of village games!
Now by the Holy Rood, but ye shall rue in blood
The hatred that is borne by each hamlet to your names!

To the Traitors who betray, like Iscariot for pay,
To every hireling member, who sits and votes for gain,
Down, down with one and all, the men of blood and brawl,
With Hazlerig and Cromwell — with Harrison and Vane!

Yon sun which shines to-day, upon our brave array,
On scarf, and casque, and plume, and banners waving slow, —
Shall see us charge in scorn, 'gainst the ranks of the forsworn,
And every sword grow crimson, with slaughter of the foe!

This Autumn shall not wane, ere the King shall hold again
High feasting in Whitehall, for the Armies and the Court;
And the Puritans shall hear, the tidings in their fear,
As they cower lone and outcast, at Geneva or at Dort!

THE POET'S GRIEF.

BY J. FRAZER.

My spirit o'er an early tomb,
With ruffled wing sits drooping;
And real forms of blighted bloom
Have in my heart left little room
For forms of fancy's grouping.
The heart — the eye I loved to light
With song, are dark and hollow;
And if, when that young eye was bright,
I took a haughty minstrel flight,
It was to tempt the inborn might
Of that young heart to follow!

No more — O! never more his gaze
Shall be to me as glory!
No more — O! never more my lays
Shall sway him with a hope to raise
His country and her story!
And when the loved ones in the numb,
Deaf trance of death are wreathed
(Though sweet may be her song to some),
The singer feels the hour is come
For lyre and lyrist to be dumb —
Her best of song is breathed.

'Tis true it was a joy to see
The slave for freedom wrestle,
Stirred by my random minstrelsy,
But 'tis not in the lofty tree
The sweetest song-birds nestle —
They are a shy and chary race;
And though they soar and squander
Rich music over nature's face,
To one deep, lonely dwelling-place

No foot may find — no eye may trace,
They still return the fonder.

O, God! — but prayers availed me not!
The darkening angel enter'd,
And made one universal blot —
A world-wide desert — of the spot,
Where all my hope was centred!
The heart — the eye I loved to light
With song, are dark and hollow —
What marvel if my spirit slight
The guerdon of the minstrel's flight;
I cannot tempt the inborn might
Of that young heart to follow!

ARTIST'S SONG.

BY T. IRWIN.

Ours is an Arab life, they say,
Sweet Saucy-friends, 'tis truth they tell,
Yet, somehow, can we find each day
A peaceful palm, and quiet well;
Our wants are few where beauties shine,
And beauties shine o'er earth and sea;
Let fate give others gold and wine,
But leave us Art and Liberty!
We speed each sorrow
Toward the morrow
Where the golden clouds have birth,
While, like the swallow,
Still we follow
Summer and freedom round the earth.

'Tis true, we smile at custom's form;
Art looks for truth in every thing,
And birds that sing through sun and storm
Would lose, if caged, both voice and wing:
The bird that lives uncaged, unsought
(Our neighbor in the ivy tree),
And sings his song each morn, is not
More careless of the world than we;
We may grow rich
And win our niche,
And change our views, and change our mirth —
Till then we follow
Like the swallow,
Fancy and freedom round the earth.

Our mansions they are baseless yet,
 The sunny fields our only pew,
A faithful dog our household pet,
 Our "public" but a friend or two;
Yet poverty has many modes
 Of doubling such sweet charms as come:
We've rambles o'er the pleasant roads,
 We've moonlight songs returning home —
 When we grow great
 In carriage state
We yet may roll in gouty worth;
 Till then we follow,
 Like the swallow,
Summer and sunshine round the earth.

Within the little chamber there
 How many an hour we've won from fate!
O, glorious refuge ten feet square
 From all the mockeries of the great!
There rise our pictures like the dream
 That soothes the poor man all the night,
Our systems, wonderful as steam,
 Our poems, unknown as exquisite.
 Some day divine
 Abroad they'll shine,
Till then we live in fortune's dearth,
 And, like the swallow,
 Follow, follow
Summer and fortune round the earth.

There oft our chorused voices roll —
 'Tis beer alone inspires our folk;
Their theories of star and soul
 Grow clear amid tobacco smoke.
No watch have we, but o'er the town
 Time tolls the hour in crimson light;
No princely company we own,
 'Tis Shakspeare only cheers the night;
 Our wit abounds,
 Each voice resounds,
We yet may win a calmer hearth —
 Till then we follow,
 Like the swallow,
Beauty and sunshine round the earth.

Yet have we something dearer, friends,
 Than hearts that pulsate fearlessly;
Something diviner Heaven sends,
 Like stars that light a lonely sea.

O ! we have hope for all who've flown,
O ! we have angels in the air,
Belovèd souls that, all unknown,
Still follow us from year to year —
In mute despairs,
In silent prayers,
We think o'er all who've blessed our hearth,
And deem they follow,
Like the poor swallow,
All that they love around the earth.

Then let us dwell in such delight
As heart and soul can give alone,
And with wild fancy's charms to-night
Revel, while time is yet our own,
While yon rich autumn cloud unrolls,
And fills with gold our casement nigh,
While the great stars like poet souls
Look in on Art and Liberty !
Where nature beams
We'll weave our dreams,
Where folly struts we'll have our mirth,
And like the swallow,
Follow, still follow
Freedom and light around the earth.

THE DISINTERMENT OF NAPOLEON.

BY B. SIMMONS.

Lost Lord of Song ! who grandly gave
Thy matchless timbrel for the spear —
And, by old Hellas' hallow'd wave
Died at the feet of Freedom — hear !
Hear — from thy lone and lowly tomb,
Where 'mid thy own "inviolate Isle,"
Beneath no minster's marble gloom,
No banner's golden smile.
Far from the swarming city's crowd,
Thy glory round thee for a shroud,
Thou sleep'st, — the pious rustic's tread
The only echo o'er thy bed ;
Save, few and faint, when o'er the foam
The Pilgrims of thy genius come,
From distant earth with tears of praise,
The homage of their hearts to raise,

And curse the country's very name,
 Unworthy of thy sacred dust,
That draws such lustre from thy fame,
 That heaps such outrage on thy bust!

Wake from the Dead — and lift thy brow
With the same scornful beauty now,
As when beneath thy shafts of pride
Envenom'd CANT — the Python — died!
Prophet no less than Bard, behold
Matured the eventful moment, told
In those divine predictive words,
Pour'd to thy lyre's transcendent chords: —
"If e'er his awful ashes can grow cold —
But no, their embers soon shall burst their mould —
——— France shall feel the want
Of this last consolation, though but scant.
Her honor, fame and faith demand his bones
To pile above a pyramid of Thrones!"
If, then, from thy neglected bier
One humblest follower thou canst hear,
O Mighty Master! rise and flee,
 Swift as some meteor bold and bright,
One fragile cloud attending thee,
 Across the dusky tracts of night,
To where the sunset's latest radiance shone
 O'er Afric's sea interminably lone.

Below that broad, unbroken sea
 Long since the sultry sun has dropp'd,
And now in dread solemnity
 — As though its course Creation stopp'd
One wondrous hour, to watch the birth
Of deeds portentous unto earth —
The moonless midnight far and wide
 Solidly black flings over all
That giant waste of waveless tide
 Her melancholy pall,
Whose folds in thickest gloom unfurl'd
 Each ray of heaven's high face debar,
Save, on the margin of the World
 Where leans yon solitary star,
Large, radiant, restless, tinting with far smile
 The jagged cliffs of a gray barren Isle.

Hark! o'er the waves distinctly swell
Twelve slow vibrations of a bell!
And out upon the silent ear
At once ring bold and sharply clear,

With shock more startling than if thunder
Had split the slumbering earth asunder,
The iron sounds of crow and bar;
Ye scarce may know from whence they come,
Whether from Island or from Star,
Both lie so hush'd and dumb!
On, swift and deep, those echoes sweep,
Shaking long-buried Kings from sleep —
Up, up! ye sceptred jailers — ho!
Your granite heaped HIS head in vain;
The very grave gives back your foe,
Dead Cæsar wakes again!

The Nations with a voice as dread
As that which, once in Bethany,
Burst to the regions of the dead
And set the Loved-one free,
Have cried, "COME FORTH!" and lo! again,
To smite the hearts and eyes of men
With the old awe he once instill'd
By many an unforgotten field,
Napoleon's look shall startle day —
That look that, where its anger fell,
Scorch'd empires from the earth away
As with the blasts of hell!
Up, from the dust, ye sleepers, ho!
By the blue Danube's stately wave —
From Berlin's towers — from Moscow's snow,
And Windsor's gorgeous grave!

Come — summon'd by the omnific power,
The spirit of this thrilling hour —
And, stooping from yon craggy height,
Girt by each perish'd satellite,
Each cunning tool of kingly terror
Who served your reigns of fraud and error,
Behold, where with relentless lock
Ye chained Prometheus * to his rock,
And when his tortured bosom ceased
Your vulture's savage beak to feast,
Where fathom-deep ye dug his cell,
And built and barr'd his coffin down,
Half doubting if even death could quell
Such terrible renown!

* "Hear, hear Prometheus from his rock appeal
To air, earth, ocean, all who felt or feel."
THE AGE OF BRONZE.

Now 'mid the torch's solemn glare,
And bended knee and muttered prayer,
Within that green sepulchral glen
Uncover'd groups of warrior men
Breathless perform the high behest
 Of winning back, in priceless trust,
For the regenerated West,
 Your victim's mighty dust.
Hark! how they burst your cramps and rings —
Ha, ha! ye banded, baffled kings!
Stout men! delve on with axe and bar,
Ye're watched from yonder restless star:
Hew the tough masonry away —
 Bid the tomb's ponderous portals fly!
And firm your sounding levers sway,
 And loud your clanking hammers ply!

Nor falter though the work be slow,
Ye something gain in every blow,
While deep each heart in chorus sings,
Ha, ha! ye banded, baffled kings!
Brave men! delve in with axe and bar,
Ye're watched from yonder glorious star.
'Tis morn — the marble floor is cleft,
And slight and short the labor left.
'Tis noon — they wind the windlass now
To heave the granite from his brow:
Back to each gazer's waiting heart
The life-blood leaps with anxious start —
Down Bertrand's cheek the tear-drop steals —
Low in the dust Las Cases kneels;
(O! tried and trusted — still, as long
 As the true heart's fidelity
Shall form the theme of harp and song,
 High Bards shall sing of ye!)
One moment, — and thy beams, O sun!
The bier of him shall look upon,
Who, save the Heaven-expell'd alone,
Dared envy thee thy blazing throne;
Who haply oft, with gaze intent,
 And sick from victory's vulgar war,
Panted to sweep the firmament,
 And dash thee from thy car,
And cursed the clay that still confined
His narrow conquests to mankind.

'Tis done — his chiefs are lifting now
The shroud from that tremendous brow,

That with the lightning's rapid might
Illumed Marengo's awful night —
Flash'd over Lodi's murderous bridge,
Swept Prussia from red Jena's ridge,
And broke once more the Austrian sword
By Wagram's memorable ford.
And may Man's puny race that shook
Before the terrors of that look,
Approach unshrinking now, and see
How far corruption's mastery
Has tamed the tyrant-tamer! Raise
That silken cloud, what meets the gaze?

The scanty dust or whitening bones,
Or fleshless jaws' horrific mirth,
Of him whose threshold rose on thrones,
A mockery now to earth?
No — even as though his haughty clay
Scoff'd at the contact of decay,
And from his mind's immortal flame
Itself immortalized became,
Tranquilly there Napoleon lies reveal'd
Like a king sleeping on his own proud shield,
Harness'd for conflict, and that eagle-star
Whose fire-eyed Legion foremost waked the war,
Still on his bosom, tarnish'd too and dim,
As if hot battle's cloud had lately circled him.

Fast fades the vision — from that glen
Wind slow those aching-hearted men,
While every mountain echo floats,
Fill'd with the bugle's regal notes —
And now the gun's redoubled roar
Fills the lone peak and mighty main,
Beneath his glorious Tricolor
Napoleon rests again!
And France's galley soon the sail
Shall spread triumphant to the gale;
Till, lost upon the lingering eye,
It melts and mingles in the sky.
Let Paris, too, prepare a show,
And deck her streets in gaudy woe!

And rear a more than kingly shrine,
Whose taper's blaze shall ne'er be dim,
And bid the sculptor's art divine
Be lavish'd there for HIM.
And let him take his rest serene,
(Even so he will'd it) by the Seine;

But ever to the poet's heart,
Or pilgrim musing o'er those pages
(Replete with marvels) that impart
His story unto Ages;
The spacious azure of yon sea
Alone his minster floor shall be,
Coped by the stars — red evening's smile
His epitaph; and thou, rude Isle,
Austerely-brow'd and thunder-rent
Napoleon's only monument!

IRISH CASTLES.

"SWEET Norah, come here, and look into the fire;
Maybe in its embers good luck we might see;
But don't come too near, or your glances so shining,
Will put it clean out, like the sunbeams, machree!

"Just look 'twixt the sods, where so brightly they're burning;
There's a sweet little valley, with rivers and trees, —
And a house on the bank, quite as big as the squire's —
Who knows but some day we'll have something like these?

"And now there's a coach, and four galloping horses,
A coachman to drive, and a footman behind;
That betokens some day we will keep a fine carriage,
And dash through the streets with the speed of the wind."

As Dermot was speaking, the rain down the chimney
Soon quenched the turf-fire on the hollowed hearth-stone;
While mansion and carriage in smoke-wreaths evanished,
And left the poor dreamers dejected and lone.

Then Norah to Dermot these words softly whisper'd, —
"'Tis better to *strive*, than to vainly desire;
And *our* little hut by the roadside is better
Than palace, and servants, and coach — IN THE FIRE!"

'Tis years since poor Dermot his fortune was dreaming —
Since Norah's sweet counsel effected its cure;
For ever since then hath he toiled night and morning,
And now his snug mansion looks down on the Suir.

THE SALLY FROM SALERNO.

BY G. H. SUPPLE.

["The sally from Salerno was not properly an event of the Crusades. Its date was 1016, while the first Crusade was not until 1096. Its connection with those wars, however, the actors in it having been pilgrims returning from the Holy Land and their Saracen enemy, will, perhaps, justify it as a subject for a ballad under this title. The inducements to those wars were the Moslem's oppression of the Christian pilgrims, and the Moslem irruptions into Christendom, which made it necessary to bridle that power by a Christian kingdom in the East. The Princes of Salerno were of the Longobard race, which will account for Waimar's Teutonic name and his daughter's. Historians tell us he offered the Normans an honorable settlement in his country in gratitude for their heroism, which they declined, but promised to send some of their countrymen, who accordingly came and founded the Norman dynasties of South Italy."]

CHRISTIAN Monk and Paynim Molla have the parchment clerkly scrolled,
Fair Salerno's safe from Saracen, for ransom weighed in gold.
"God has sent us good King Waimar for a ruler mild and sage,
To protect his trembling people from the ruthless Moslem's rage.
Stranger guests, ho! Norman pilgrims, what portends your strange array;
Why those shields, and casques, and corselets, as if bound for joust or fray?
Wherefore now, ye grim-browed strangers, spur your steeds with lance in rest;
Know ye not Salerno's ransom'd at the Saracen's behest?"
"Out upon ye, pallid cravens, ope your gates, ye hearts of hare,
With our knightly swords and God's good help, we'll keep our honor fair."
Down they rode, those Norman pilgrims, on the Paynim straightly there.

Careless seem they, lightly deem they those beleag'ring myriads bold,
Of the band so scant that cometh, they must bear the promised gold.
"God is great, tho' slave or maiden of the Giaour have we none,
Well he wrought Suleyman Aga, goodly ransom have we won.
Featly ride those twoscore riders, knights they seem, not slaves to kneel —
Dogs of Nazareth, no gold they bear, but gleaming Norman steel."
Prayed a prayer each belted warrior, each a lady's name did say,
And the thunder-cloud burst, crashing thro' the infidel array.
Help, Mahomet! Damascus blades are dealing blows around in vain,
Sternly plies each Christian's labor, till their dripping sabres rain
From a thousand cloven Paynim bloody ransom on the plain.

'Tis sweet evening; fading sunset sheds a gorgeous radiance down
On that beauteous bay and bloody strand, and fair Salerno's town.
Thro' Prince Waimar's palace gardens and tall groves the sunbeams rolled,
Thro' his windows rare, and chambers fair, and carvings quaint and old,
Till they kissed his gentle daughter there, the dark-eyed Henegild,
As so pensively she gazed abroad, her eyes with sadness filled;
Till they lit a gallant's youthful face, who sat that maid beside,
Lit his curling locks, his open brow, and beardless lip of pride —
Sir Asclittin, bold Asclittin, he whose foremost lance and shield
Broke to-day the Moslem leaguer and the heart of Henegild —
Sir Asclittin, bold Asclittin, peerless he in bower and field.

"Gentle ladye, in fair Normandie, in mine own rugged land,
Dwelleth she who first my knighthood's spurs bound on with her white hand:
I have seen as lovely maids, good sooth, in Greece and Palestine,
And I gaze upon more beauty now in those dark eyes of thine,
Tho' strayed my course to court, and listed field and lordly tower,
To hold with lance my loved Adela, beauty's peerless flower;
But fast upbraiding memory comes, her smiles are in my eyes,
I must fly betime, for charms like thine my fealty strangely tries."
Passed away that youthful knight, so leal in love, in war so bold,
While in the sunbeams dropped the maiden's tears in showers of gold,
Long, long sighed the Princess Henegild with weight of woe untold.

THE MOUNTAIN FORGE.

BY T. IRWIN.

In the gloomy mountain's lap
Lies the village dark and quiet;
All have passed their labor-nap,
And the peasant, half-awaking,
A blind, yawning stretch is taking,
Ere he turns to rest again;
There is not a sound of riot,
Not a sound save that of pain,
Where some aged bones are aching;
Lo! the moon is in the wane —
Even the moon a drowse is taking.

By the blossomed sycamore,
Filled with bees when day is o'er it,
Stands the Forge, with smoky door;
Idle chimney, blackened shed —
All its merry din is dead;

Broken shaft and wheel disused
Strew the umbered ground before it,
And the streamlet's voice is fused
Faintly with the cricket's *chirrup*,
As it tinkles clear and small
Round the glooming hearth and wall,
Hung with rusty shoe and stirrup.

Yes, the moon is in the wane;
Hark! the sound of horses tramping
Down the road with might and main;
Through the slaty runnels crumbling,
Comes a carriage swinging, rumbling;
Round the steep quick corner turning,
Plunge the horses, puff'd and champing:
Like the eyes of weary ghosts,
The red lamps are dimly burning.
Now 'tis stopt — and one springs down,
And cries unto the sleeping town —
"Ho! for a blacksmith — ho! awake!
Bring him who will his fortune make —
The best, the best the village boasts!"

Up springs the brawny blacksmith now,
And rubs his eyes, and brushes off
The iron'd sweat upon his brow,
Hurries his clothes and apron on,
And calls his wife and wakes his son,
And opes the door to the night air,
And gives a husky cough;
Then hastens to the horses standing
With drooping heads and hotly steaming,
And sees a dark-eyed youth out-handing
A sweet maiden, light and beaming.

He strikes a lusty shoulder-blow:
"Four shoes," he cries, "are quickly wanting;"
His face is in an eager glow.
"Take my purse and all that's in its
Heart, if you in twenty minutes
Fit us for the road." The smith
Looks at the wearied horses panting,
Then at the clustering gold;
And thinks, as he falls to his work,
He dreams — a mind-dream, rusty murk,
That this is but a fairy myth,
A tale to-morrow to be told.

But now the forge fire spirts alive
To the old bellows softly purring,

In the red dot the irons dive;
Brighter and broader it is glowing,
Stronger and stronger swells the blowing,
The bare armed men stand round and mutter
Lowly while the cinders stirring —
Ho! out it flames 'mid sparkles dropping,
Splitting, glittering, flying, hopping;
Heavily now the hammers batter,
All is glaring din and clatter.

In the cottage dimly lighted
By the taper's drowsy glare,
Stands the gentle girl benighted;
By her side for ever hovers
That dark youth, O, best of lovers!
Daring all that love will dare
With an aspect firm and gay:
Now the moon seems shining clearer.
Hark! a sound seems swooning nearer
From the heathy hills; the maid
Lists with ear acute, and while
One there with brave, assuring smile,
Smooths her forehead's chestnut braid,
The danger softly dies away.

Now the forge is in a glow,
Bellows roaring, irons ringing;
Three are made, and blow on blow
Sets the patient anvil singing;
"Another shoe — another, hark ye,"
Ra-ra, ra-ra, ra-ra-rap;
Split the ruddy sheddings sparky,
Ra-ra, ra-ra, ra-ra-rap;
Strikes the quick and lifted hammer
On the anvil bright and worn;
While amid the midnight there,
Beyond the noisy streaming glare,
With a yellow misty glamour,
Looks the moon upon the corn.

On the hill-road moving nigher,
Hurries something dimly shooting,
Glances from two eyes of fire:
"Haste, O, haste!" they're working steady;
Cries the blacksmith, "now they're ready."
Pats the pawing horses, testing
On the ground their iron footing;
Helps the lady, lightly-resting

On his black arm up the carriage;
Takes the gold with doubt and wonder —
And as o'er the stones and gorses
Tramp the hot pursuing horses,
Cries with voice of jolly thunder —
"Trust me, *they* won't stop the marriage!"

Scarce a minute's past away
When, O, magic scene! the village
Lies asleep all hushed and gray;
But hark! who throng again the street
With roaring voices, brows of heat?
Come they here the town to pillage?
No. Across the road, o'erthrown,
Carriage creaks and horses moan;
"Blacksmith, ho!" the travellers cry —
Not a taper cheers the eye;
While a-top a distant hill
Flushed with dawn-light's silent warning,
Speed the lovers toward the morning
With a rapid right good will;
While behind that father fretting,
The pale night-sick moon is setting.

THE SPINNING WHEEL SONG.

BY JOHN FRANCIS WALLER, LL. D.

Mellow the moonlight to shine is beginning;
Close by the window young Eileen is spinning;
Bent o'er the fire her blind grandmother, sitting,
Is croaning, and moaning, and drowsily knitting —
"Eileen, achora, I hear some one tapping."
"'Tis the ivy, dear mother, against the glass flapping."
"Eileen, I surely hear somebody sighing."
"'Tis the sound, mother dear, of the summer wind dying."
Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring,
Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the foot's stirring;
Sprightly, and lightly, and airily ringing,
Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden singing.

"What's that noise that I hear at the window, I wonder?"
"'Tis the little birds chirping the holly-bush under."
"What makes you be shoving and moving your stool on,
And singing all wrong that old song of 'The Coolun?'"
There's a form at the casement — the form of her true love —
And he whispers, with face bent, "I'm waiting for you, love;

Get up on the stool, through the lattice step lightly,
We'll rove in the grove while the moon's shining brightly."
Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring,
Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the foot's stirring;
Sprightly, and lightly, and airily ringing,
Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden singing.

The maid shakes her head, on her lip lays her fingers,
Steals up from the seat — longs to go, and yet lingers;
A frightened glance turns to her drowsy grandmother,
Puts one foot on the stool, spins the wheel with the other.
Lazily, easily, swings now the wheel round;
Slowly and lowly is heard now the reel's sound;
Noiseless and light to the lattice above her
The maid steps — then leaps to the arms of her lover.
Slower — and slower — and slower the wheel swings;
Lower — and lower — and lower the reel rings —
Ere the reel and the wheel stopped their ringing and moving,
Thro' the grove the young lovers by moonlight are roving.

MOLLY CAREW.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

Och hone! and what will I do?
Sure my love is all crost
Like a bud in the frost;
And there's no use at all in my going to bed,
For 'tis *dhrames* and not sleep that comes into my head,
And 'tis all about you,
My sweet Molly Carew —
And indeed 'tis a sin and a shame!
You're complater than Nature
In every feature.
The snow can't compare
With your forehead so fair,
And I rather would see just one blink of your eye,
Than the prettiest star that shines out of the sky,
And by this and by that,
For the matter o'that,
You're more distant by far than that same!
Och hone! weirasthru!
I'm alone in this world without you.

Och hone! but why should I spake
Of your forehead and eyes,
When your nose it defies

Paddy Blake, the schoolmaster, to put it in rhyme,
Tho' there's one Burke, he says, that would call it sublime;
And then for your cheek,
Troth 'twould take him a week,
Its beauties to tell, as he'd rather;
Then your lips! O, machree!
In their beautiful glow,
They a pattern might be
For the cherries to grow.
'Twas an apple that tempted our mother, we know,
For apples were scarce, I suppose, long ago,
But at this time o' day,
'Pon my conscience I'll say,
Such cherries might tempt a man's father!
Och hone! weirasthru!
I'm alone in this world without you.

Och hone! by the man in the moon,
You taze me all ways
That a woman can plaze,
For you dance twice as high with that thief Pat Magee,
As when you take share of a jig, dear, with me.
Tho' the piper I bate,
For fear the owld cheat
Wouldn't play you your favorite tune.
And when you're at mass,
My devotion you crass,
For 'tis thinking of you,
I am, Molly Carew.
While you wear, on purpose, a bonnet so deep,
That I can't at your sweet purty face get a peep;
O, lave off that bonnet,
Or else I'll lave on it
The loss of my wandering sowl;
Och hone! weirasthru!
Och hone! like an owl,
Day is night, dear, to me, without you!

Och hone! don't provoke me to do it;
For there's girls by the score
That loves me — and more,
And you'd look very quare if some morning you'd meet
My wedding all marching in pride down the street;
Troth, you'd open your eyes,
And you'd die with surprise
To think 'twasn't you was come to it!
And faith, Kitty Naile,
And her cow, I go bail,
Would jump if I'd say,
"Katty Naile, name the day."

And tho' you're fair, and fresh as a morning in May,
While she's short and dark like a cold winter's day;
Yet if you don't repent
Before Easter, when Lent
Is over, I'll marry for spite,
Och hone! weirasthru!
And when I die for you,
My ghost will haunt you every night.

NAPOLEON'S LAST LOOK.

BY B. SIMMONS.

[I shall never forget that morning we made Ushant. I had come on deck at four o'clock to take the morning watch, when to my astonishment I saw the Emperor come out of the cabin at that early hour and make for the poop ladder. Having gained the deck, pointing to the land, he said, "Ushant? Cape Ushant?" I replied, "Yes, Sire," and withdrew. He then took out a pocket glass and applied it to his eye, looking eagerly at the land. In this position he remained from five in the morning to nearly midday, without paying any attention to what was passing around him, or speaking to one of his suite, which had been standing behind him for several hours. No wonder he thus gazed; it was the last look of the land of his glory, and I am convinced he felt it as such. What must have been his feelings in these few hours! — *"Memoirs of an Aristocrat," by a Midshipman of the Bellerophon.*]

WHAT of the night, ho! Watcher there
Upon the armed deck,
That holds within its thunderous lair
The last of empire's wreck —
E'en him whose capture now the chain
From captive earth shall smite;
Ho! rock'd upon the moaning main,
Watcher, what of the night?

"The stars are waning fast — the curl
Of morning's coming breeze,
Far in the north begins to furl
Night's vapor from the seas.
Her every shred of canvas spread,
The proud ship plunges free,
While bears afar with stormy head,
Cape Ushant on our lee."

At that last word, as trumpet-stirr'd,
Forth in the dawning gray
A silent man made to the deck
His solitary way.

And leaning o'er the poop, he gazed
Till on his straining view,
That cloud-like speck of land, upraised,
Distinct, but slowly grew.

Well may he look until his frame
Maddens to marble there;
He risked Renown's all-grasping game,
Dominion or despair —
And lost — and lo! in vapor furled,
The last of that loved France,
For which his prowess cursed the world,
Is dwindling from his glance.

He lives, perchance the past again,
From the fierce hour when first
On the astounded hearts of men
His meteor-presence burst —
When blood-besotted Anarchy
Sank quelled amid the roar
Of thy far-sweeping musketry,
Eventful Thermidor!

Again he grasps the victor-crown
Marengo's carnage yields —
Or bursts o'er Lodi, beating down
Bavaria's thousand shields —
Then turning from the battle-sod,
Assumes the Consul's palm —
Or seizes giant-empire's rod
In solemn Notre-Dame.

And darker thoughts oppress him now —
Her ill-requited love,
Whose faith as beauteous as her brow
Brought blessings from above —
Her trampled heart — his darkening star —
The cry of outraged Man —
And white-lipped Rout, and Wolfish War,
Loud thundering on his van.

Rave on, thou far-resounding Deep,
Whose billows round him roll!
Thou'rt calmness to the storms that sweep
This moment o'er his soul.
Black chaos swims before him, spread
With trophy-shaping bones;
The council-strife, the battle-dead,
Rent charters, cloven thrones.

Yet, proud One! could the loftiest day
Of thy transcendent power,
Match with the soul-compelling sway
Which in this dreadful hour,
Aids thee to hide beneath the show
Of calmest lip and eye —
The hell that wars and works below —
The quenchless thirst to die?

The white dawn crimson'd into morn —
The morning flashed to day —
And the sun followed glory-born,
Rejoicing on his way —
And still o'er ocean's kindling flood
That muser cast his view,
While round him awed and silent stood
His fate's devoted few.

O! for the sulphureous eve of June,
When down that Belgian hill
His bristling Guards' superb platoon
He led unbroken still!
Now would he pause, and quit their side
Upon destruction's marge,
Nor king-like share with desperate pride
Their vainly-glorious charge?

No — gladly forward he would dash
Amid that onset on,
Where blazing-shot and sabre-crash
Pealed o'er his empire gone —
There, 'neath his vanquished eagles tost,
Should close his grand career,
Girt by his heaped and slaughtered host
He lived — for fetters *here!*

Enough — in moontide's yellow light
Cape Ushant melts away —
Even as his kingdom's shattered might
Shall utterly decay —
Save when his spirit-shaking story,
In years remotely dim,
Warms some pale minstrel with its glory
To raise the song to Him.

WAR!

BY T. IRWIN.

At length the great War that the Prophet foretold
From his lone ocean prison, around us is hurled;
The mandate is given — the lightnings are roll'd,
From the long gather'd clouds on the brow of the world!
O, who may declare how the nations shall rise,
When Peace scatters light o'er the tempest of doom?
Vague forms of the future are shaped in the skies,
Where the Cossack and Christian contend in the gloom:
Rise, Demons of Force — weep, Angels of Light —
Our crescent star rolls for a space into night.

Far off, 'mid the wastes of his many-zoned land,
The Despot, enthroned o'er the pomp of the War,
Grasps Glory's dead trump with a warrior's hand,
And clarions a prayer unto Victory's star.
Through the white stately streets of his city, this hour,
Swells the mustering host's multitudinous hum,
And the great bells are tolling from temple and tower,
'Mid the trumpet's drear blast, and the throb of the drum.
Rise, Demons of Force — weep, Angels of Light —
The Scythian is gathering the Armies of Night.

Lo, southward, where oft they have traversed of yore,
Through the Mediterranean's azure expanse,
By the ruins of Greece — by the swart Afric shore,
Speeds on to the war the bright phalanx of France.
Blow, favoring winds, on the warrior's path —
Rise, memories of Moscow, through bosom and brain;
Now the deep passion'd Fury, retributive wrath,
Gives a flame to your chivalry once, once again:
Speed, spirits as bright as the sun and as warm,
But fierce in your strength as the white Russian storm.

Lo! England, aroused from her torpor at last
By the slow Scythian terror, moves sullenly forth:
Like full-feathered eagles aslant on the blast,
Her thunder brimm'd Fleets surge along to the North.
O, what may arise when from Cronstadt's gray steep
The iron-tongued destinies roar through the fire —
The sea-pride of Britain a wreck on the deep?
The snow-city's towers a funereal pyre?
Speed on — o'er the bleak wintry skies of the town,
The dusky-browed Phantom of India looks down.

Yes, the tempest's a-wing — over ocean and glade,
The hosts hurry on to the plains of the war,
Where throbs the low pulse of the quick cannonade,
From the thundering heart of the battle afar.
While the Slave strains his gaze to the Eastern space,
As the shadow and storm of the time is unfurled,
For that glory long sought by each suffering Race,
In the new dawn of Destiny folding the world.
Where, elected by nations, the sovereign *Right*
May dictate a new code from his palace of light.

THE IRISH MOTHER'S DREAM.

One night, as the wind of the Winter blew loud,
And snow swathed the earth, like a corse in its shroud,
An aged Mother mused in her dim cottage shed,
O'er the young soldier-son of her heart far away,
Where the cannon flames red o'er the low lying dead,
And the desolate camp bleakly spreads in the day.
And near stood her daughter, with sad strainèd smile,
And kind cheek of care that long weeping had worn,
As she whispered, "Now sleep, dearest Mother, a while —
God is good, and our Dermod will surely return."

The poor Mother turned on her pillow, and there
Soon slept the kind sleep Heaven sheds on our care.
Silence filled the dusk chamber — the low ashy hearth
Sunk lower, and noiselessly sifted the snow,
O'er the white, spacious girth of the cold, solemn earth,
Where the muffled moon fitfully glimmer'd below;
But vanished the while are her visions of fear,
And passed, for a space, is her sorrow and pain;
For an angel has wafted her soul from its sphere,
And in dreams she beholds her own Dermod again.

Dear joy! how she loves him! A long year has passed
Since she kissed his pale forehead, and hung on his breast;
She looks in his face — 'tis the same, still the same —
Still soft are those eyes as the dew on the sod:
No thirst for the game of wild battle or fame
Have lessened their love for her, thanks be to God!
But away! they are speeding o'er mountain and moor —
O'er city and forest — o'er tempest and tide;
But little she heeds of their terrors, be sure,
While that son of her bosom seems still at her side.

Lo! at length they have passed the wild ocean, and stand
On a summit, that looks o'er a desolate land;
Far off the great fortresses loom o'er the spray,
Anear, the bleak tents drift the slopes of the ground;
And a sense of decay fills the solitude gray,
For an army in ruins is scattered around.
"And is it for this," said the poor dreaming soul,
"My Dermod has wandered from home's blessed air?—
Here Death fills the wind blowing keen from the pole—
Here the pestilence strikes what the cannon may spare."

They passed through the streets of the tents lying still—
They passed by the trenches that ridge the brown hill—
They saw the pale faces that famine has worn;
They pace where the wounded lie lonely and lost—
Where the corse, cannon-torn, to its red bed was borne—
Where the poor frozen sentinel died on his post.
"Ah, why, Dermod, why did you cross the wide foam,
To fortune, my child, in this land of the dead?
Sure we'd plenty at home—there was better to come:
Why, for this, did you leave me, acushla," she said.

"I thought, as you grew fond and brave by my side,
No sorrow could cloud us—no fate could divide;
I fancied the day when our home would grow bright,
With the smile of some *colleen* I'd cherish for thee—
When I'd sing thro' the night by the hearth's ruddy light,
With your boy, my own Dermod, asleep on my knee;
And when, circled round by a few happy friends,
Old age drooped my head, after many a year,
As I passed to my God, through the death that he sends,
The kind Father would bless me, and you would be near."

Still close in the gloom seems he standing by her;
But hark! 'tis the drum, and the camp is astir;
And a sound fills the air, from the hill to the star,
Like an earthquake, along the wild bastion it runs,
While echoes afar roar the voice of the War,
As it doubles its thunder from thousands of guns,
And she wakes. In the gleam of the pale morning air
One gives her a letter—soon, soon is it read;
But a low piteous moan only speaks her despair—
"Ah, Mother of God! my own Dermod is dead!"

THE HERMIT.

BY THOMAS PARNELL, D. D.,

ARCHDEACON OF CLOGHER.

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a rev'rend Hermit grew;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well:
Remote from men, with God he pass'd the days,
Pray'r all his business, all his pleasure praise.
A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seem'd heav'n itself, till one suggestion rose;
That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey,
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway.

His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the tenor of his soul is lost:
So when a smooth expanse receives imprest
Calm nature's image on its wat'ry breast,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And skies beneath with answering colors glow:
But if a stone the gentle scene divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on every side,
And glimmering fragments of a broken sun,
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
To find if books, or swains, report it right,
(For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
Whose feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew)
He quits his cell; the pilgrim-staff he bore,
And fixed the scallop in his hat before;
Then with the sun a rising journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.
The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass;

But when the Southern sun had warmed the day,
A youth came posting o'er a crossing way!
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And soft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair.
Then near approaching, "Father, hail!" he cried,
And, "Hail, my son!" the rev'rend sire replied;
Words followed words, from question answer flow'd,
And talk of various kind deceived the road;
Till each with other pleas'd, and loath to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart.

Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.
Now sunk the sun; the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober gray;
Nature in silence bid the world repose;
When near the road a stately palace rose:
There by the moon thro' ranks of trees they pass,
Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass.
It chanc'd the noble master of the dome
Still made his house the wand'ring stranger's home;

Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
Proved the vain flourish of expensive ease.
The pair arrive: the livery'd servants wait;
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
The table groans with costly piles of food,
And all is more than hospitably good.
Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown:
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.
At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day,
Along the wide canals the Zephyrs play:

Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And shake the neighboring wood to banish sleep.
Up rise the guests, obedient to the call:
An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall;
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
Which the kind master forc'd the guests to taste.
Then, pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they go:
None but the landlord having cause of woe;
His cup had vanish'd; for in secret guise
The younger guest purloin'd the glittering prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,
Glistening and basking in the summer ray,
Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear;
So seem'd the sire, when, far upon the road,
The shining spoil his wily partner show'd.
He stopp'd with silence, walk'd with trembling heart,
And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to part;
Murm'ring, he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard,
That generous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds;
A sound in air presaged approaching rain,
And beasts to covert scud across the plain.

Warn'd by the signs the wand'ring pair retreat,
To seek for shelter at a neighboring seat.
'Twas built with turrets, on a rising ground,
And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around;
Its owner's temper, tim'rous and severe,
Unkind and griping, caused a desert there.

As near the Miser's heavy doors they drew,
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew;
The nimble lightning mix'd with show'rs began,
And o'er their heads loud-rolling thunder ran.
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driven by wind, and battered by the rain.
At length some pity warm'd the master's breast,
('Twas then his threshold first received a guest;)
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the shivering pair;

One frugal fagot lights the naked walls,
And nature's fervor thro' their limbs recalls:
Bread of the coarsest sort, with eager wine,
(Each hardly granted) serv'd them both to dine;
And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.
With still remark the pondering Hermit view'd,
In one so rich, a life so poor and rude;
And why should such (within himself he cried,)
Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside?

But what new marks of wonder soon took place,
In ev'ry settling feature of his face,
When from his vest the young companion bore
That cup, the generous landlord own'd before,
And paid profusely with the precious bowl
The stinted kindness of this churlish soul!
But now the clouds in airy tumult fly;
The sun emerging opes an azure sky;
A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
And glitt'ring as they tremble, cheer the day:

The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad master bolts the wary gate.
While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom wrought
With all the travail of uncertain thought;
His partner's acts without their cause appear,
'Twas there a vice, and seem'd a madness here:
Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.
Now, night's dim shades again involve the sky,

Again the wand'rers want a place to lie,
Again they search, and find a lodging nigh.

The soil improv'd around, the mansion neat,
And neither poorly low, nor idly great:
It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,
Content, and not for praise, but virtue, kind.
Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then bless the mansion and the master greet:
Their greeting fair bestow'd, with modest guise,
The courteous master hears, and thus replies:
"Without a vain, without a yielding heart,
To Him who gives us all, I yield a part;

From him you come, for him accept you here,
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer;"
He spoke and bid the welcome table spread,
Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed,
When the grave household round his hall repair,
Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with pray'r.
At length the world, renew'd by calm repose,
Was strong for toil; the dappled morn arose;
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept
Near the clos'd cradle where an infant slept,

And writhed his neck: the landlord's little pride,
O strange return! grew black, and gasp'd and died.
Horror of horrors! what! his only son!
How look'd our Hermit when the fact was done?
Not hell, tho' hell's black jaws in sunder part,
And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.
Confus'd, and struck with silence at the deed,
He flies, but trembling fails to fly with speed.
His steps the youth pursues; the country lay
Perplex'd with roads, a servant show'd the way:

A river cross'd the path; the passage o'er
Was nice to find; the servant trod before;
Long arms of oaks an open bridge supplied,
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.
The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,
Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in;
Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,
Then slashing turns, and sinks among the dead.
Wild, sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,

"Detested wretch" — but scarce his speech began,
When the strange partner seem'd no longer man:

His youthful face grew more serenely sweet;
His robe turn'd white and flowed upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;
Celestial odors breathe thro' purpled air;
And wings, whose colors glitter'd on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light.

Though loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,
Sudden he gaz'd, and wist not what to do;
Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,
And in a calm his settling temper ends.
But silence here the beauteous Angel broke
(The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke.)
"Thy pray'r, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
In sweet memorial rise before the throne:
These charms, success in our bright region find,
And force an angel down to calm thy mind.

For this commission'd, I forsook the sky:
Nay, cease to kneel — Thy fellow-servant I.
Then know the truth of government divine,
And let these scruples be no longer thine.
The Maker justly claims that world he made,
In this the right of providence is laid;
Its sacred majesty thro' all depends
On using second means to work his ends:
'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
The power exerts his attributes on high;

Your actions uses, not controls your will,
And bids the doubting sons of men be still.
What strange events can strike with more surprise,
Than those which lately struck thy wond'ring eyes!
Yet, taught by these, confess th' Almighty just,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust!
The Great, Vain Man, who far'd on costly food,
Whose life was too luxurious to be good;
Who made his iv'ry stands with goblets shine,
And forc'd his guests to morning draughts of wine,

Has, with the Cup, the graceless custom lost,
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.
The mean, suspicious Wretch, whose bolted door
Ne'er mov'd in duty to the wandering poor;
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That Heav'n can bless, if mortals will be kind;
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.

Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon his head;

In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And loose from dross the silver runs below.
Long had our Pious Friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half wean'd his heart from God;
(Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,
And measured back his steps to earth again.
To what excesses had his dotage run?
But God, to save the father, took the son.
To all but thee, in fits he seem'd to go,
(And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow.)

The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.
But how had all his fortune felt a wrack,
Had that false Servant sped in safety back!
This night his treasur'd heaps he meant to steal,
And what a fund of charity would fail!
Thus Heaven instructs thy mind: This trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign and sin no more."

On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The sage stood wond'ring as the seraph flew.
Thus look'd Elisha, when to mount on high,
His master took the chariot of the sky;
The fiery pomp ascending left the view;
The prophet gaz'd, and wish'd to follow too.
The bending Hermit here a pray'r begun,
"*Lord! as in heaven, on earth thy will be done;*"
Then, gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
And pass'd a life of piety and peace.*

THE SISTER OF CHARITY.

BY JOHN FISHER MURRAY.

Not in that home I knew thee once adorning,
That happy home where thou wert joy and light;
Not in the promise of thy life's gay morning,
When thou wert as a vision of delight—

* The fable of this elegant, but surely immoral, poem is not the invention of Dr. Parnell, who had it, in all probability, from More's Dialogues. It is a production of the darker ages, and makes the eightieth chapter of the Gesta Romanorum.

Ere thou to an eternal love didst give,
The vows earth was not worthy to receive;
Did a diviner lustre light thy brow,
Or live within those gentle eyes — than *now*.

Not in that hour, when lofty anthems pealing,
A farewell to our hopes, and to *thy* fears,
Weeping, we found thee at the altar kneeling,
Beautiful seen amid fast falling tears.
Wert thou less lovely, putting far away
All of the world thou hadst, its trappings gay;
And in their stead, Religion's robe didst don,
Over the lowlier heart, the lowly garb put on.

The spring of life, the purple bloom of youth,
The light of heavenly beauty lent to earth,
The young heart's joy, the tenderness, the truth —
Days of delight and innocent household mirth.
Friends, parents, home, thy hope of motherhood,
All that the world holds dear, deserved, and good;
All that is loved at home, admired abroad,
These thou didst not bequeath, but *gavest* to thy God.

The opening bud of life, that early blew
For our delight, doth presently expand,
In a serener Heaven, and balmier dew,
Too soon plucked from us by an angel hand;
Nor all withdrawn. No more for earth to live,
Heaven takes not yet the life that thou dost give,
Spares thee to charity, and us beneath —
Too good for life — too beautiful for death.

Forgive our tears! Since not for thee they flow,
For our own loss our eyes the tear disdains;
Worldlings, we miss thee to the world below,
Grudging the loss that our Creator gains.
For we would have thee many checkered years,
Joy with our joys, and sorrow with our tears;
Wanderers in sin, we weep thy happy rest,
And mourners of the world, mourn thee blest.

Handmaid of God! The early morn beholds
Thee, with delight, thy Master's work begin;
When from her ebon gate night slow unfolds
Her sable pall, thou hastenest to win.
To Him whose Cross shall bear the bale, and blame
Some suffering child of sorrow and of shame;
The word in season, then, the friend in need —
And thou dost raise the fallen, and bind the broken reed.

Vice shrinks into itself when thou art by,
And fallen virtue weeps her lost estate;
Fallen virtue to thy bosom drawing nigh,
Thou with kind words dost oft commiserate,
And waterest with thy tears right plenteously,
If haply these same seeds of grace may lie,
That in due season heavenward may grow,
And mercy, for thy sake, th' Almighty Master show.

The widow is thy mother, and the child
Motherless, thy dear daughter, and thou art,
Of many a desolate man, the sister mild,
Stricken in holes and corners by death's dart.
The children of the poor around thee stand,
Gaze in thy ever-loving eyes, and kiss thy saving hand;
But Christ's alone peculiarly thou art —
His are thy life, thy prayers — He all thy heart.

Thou the uncultured garden of the soul,
When baleful weeds infest the immortal flower,
With soft persuasion, with serene control,
Dost timely tend, ere the untimely hour.
The amaranthine flower, mortals share
With angels' *virtue* well rewards thy care,
This thou redeemest from the grovelling clod,
And bindest to the temple of thy God.

Daughter of Heaven! though never more to raise
Thy gentle eyes to mine; nor may I hear
Thy soft, sweet accents, nor the heartfelt praise
Of all thy goodness charm my listening ear.
Thy presence is a blessing. Let me see
Thee in my path, that I may better be;
O! for a life like thine. Go, gentle dove,
While my heart follows thee on wings of love.

SIR CAHIR O'DOHERTY'S MESSAGE.

BY T. D. M'GEE.

[In 1608, O'Doherty, Chief of Innishowen seized Derry, garrisoned Culmore, and fought a campaign of five months against the troops of James I., with success. He fell by assassination in the *twentieth* year of his age!]

Shall the children of Ulster despair?
Shall Aileach but echo to groans?
Shall the line of Conn tamely repair
To the charnel, and leave it their bones?

Sleeps the soul of O'Neill in Tyrone?
Glance no axes around by Lough Erne?
Has Clan Rannall the heart of a stone?
Does O'Boyle hide his head in the fern?

Go, tell them O'Doherty waits,—
Waits harnessed and mounted and all,
That his pikestaves are made of his gates—
That his bed's by the white waterfall!
Say, he turneth his back on the sea,
Though the sail flaps to bear him afar!
Say, he never will falter or flee,
While ten men are found willing for war!

Bid them mark his death-day in their books,
And hide for the future the tale;
But insult not his corpse with cold looks,
Nor remember him over their ale.—
If they come not in arms and in rage,
Let them stay, he can battle alone,
For, one flag, in this fetter-worn age,
Is still flying in free Innishowen!

If the children of Chieftains you see,
O, pause and repeat to them then,
That Cahir, who lives by the sea,
Bids them think of him, when they are men;
Bids them watch for new Chiefs to arise,
And be ready to come at their call—
Bids them mourn not for him if he dies,
But like him live to conquer or fall!

FATHER MATHEW.

TO A PAINTER ABOUT TO COMMENCE A PICTURE ILLUSTRATING THE LABORS OF FATHER MATHEW.

Seize thy pencil, child of art!
Fame and fortune brighten o'er thee;
Great thy hand and great thy heart,
If well thou dost the work before thee!
'Tis not thine to round the shield,
Or point the sabre, black or gory;
'Tis not thine to spread the field,
Where crime is crown'd — where guilt is glory.

Child of art! to thee be given
To paint, in colors all uncloûded,
Breakings of a radiant heaven
O'er an isle in darkness shrouded!
But, to paint them true and well,
Every ray we see them shedding
In its very light must tell
What a gloom *before* was spreading.

Canst thou picture dried-up tears —
Eyes that wept no longer weeping —
Faithful woman's wrongs and fears,
Lonely, nightly vigils keeping —
Listening ev'ry footfall nigh —
Hoping him she loves returning?
Canst thou, then, depict her joy,
That we may know *the change* from mourning?

Paint in colors strong, but mild,
Our Isle's Redeemer and Director —
Canst thou paint *the man a child*,
Yet shadow forth the mighty VICTOR?
Let his path a rainbow span,
Every *hue* and *color* blending —
Beaming "peace and love" to man,
And alike o'er ALL extending!

Canst thou paint a land made free —
From its sleep of bondage woken —
Yet, withal, that we may see
What 'twas *before* the chain was broken!
Seize thy pencil, child of art!
Fame and fortune brighten o'er thee!
Great thy hand, and great thy heart,
If well thou dost the work before thee!

MARY STUART'S LAST PRAYER.

BY THE HON. G. S. SMYTHE.

A LONELY mourner kneels in prayer before the Virgin's fane,
With white hands crossed for Jesu's sake, so her prayer may not be vain.
Wan is her cheek, and very pale, — her voice is low and faint, —
And tears are in her eyes, the while she makes her humble plaint.
O little could you deem, from her, her sad and lowly mien,
That she was once the Bride of France, and still was Scotland's Queen!

O, Mary Mother! — Mary Mother! — be my help and stay!
Be with me still, as thou hast been, and strengthen me to-day!
For many a time, with heavy heart, all weary of its grief,
I solace sought, in thy blest thought, and ever found relief:
For thou, too, wert a Queen on earth, — and men were harsh to thee! —
And cruel things and rude, they said, — as they have said of me!

O, Gentlemen of Scotland! O, Cavaliers of France!
How each and all had grasped his sword, and seized his angry lance,
If Ladye love, or Sister dear, or nearer dearer Bride,
Had been, like me, your friendless Liege, insulted and belied! —
But these are sinful thoughts and sad, — I should not mind me now,
Of faith forsworn, or broken pledge, or false or fruitless vow!

But rather pray — sweet Mary — my sins may be forgiven! —
And less severe than on the earth, my Judges prove in heaven.
For stern and solemn men have said, — God's vengeance will be shown, —
And fearful will the penance be, — on the sins which I have done!
And yet, albeit my sins be great — O Mary, Mary dear! —
Nor to Knox, nor to false Moray, the Judge will then give ear!

Yes! it was wrong and thoughtless, when first I came from France,
To lead courante, or minuet, or lighter, gayer dance.
Yes — it was wrong and thoughtless, — to while whole hours away
In dark and gloomy Holyrood, with some Italian lay.
Dark men would scowl their hate at me, and I have heard them tell,
How the Just Lord God of Israel, had stricken Jezebel!

But thou — dear Mary —Mary mine! hast ever looked the same,
With pleasant mien, and smile serene, on her who bore thy name;
O, grant that, when anon I go to death! I may not see
Nor axe, nor block, nor headsman, — but Thee, and only Thee!
Then, 'twill be told, in coming times, how Mary gave her grace
To die, as Stuart, Guise, should die — of Charlemagne's fearless race.

SOUL AND COUNTRY.

BY JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

Arise! my slumbering soul, arise!
And learn what yet remains for thee
To dree or do!
The signs are flaming in the skies;
A struggling world would yet be free,
And live anew.

The earthquake hath not yet been born,
That soon shall rock the lands around,
Beneath their base.
Immortal freedom's thunder horn,
As yet, yields but a doleful sound
To Europe's race.

Look round, my soul, and see and say
If those about thee understand
Their mission here;
The will to smite — the power to slay —
Abound in every heart — and hand
Afar, anear.
But, GOD! must yet the conqueror's sword
Pierce *mind*, as heart, in this proud year?
O, dream it not!
It sounds a false, blaspheming word,
Begot and born of moral fear —
And ill-begot!

To leave the world a name is nought;
To leave a name for glorious deeds
And works of love —
A name to waken lightning thought,
And fire the soul of him who reads,
This tells above.
Napoleon sinks to-day before
The unguilded shrine, the *single* soul
Of Washington;
TRUTH'S name, alone, shall man adore,
Long as the waves of time shall roll
Henceforward on!

My countrymen! my words are weak,
My health is gone, my soul is dark,
My heart is chill —
Yet would I fain and fondly seek
To see you borne in freedom's bark
O'er ocean still.
Beseech your GOD, and bide your hour —
He cannot, will not, long be dumb;
Even now his tread
Is heard o'er earth with coming power;
And coming, trust me, it will come,
Else were he dead!

Translated Ballads.

MARY, QUEEN OF MERCY!

FROM THE GERMAN OF SIMROCK.

BY J. C. MANGAN.

THERE lived a Knight long years ago,
Proud, carnal, vain, devotionless,
Of GOD above, or Hell below,
He took no thought, but, undismayed,
Pursued his course of wickedness.
His heart was rock; he never prayed
To be forgiven for all his treasons;
He only said, at certain seasons,
"O, MARY, Queen of Mercy!"

Years rolled, and found him still the same,
Still draining Pleasure's poison-bowl;
Yet felt he now and then some shame;
The torment of the Undying Worm
At whiles woke in his trembling soul;
And then, though powerless to reform,
Would he, in hope to appease that sternest
Avenger, cry, and more in earnest,
"O, MARY, Queen of Mercy!"

At last Youth's riotous time was gone,
And loathing now came after Sin.
With locks yet brown he felt as one
Grown gray at heart; and oft, with tears,
He tried, but all in vain, to win
From the dark desert of his years
One flower of hope; yet, morn and evening,
He still cried, but with deeper meaning,
"O, MARY, Queen of Mercy!"

A happier mind, a holier mood,
A purer spirit ruled him now:

No more in thrall to flesh and blood,
He took a pilgrim-staff in hand,
And, under a religious vow,
Travailed his way to Pommerland;
There entered he an humble cloister,
Exclaiming, while his eyes grew moister,
"O, MARY, Queen of Mercy!"

Here, shorn and cowled, he laid his cares
Aside, and wrought for GOD alone.
Albeit he sang no choral prayers,
Nor matin hymn nor laud could learn,
He mortified his flesh to stone;
For him no penance was too stern;
And often prayed he on his lonely
Cell-couch at night, but still said only,
"O, MARY, Queen of Mercy!"

They buried him with mass and song
Aneath a little knoll so green;
But, lo! a wonder-sight! — Ere long
Rose, blooming, from that verdant mound,
The fairest lily ever seen;
And, on its petal-edges round
Relieving their translucent whiteness,
Did shine these words in gold-hued brightness,
"O, MARY, Queen of Mercy!"

And, would GOD's angels give thee power,
Thou, dearest reader, mightst behold
The fibres of this holy flower
Upspringing from the dead man's heart
In tremulous threads of light and gold;
Then wouldst thou choose the better part!
And thenceforth flee Sin's foul suggestions;
Thy sole response to mocking questions,
"O, MARY, Queen of Mercy!"

ADDRESS TO THE VANGUARD OF THE FRENCH,

UNDER THE DUKE D'ALENCON, 1521.

BY REV. FRANK MAHONY.

SOLDIERS! at length their gather'd strength our might is doom'd to feel,
Spain and Brabant comilitant — Bavaria and Castile.
Idiots! they think that France will shrink from a foe that rushes on
And terror damp the gallant camp of the bold Duke d'Alencon!

But wail and woe betide the foe that waits for our assault!
Back to his lair our pikes shall scare the wild boar of Hainault.
La Meuse shall flood her banks with blood, ere the sons of France resign
Their glorious fields — the land that yields the Olive and the Vine!

Then draw the blade! — be our ranks array'd to the sound of the martial fife;
In the foeman's ear let the trumpeter blow a blast of deadly strife;
And let each knight collect his might as if there hung this day
The fate of France on his single lance in the hour of the coming fray!
As melts the snow in sunshine's glow, so may our helmets' glare
Consume their host; so folly's boast doth vanish in empty air.
Fools, to believe the sword could give to the children of the Rhine
Our Gallic fields — the land that yields the Olive and the Vine!

Can Germans face our Norman race in the conflict's awful shock —
Brave the war-cry of "Brittany!" — the shout of "Languedoc!"
Dare they confront the battle's brunt — the fell encounter try
When dread Bayard leads on his guard of stout gendarmerie?
Strength be the test — then breast to breast, ay, grapple man with man;
Strength in the ranks — strength on both flanks — and valor in the van;
Let war efface each softer grace; — on stern Bellona's shrine
We vow to shield the plains that yield the Olive and the Vine!

Methinks I see bright Victory, in robe of Glory drest,
Joyful appear on the French frontier to the chieftain she loves best;
While grim Defeat, in contrast meet, scowls o'er the foeman's tent,
She, on our Duke, smiles down with look of blithe encouragement.
E'en now, I ween, our foes have seen their hopes of conquest fail;
Glad to regain their homes again, and quaff their Saxon ale.
So may it be while chivalry and loyal hearts combine
A sword to wield, for the plains that yield the Olive and the Vine!

THE TIME OF THE BARMECIDES.

(FROM THE ARABIC.)

BY J. C. MANGAN.

My eyes are filmed, my beard is gray,
I am bowed with the weight of years;
I would I were stretched in my bed of clay,
With my long-lost youth's compeers!

For back to the Past, though the thought brings woe,
My memory ever glides —
To the old, old time, long, long ago,
The time of the Barmecides!
To the old, old time, long, long ago,
The time of the Barmecides.

Then Youth was mine, and a fierce wild will,
And an iron arm in war,
And a fleet foot high upon Ishkar's hill,
When the watch-lights glimmered afar,
And a barb as fiery as any I know
That Khoord or Beddaween rides,
Ere my friends lay low — long, long ago,
In the time of the Barmecides,
Ere my friends lay low — long, long ago,
In the time of the Barmecides.

One golden goblet illumed my board,
One silver dish was there;
At hand my tried Karamanian sword
Lay always bright and bare,
For those were the days when the angry blow
Supplanted the word that chides —
When hearts could glow — long, long ago,
In the time of the Barmecides,
When hearts could glow — long, long ago,
In the time of the Barmecides.

Through city and desert my mates and I
Were free to rove and roam,
Our diapered canopy the deep of the sky,
Or the roof of the palace-dome —
O! ours was that vivid life to and fro
Which only sloth denides —
Men spent Life so, long, long ago,
In the time of the Barmecides,
Men spent Life so, long, long ago,
In the time of the Barmecides.

I see rich Bagdad once again,
With its turrets of Moorish mould,
And the Khalif's twice five hundred men
Whose binishes flamed with gold;
I call up many a gorgeous show
Which the Pall of Oblivion hides —
All passed like snow, long, long ago,
With the time of the Barmecides;
All passed like snow, long, long ago,
With the time of the Barmecides!

But mine eye is dim, and my beard is gray,
And I bend with the weight of years —
May I soon go down to the House of Clay
Where slumber my Youth's compeers!
For with them and the Past, though the thought wakes woe,
My memory ever abides,
And I mourn for the Times gone long ago,
For the Times of the Barmecides!
I mourn for the Times gone long ago,
For the Times of the Barmecides!

UNDINE.

(FROM THE DANISH.)

BY SPERANZA (MRS. W. R. WILDE).

UNDINE by the lonely shore
In lonely grief is pacing,
The vows her perjured lover swore
No more with hope retracing.
Yet none in beauty could compare
With ocean's bright-haired daughter,
Her cheek is like the lotus fair,
That lieth on the water.

Her eye is like the azure sky,
The azure deep reflecteth,
Her smile, the glittering lights on high,
The glittering wave collecteth.
Her robe of green with many a gem
And pearl of ocean shineth,
And round her brow a diadem
Of rosy coral twineth.

Like diamonds scattered here and there,
The crystal drops are glistening,
Amid her flowing golden hair,
As thus she paceth listening —
Listening through the silver light,
The light that lover loveth,
Listening through the dark midnight,
But still no lover cometh.

An earthly love her heart inthralls,
She loves with earth's emotion,
For him she left her crystal halls,
Beneath the crystal ocean.

Abjured them since he placed that day
The gold ring on her finger,
Though still the sparkling diamond spray
Around her robe would linger.

And she hath gained a human soul,
The soul of trusting woman;
But love hath only taught her dole,
Through *tears* she knows the human.
So from her sisters far apart,
Her lonely path she taketh,
With human sorrow in the heart,
That human love forsaketh.

She weaves a crown of dripping reeds,
On which the moon shines ghastly,
"A wedding crown my lover needs,
My pale hands weave it fastly."
She treads a strange and solemn dance,
The waves around her groaning,
And mingles, with prophetic sense,
Her singing with their moaning.

"My bridegroom! nought can save thee now,
Since plighted troth is broken,
The fatal crown awaits thy brow,
The fatal spell is spoken.
Thou'rt standing by another bride,
Before the holy altar —
A shadowy form at thy side,
Will make thy strong heart falter.

"To her within the holy church,
Thy perjured vows art giving,
But never shalt thou cross the porch
Again amidst the living.
I wait thee 'neath the chill cold waves,
While marriage bells are tolling,
Our bridal chant, 'neath ocean's caves,
Be ocean's billows rolling."

The bridegroom, in his pride of youth,
Beside the fair bride standeth —
"Now take her hand to plight thy troth,"
The solemn priest commandeth.
But lo! a shadowy form is seen
Betwixt the bridal greeting,
A shadowy hand is placed between,
To hinder theirs from meeting.

The priest is mute, the bridegroom pale,
He knows the sea-nymph's warning —
The fair bride trembles 'neath her veil,
The bridal's turned to mourning.
No more within the holy church,
Love's holy vows are giving,
They bear the bridegroom from the porch,
The dead amidst the living!

THE KARAMANIAN EXILE.

(FROM THE OTTOMAN.)

BY J. C. MANGAN.

I SEE thee ever in my dreams,
Karaman!
Thy hundred hills, thy thousand streams,
Karaman! O, Karaman!
As when thy gold-bright morning gleams,
As when the deepening sunset seams
With lines of light thy hills and streams,
Karaman!
So thou loomest on my dreams,
Karaman! O, Karaman!

The hot bright plains, the sun, the skies,
Karaman!
Seem death-black marble to mine eyes,
Karaman! O, Karaman!
I turn from summer's blooms and dyes;
Yet in my dreams thou dost arise
In welcome glory to my eyes,
Karaman!
In thee my life of life yet lies,
Karaman!
Thou still art holy in mine eyes,
Karaman! O, Karaman!

Ere my fighting years were come,
Karaman!
Troops were few in Erzerome,
Karaman! O, Karaman!
Their fiercest came from Erzerome,
They came from Ukhbar's palace dome,
They dragged me forth from thee, my home,
Karaman!

Thee, my own, my mountain home,
Karaman!
In life and death, my spirit's home,
Karaman! O, Karaman!

O, none of all my sisters ten,
Karaman!
Loved like me my fellow-men,
Karaman! O, Karaman!
I was mild as milk till then,
I was soft as silk till then;
Now my breast is as a den,
Karaman;
Foul with blood and bones of men,
Karaman!
With blood and bones of slaughtered men,
Karaman! O, Karaman!

My boyhood's feelings newly born,
Karaman!
Withered like young flowers uptorn,
Karaman! O, Karaman!
And in their stead sprang weed and thorn;
What once I loved now moves my scorn;
My burning-eyes are dried to horn,
Karaman!
I hate the blessed light of morn,
Karaman!
It maddens me the face of morn,
Karaman! O, Karaman!

The Spahi wears a tyrant's chains,
Karaman!
But bondage worse than this remains,
Karaman! O, Karaman!
His heart is black with million stains:
Thereon, as on Kaf's blasted plains,
Shall never more fall dews and rains,
Karaman!
Save poison-dews and bloody rains,
Karaman!
Hell's poison-dews and bloody rains,
Karaman! O, Karaman!

But life at worst must end ere long,
Karaman!
Azreel * avengeth every wrong,
Karaman! O, Karaman!

* The angel of death.

Of late my thoughts rove more among
Thy fields; o'ershadowing fancies throng
My mind, and texts of bodeful song,
Karaman!
Azreel is terrible and strong,
Karaman!
His lightning sword smites all ere long,
Karaman! O, Karaman!

There's care to-night in Ukhbar's halls,
Karaman!
There's hope too, for his trodden thralls,
Karaman! O, Karaman!
What lights flash red along yon walls?
Hark! hark! — the muster-trumpet calls! —
I see the sheen of spears and shawls,
Karaman!
The foe! the foe! — they scale the walls,
Karaman!
To-night Murâd or Ukhbar falls,
Karaman! O, Karaman!

THE BEATEN BEGGARMAN.

(FROM THE GREEK.)

BY DR. WILLIAM MAGINN.

THERE came the public beggarman, who all throughout the town
Of Ithaca, upon his quest for alms, begged up and down;
Huge was his stomach, without cease for meat and drink craved he;
No strength, no force his body had, tho' vast it was to see.

He got as name from parent dame, Arnæus, at his birth,
But Irus was the nickname given by gallants in their mirth;
For he, where'er they chose to send, their speedy errands bore,
And now he thought to drive away Odysseus from his door.

"Depart, old man! and quit the porch," he cried, with insult coarse,
"Else quickly by the foot thou shalt be dragged away by force:
Dost thou not see, how here on me, their eyes are turned by all,
In sign to bid me stay no more, but drag thee from the hall?

"'Tis only shame that holds me back; so get thee up and go!
Or ready stand with hostile hand to combat blow for blow."
Odysseus said, as stern he looked, with angry glance, "My friend,
Nothing of wrong in deed or tongue do I to thee intend.

"I grudge not whatsoe'er is given, how great may be the dole,
The threshold is full large for both; be not of envious soul.
It seems 'tis thine, as well as mine, a wanderer's life to live,
And to the gods alone belongs a store of wealth to give.

"But do not dare me to the blow, nor rouse my angry mood; —
Old as I am, thy breast and lips might stain my hands with blood.
To-morrow free I then from thee the day in peace would spend,
For never more to gain these walls thy beaten limbs would bend."

"Heavens! how this glutton glibly talks," the vagrant Irus cried;
"Just as an old wife loves to prate, smoked at the chimney side.
If I should smite him, from his mouth the shattered teeth were torn,
As from the jaws of plundering swine, caught rooting up the corn.

"Come, gird thee for the fight, that they our contest may behold,
If thou'lt expose to younger arms thy body frail and old."
So in debate engaged they sate upon the threshold stone,
Before the palace' lofty gate wrangling in angry tone.

Antinous marked, and with a laugh the suitors he addressed:
"Never, I ween, our gates have seen so gay a cause of jest;
Some god, intent on sport, has sent this stranger to our hall,
And he and Irus mean to fight: so set we on the brawl."

Gay laughed the guests and straight arose, on frolic errand bound,
About the ragged beggarman a ring they made around.
Antinous cries, "A fitting prize for the combat I require,
Paunches of goat you see are here now lying on the fire;

"This dainty food all full of blood, and fat of savory taste,
Intended for our evening's meal there to be cooked we placed.
Whichever of these champions bold may chance to win the day,
Be he allowed which paunch he will to choose and bear away,
And he shall at our board henceforth partake our genial cheer,
No other beggarman allowed the table to come near."

They all agreed, and then upspoke the chief of many a wile:
"Hard is it when ye match with youth age overrun with toil;
The belly, counsellor of ill, constrains me now to go,
Sure to be beaten in the fight with many a heavy blow.

"But plight your troth with solemn oath, that none will raise his hand
My foe to help with aid unfair, while I before him stand."
They took the covenant it had pleased Odysseus to propose;
And his word to plight the sacred might of Telemachus arose.

"If," he exclaimed, "thy spirit bold, and thy courageous heart
Should urge thee from the palace gate to force this man to part,

Thou needst not fear that any here will strike a fraudful blow;
Who thus would dare his hand to rear must fight with many a foe.

"Upon me falls within these halls the stranger's help to be;
Antinous and Eurymachus, both wise, will join with me."
All gave assent, and round his loins his rags Odysseus tied:
Then was displayed each shoulder-blade of ample form and wide.

His shapely thighs of massive size were all to sight confessed,
So were his arms of muscle strong, so was his brawny breast;
Athene close at hand each limb to nobler stature swelled;
In much amaze did the suitors gaze, when they his form beheld.

"Irus un-Irused now," they said, "will catch his sought-for woe;
Judge by the hips which from his rags this old man stripped can show."
And Irus trembled in his soul; but soon the servants came,
Girt him by force, and to the fight dragged on his quivering frame.

There as he shook in every limb, Antinous spoke in scorn:
"'Twere better, bullying boaster, far, that thou hadst ne'er been born,
If thus thou quake and trembling shake, o'ercome with coward fear,
Of meeting with this aged man, worn down with toil severe.

"I warn thee thus, and shall perform full surely what I say,
If conqueror in the fight, his arm shall chance to win the day,
Epirus-ward thou hence shalt sail, in sable bark consigned
To charge of Echetus the king, terror of all mankind.

"He'll soon deface all manly trace with unrelenting steel,
And make thy sliced-off nose and ears for hungry dogs a meal."
He spoke, and with those threatening words filled Irus with fresh dread;
And trembling more in every limb, he to the midst was led.

Both raised their hands, and then a doubt passed thro' Odysseus' brain,
Should he strike him so, that a single blow would lay him with the slain,
Or stretch him with a gentler touch prostrate upon the ground:
On pondering well this latter course the wiser one he found.

For if his strength was fully shown, he knew that all men's eyes
The powerful hero would detect, despise his mean disguise.
Irus the king's right shoulder hit, then he with smashing stroke
Returned a blow beneath the ear, and every bone was broke.

Burst from his mouth the gushing blood; down to the dust he dashed,
With bellowing howl, and in the fall his teeth to pieces crashed.

There lay he, kicking on the earth; meanwhile the suitors proud,
Lifting their hands as fit to die, shouted in laughter loud.

Odysseus seized him by the foot, and dragged him thro' the hall,
To porch and gate, and left him laid against the boundary wall.
He placed a wand within his hand, and said, "The task is thine,
There seated with this staff to drive away the dogs and swine;

"But on the stranger and the poor never again presume
To act as lord, else, villain base, thine may be heavier doom."
So saying, o'er his back he flung his cloak to tatters rent,
Then bound it with a twisted rope, and back to his seat he went.

Back to the threshold, while within uprose the laughter gay,
And with kind words was hailed the man who conquered in the fray.
"May Zeus, and all the other gods, O stranger! grant thee still
Whate'er to thee most choice may be, whatever suits thy will.

"Thy hand has checked the beggar bold, ne'er to return again
To Ithaca, for straight shall he be sped across the main,
Epirus-ward, to Echetus, the terror of all mankind."
So spoke they, and the king received the omen, glad of mind.

THE WHITE LADY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FREILIGRATH.

BY J. C. MANGAN.

Once more the Phantom Countess, attired in white appears,
With mourning and with wailing, with tremors and with tears,
Once more appears a-gliding forth from pictures and from walls,
In Prussia's gorgeous palaces and old baronial halls —
And the guards that pace the ramparts and the terrace-walks by night,
Are stricken with a speechlessness and swooning at the sight.
O pray for Lady Agnes!
Pray for the soul of Lady Agnes!

What bodes this resurrection upon our illumined stage?
Comes she perchance to warn and wake a ghostless, godless age?
Announces she the death of Kings and Kaisers as of yore —
A funeral and a crowning — a pageant, and no more?
I know not — but men whisper thro' the land, from south to north,
That a deeper grief, a wider woe, to-day has called her forth.
O pray for Lady Agnes!
Pray for the hapless Lady Agnes!

She nightly weeps — they say so! — o'er the beds of young and old,
O'er the infant's crimson cradle — o'er the couch of silk and gold.
For hours she stands, with clasped hands, lamenting by the side
Of the sleeping Prince and Princess — of the Landgrave and his bride;
And at whiles along the corridors is heard her thrilling cry —
"Awake, awake, my kindred! — the Time of Times is nigh!"
O pray for Lady Agnes!
Pray for the suffering Lady Agnes!

"Awake, awake, my kindred! O saw ye what I see,
Sleep never more would seal your eyes this side eternity!
Thro' the hundred-vaulted cavern-crypts where I and mine abide,
Boom the thunders of the rising storm, the surgings of the tide —
You note them not: you blindly face the hosts of Hate and Fate!
Alas! your eyes will open soon — too soon, yet all too late!"
O pray for Lady Agnes!
Pray for the soul of Lady Agnes!

"O, God! O, God! the coming hour arouses even the Dead,
Yet the Living thus can slumber on, like things of stone or lead.
The dry bones rattle in their shrouds, but you, you make no sign!
I dare not hope to pierce your souls by those weak words of mine,
Else would I warn from night to morn, else cry, 'O Kings, be just!
Be just, be bold! Loose where you may: bind only where you must!'".
O pray for Lady Agnes!
Pray for the wretched Lady Agnes!

"I, sinful one, in Orlamund I slew my children fair:
Thence evermore, till time be o'er, my dole and my despair,
Of that one crime in olden time was born my endless woe;
For that one crime I wander now in darkness to and fro.
Think *ye* of me, and what I dree, you whom no law controls,
Who slay your people's holiest hopes, their liberties, their souls!"
O pray for Lady Agnes!
Pray for the hapless Lady Agnes!

"Enough! I must not say *Good* night, or bid the doomed fare-*well!*
Down to mine own dark home I go — my Hades' dungeon-cell.
Above my head lie brightly spread the flowers that Summer gives,
Free waters flow, fresh breezes blow, all nature laughs and lives:
But where *you* tread the flowers drop dead, the grass grows pale and sere,
And round you floats in clotted waves Hell's lurid atmosphere!"
O pray for Lady Agnes!
Pray for the wandering Lady Agnes!

She lifts on high her pallid arms — she rises from the floor,
Turns round and round without a sound, then passes through the door.

But through the open trellises the warden often sees
Her moon-pale drapery floating down the long dim galleries.
And the guards that pace the ramparts and the terrace-walks by night
Are stricken with a speechlessness and swooning at the sight.
O pray for Lady Agnes!
And myriads more with Lady Agnes!

THE SONG OF THE COSSACK.

(FROM THE FRENCH OF BERANGER.)

BY REV. F. MAHONY.

Come, arouse thee up, my gallant horse, and bear thy rider on!
The comrade thou, and the friend, I trow, of the dweller on "the Don."
Pillage and death have spread their wings! — 'tis the hour to hie thee forth,
And with thy hoofs an echo make to the trumpets of the North!
Nor guns, nor gold, do men behold upon thy saddle-tree;
But earth affords the wealth of lords for thy master and for thee;
Then fiercely neigh, my charger gray! — O, thy chest is proud and ample;
And thy hoofs shall prance o'er the fields of France, and the pride of her heroes trample.

Europe is weak — she hath grown old; her bulwarks are laid low;
She is loath to hear the blast of war — she shrinketh from a foe!
Come, in our turn, let us sojourn, in her goodly haunts of joy —
In the pillar'd porch to wave the torch, and her palaces destroy!
Proud as when first thou slak'dst thy thirst in the flow of conquer'd Seine,
Ay, shalt thou lave, within that wave, thy blood-red flanks again.
Then fiercely neigh, my gallant gray! — O, thy chest is strong and ample;
And thy hoofs shall prance o'er the fields of France, and the pride of her heroes trample.

Kings are beleaguer'd on their thrones by their own vassal crew;
And in their den quake noblemen, and priests are bearded too;
And loud they yelp for the Cossack's help to keep their bondsmen down,
And they think it meet, while they kiss our feet, to wear a tyrant's crown!
The sceptre now to my lance shall bow, and the crosier and the cross,
All shall bend alike, when I lift my pike, and aloft THAT SCEPTRE toss!

Then proudly neigh, my gallant gray! — O, thy chest is broad and ample;
And thy hoofs shall prance o'er the fields of France, and the pride of her heroes trample!

In a night of storm I have seen a form! — and the figure was a GIANT,
And his eye was bent on the Cossack's tent, and his look was all defiant;
Kingly his crest — and towards the West with his battle-axe he pointed,
And the "form" I saw was ATTILA! of this earth the scourge anointed.
From the Cossack's camp let the horseman's tramp the coming crash announce;
Let the vulture whet his beak sharp-set, on the carrion field to pounce! —
Then proudly neigh, my gallant gray! — O, thy chest is broad and ample;
And thy hoofs shall prance o'er the fields of France, and the pride of her heroes trample!

What boots old Europe's boasted fame, on which she builds reliance,
When the North shall launch its avalanche on her works of art and science?
Hath she not wept her cities swept by our hordes of trampling stallions?
And tower and arch crush'd in the march of our barbarous battalions?
Can *we* not wield our fathers' shield? the same war-hatchet handle?
Do our blades want length, or the reapers' strength, for the harvest of the Vandal?
Then proudly neigh, my gallant gray! — O, thy chest is strong and ample;
And thy hoofs shall prance o'er the fields of France, and the pride of her heroes trample!

THE WAIL AND WARNING OF THE THREE KHALENDEERS.

(FROM THE OTTOMAN.)

BY JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

La' laha, il Allah! *
Here we meet, we three, at length,
Amrah, Osman, Perizad:
Shorn of all our grace and strength,
Poor, and old, and very sad!
We have lived, but live no more;
Life has lost its gloss for us,
Since the days we spent of yore
Boating down the Bosphorus.
La' laha, il Allah!
The Bosphorus, the Bosphorus!
Old Time brought home no loss for us.
We felt full of health and heart
Upon the foamy Bosphorus!

La' laha, il Allah!
Days indeed! A shepherd's tent
Served us then for house and fold;
All to whom we gave or lent,
Paid us back a thousand fold.
Troublous years by myriads wailed,
Rarely had a cross for us,
Never when we gayly sailed,
Singing down the Bosphorus.
La' laha, il Allah!
The Bosphorus, the Bosphorus!
There never came a cross for us,
While we daily, gayly sailed,
Adown the meadowy Bosphorus.

La' laha, il Allah!
Blithe as birds we flew along,
Laughed and quaffed and stared about;
Wine and roses, mirth and song,
Were what most we cared about.
Fame we left for quacks to seek,
Gold was dust and dross for us,
While we lived from week to week,
Boating down the Bosphorus.
La' laha, il Allah!

* God alone is all-merciful!

The Bosphorus, the Bosphorus!
And gold was dust and dross for us,
While we lived from week to week,
Aboating down the Bosphorus.

La' laha, il Allah!
Friends we were, and would have shared
Purses, had we twenty full.
If we spent, or if we spared,
Still our funds were plentiful.
Save the hours we past apart
Time brought home no loss for us;
We felt full of hope and heart
While we clove the Bosphorus.
La' laha, il Allah!
The Bosphorus, the Bosphorus!
For life has lost its gloss for us,
Since the days we spent of yore
Upon the pleasant Bosphorus!

La' laha, il Allah!
Ah! for youth's delirious hours
Man pays well in after days,
When quench'd hopes and palsied powers
Mock his love-and-laughter days.
Thorns and thistles on our path
Took the place of moss for us,
Till false fortune's tempest wrath
Drove us from the Bosphorus.
La' laha, il Allah!
The Bosphorus, the Bosphorus!
When thorns took place of moss for us,
Gone was all! Our hearts were graves
Deep, deeper than the Bosphorus!

La' laha, il Allah!
Gone is all! In one abyss
Lie Health, Youth, and Merriment!
All we've learned amounts to this —
Life's a sad experiment.
What it is we trebly feel
Pondering what it was for us,
When our shallop's bounding keel
Clove the joyous Bosphorus.
La' laha, il Allah!
The Bosphorus, the Bosphorus!
We wail for what life was for us
When our shallop's bounding keel
Clove the joyous Bosphorus!

THE WARNING.

La' laha, il Allah!
Pleasure tempts, yet man has none
 Save himself t' accuse, if her
Temptings prove, when all is done,
 Lures hung out by Lucifer.
Guard your fire in youth, O Friends!
 Manhood's is but Phosphorus,
And bad luck attends and ends
 Boatings down the Bosphorus.
 La' laha, il Allah!
 The Bosphorus, the Bosphorus!
 Youth's fire soon wanes to Phosphorus,
And slight luck or grace attends
 Your boaters down the Bosphorus!

THE WAIWODE.

(FROM THE RUSSIAN OF PUSCHKIN.)

BY MRS. W. R. WILDE.

Secretly by night returning,
Jealous fears within him burning,
 The Waiwode seeks his young wife's bed,
And with trembling hand, uncertain —
Backward draws the silken curtain —
 Death and vengeance — she has fled!

With a frown like tempest weather,
Fierce he knits his brows together,
 Tears his beard in wrathful mood —
Roars in thunder through the castle
Summoning each trembling vassal,
 "Ho there! slaves — ye devil's brood!

"Who left the castle gate unguarded?
The hound is slain — some hand unbarr'd it!
 Quick! prepare ye sack and cord;
My arms here, fellows — loaded, ready.
Now slave, your pistols, follow — steady —
 Ha, traitress! thou shalt feel this sword."

Close in the murky shadows hiding,
Slave and master onward gliding,

Reach the garden. There indeed,
Listening to the soft appealing
Of a youth before her kneeling,
Stands she in her white Naridd.

Thro' the marble fountains playing,
Passion's words they hear him saying —
"How I love thee! yet thou'st sold
All thy beauty's glowing treasures,
All this soft hand's tender pressures
For the Waiwode's cursed gold.

"How I loved, as none can love thee —
Waited, wept — if tears could move thee —
Ah! and is it thus we meet?
He ne'er strove thro' tears and troubles,
Only charged his silver roubles
And — thou fellest at his feet.

"Yet once more thro' night and storm,
I ride to gaze upon thy form,
Touch again that thrilling hand;
Pray that peace may rest upon thee
In the home that now has won thee,
Then for ever fly this land."

Low she bendeth o'er him weeping,
Heeds not stealthy footsteps creeping,
Sees not jealous eyeballs glare.
"Now, slave, steady. Fool, thou tremblest,
Vengeance if thy heart dissemblest —
Kill her as she standeth there."

"O, my lord and master, hear me —
Patience yet, or much I fear me
I shall never aim aright.
See, the bitter night wind's blowing
Numbs my hand, and brings these flowing
Icy tears to dim my sight."

"Silence! thou accursed Russian,
Hold — I'll guide the pistol's motion;
Seest thou not her gleaming brow?
So — steady, straight before thee — higher,
When I give the signal, fire —
Darker doom awaits him — Now!"

A shot, a groan, and all is over —
Still she standeth by her lover;

'Tis the Waiwode falleth dead!
Was ever known such sad disaster!
The bungling slave hath shot his master
Straight and steady thro' the head.

THE MARINER'S BRIDE.

(FROM THE SPANISH.)

BY J. C. MANGAN.

Look, mother! the mariner's rowing
His galley adown the tide;
I'll go where the mariner's going,
And be the mariner's bride!

I saw him one day through the wicket,
I opened the gate and we met,
As a bird in the fowler's net,
Was I caught in my own green thicket.
O! mother, my tears are flowing,
I've lost my maidenly pride—
I'll go if the mariner's going,
And be the mariner's bride!

This Love the tyrant evinces,
Alas! an omnipotent might,
He darkens the mind like Night,
He treads on the necks of Princes!
O! mother, my bosom is glowing,
I'll go whatever betide,
I'll go where the mariner's going,
And be the mariner's bride!

Yes, mother! the spoiler has reft me
Of reason and self-control;
Gone, gone is my wretched soul,
And only my body is left me!
The winds, O! mother, are blowing,
The ocean is bright and wide;
I'll go where the mariner's going,
And be the mariner's bride.

THE POET'S PREACHING.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF SALIS SEEWIS.)

BY J. C. MANGAN.

See how the day beameth brightly before us!
Blue is the firmament — green is the earth —
Grief hath no voice in the universe-chorus —
Nature is ringing with music and mirth.
Lift up the looks that are sinking in sadness —
Gaze! and if Beauty can capture thy soul,
Virtue herself will allure thee to gladness —
Gladness, Philosophy's guerdon and goal.

Enter the treasuries Pleasure uncloses —
List! how she thrills in the nightingale's lay!
Breathe! she is wafting thee sweets from the roses;
Feel! she is cool in the rivulet's play;
Taste! from the grape and the nectarine gushing
Flows the red rill in the beams of the sun —
Green in the hills, in the flower groves blushing,
Look! she is always and every where one.

Banish, then, mourner, the tears that are trickling
Over the cheeks that should rosily bloom;
Why should a man, like a girl or a sickling,
Suffer his lamp to be quenched in the tomb?
Still may we battle for Goodness and Beauty:
Still hath Philanthropy much to essay:
Glory rewards the fulfilment of Duty;
Rest will pavilion the end of our way.

What, though corroding and multiplied sorrows,
Legion-like, darken this planet of ours,
Hope is a balsam the wounded heart borrows
Ever when Anguish hath palsied its powers;
Wherefore, though Fate play the part of a traitor,
Soar o'er the stars on the pinions of Hope,
Fearlessly certain that sooner or later
Over the stars thy desires shall have scope.

Look round about on the face of Creation!
Still is God's Earth undistorted and bright;
Comfort the captives to long tribulation,
Thus shalt thou reap the more perfect delight.

Love! — but if Love be a hallowed emotion,
Purity only its rapture should share;
Love, then, with willing and deathless emotion,
All that is just and exalted and fair.

Act! — for in Action are Wisdom and Glory,
Fame, Immortality — these are its crown:
Wouldst thou illumine the tablets of story,
Build on ACHIEVEMENTS thy dome of Renown.
Honor and Feeling were given thee to cherish;
Cherish them, then, though all else should decay:
Landmarks be these that are never to perish,
Stars that will shine on thy duskiest day.

Courage! — Disaster and Peril once over,
Freshen the spirit as showers the grove:
O'er the dim groans that the cypresses cover
Soon the Forget-me-not rises in love.
Courage, then, friends! Though the universe crumble,
Innocence, dreadless of danger beneath,
Patient and trustful and joyous and humble,
Smiles through the ruin on Darkness and Death.

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* The writer of the Ballads under this signature, and that of "Pontiac," is a Mr. M'Burney, at present connected with the American press.

† This Ballad was written by Mrs. Ellen Fitzsimmons, the daughter of the late Daniel O'Connell.

‡ The writer of this Ballad is Miss Olivia Knight, of Dublin.

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